

New Oxford Item.

VOL. XXXIV

NEW OXFORD, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1914.

NO. 31.

You'll be interested
in the many new
models in

Suits & Overcoats

We're Showing for
FALL & WINTER.

We want you to see these
Clothes of our and find out
how good they really are.

You'll be surprised when
you find what

\$15 to \$20.

will purchase in the way of
exclusive style and above
par quality—

But for cash only and
one price to all.

Stewart & Shaffer

HANOVER, PENN'A.

Executors' Notice.

ESTATE OF SOLOMON BROWN, late of New
Oxford Borough, Adams County, Pa., de-
ceased.—Letters testamentary on said estate
having been granted to the undersigned, notice
is hereby given to all persons indebted thereto
to make immediate payment and those having
claims against the same will present them prop-
erly authenticated for settlement.
L. F. BROWN, Gettysburg, Pa.
H. T. BROWN, New Oxford, Pa., Executors.

Public Sale!

Of A Desirable Property.

Saturday, November 7th, 1914.

The undersigned will offer at public
sale on the premises, A DESIRABLE
HOME, consisting of about 1/2 Acre of
Land, more or less, situate in Straban
Township, Adams County, along public
road, 1/2 mile North west of New Chester,
near Holtz's Mill, adjoining lands of Jo-
seph Holtz, Samuel Witter and Elizabeth
Baker; improved with a Two story
Frame Dwelling, Poultry House, and oth-
er out-buildings, well of water, fruit trees,
etc. A splendid place for fruit and poultry.
Sale to commence at 1:30 o'clock
p. m., when terms will be made known by
MARY E. STINE.

If you want the news subscribe for and
read THE ITEM.

TRESPASS NOTICE.

THE undersigned hereby give notice to all
persons not to trespass upon their premises
for the purpose of hunting game, but rather-
ing, or for any other purpose whatever. Any
person or persons so offending will be prosecuted
to the fullest extent of the law.
J. A. NESTER, Hamilton township.
J. A. HERMAN, Mt. Pleasant township.
F. A. GINTER, Oxford and Hamilton twos.
ADAM WOLF, Hamilton township.
WM. H. STUCK, Mt. Pleasant township.
I. O. MYERS, Hamilton township.
MRS. ELLEN S. JARNEK, Mt. Pleasant twp.
C. A. OTTO, Mt. Pleasant township.
U. J. ST. CYR, Mt. Pleasant township.
WM. D. MYERS, Hamilton township.
ELLIS MILLER, Mt. Pleasant township.

DONALD P. MCKEON,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Gettysburg, Pa.

Office on second floor of Star and Sons
Building. Will attend promptly to a
legal business as admitted.

TYPEWRITERS

ALL MAKES

1/2 to 1/3 Mfrs. Prices

Write for Bargain List

and free illustrated descriptive Catalog

C. L. EICHLITZ, New Oxford, Pa.

Public Sales.

Jacob Markle will have public sale of
personal property, at his home near Irish-
town, on November 14th.

John H. Sheaffer will have public sale
of a large lot of stock, etc., on his farm
near Swift Run school-house, on Satur-
day, Nov. 21st.

On March 12, H. J. Mikesell will have
a large sale of stock and implements, on
the O. I. Honck farm, 1 mile East of
Hampton. Wm. Ensor, Auct.

Geo. A. Raffensberger, will have pub-
lic sale of farm stock and implements, at
his home near Hanterstown, on Saturday,
Nov. 7. See ad.

J. H. Gineck, residing on the Himes
farm, near Brush Run Station, will have
a large sale of stock and implements, on
March 19th. Mr. Gineck will remove to
Lititz, Lancaster county, where he will
manage a large dairy.

On Saturday, November 14, Mrs. L. T.
Ehrhart will sell a large lot of personal
property at her home in New Chester.
See ad.

Don't forget the public sale of carload
of Virginia colts, fresh cows, steers, huf-
ers and bulle, at Jacob Sell's stable, Han-
over, on Saturday, Nov. 7th.
Howard J. Spaulding.

James B. Myers.

Mrs. J. E. Myers, Lincoln Way, East,
received a telegram at noon on Tuesday,
announcing the death of her eldest son,
James B. Myers, which occurred in a hos-
pital in New York City, on Tuesday morn-
ing. No further particulars were given.
Mrs. Myers received a letter some time
ago from her son stating that he was not
in the best of health. The body will be
brought to Hanover on Thursday morning
when interment will be made in Mt. Oli-
vet cemetery. Deceased, who was aged
57 years, 2 months and 25 days, is surviv-
ed by his mother and two brothers, Chas.
W. Myers, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Lewis
E. Myers, of Dunham, Ky. Deceased
has been spending the past five years in
New York City, prior to that he had been
living in Chicago and other western cities,
since leaving his home here when a young
man.

Peculiar Poison.

Mrs. H. V. Kepner, of near Gettysburg,
was the victim of a peculiar mishap on
Friday while boiling apple butter for a
neighbor. The person for whom the ap-
ple butter was being made had placed sa-
fras roots in it to give it a better flavor,
but mixed with the saffras was some
poisonous snake. The steam from the boil-
ing butter enveloped her face and infected
it, causing the face to become almost
twice its natural size. Some of the apple
butter was tasted by others, and their
mouths also became infected and their
lips were greatly swollen.

A Singular Coincidence.

A dispatch from Lancaster says:—Two
notices of deaths received by relatives in
Lancaster county reveal a singular coin-
cidence. Relatives of John F. Smith, of
Ogden, Utah, formerly of Elizabethtown,
have been notified of his death, and M.
J. Smith, of Columbia, has been advised
at the same time of the death of his brother,
John F. Smith, also of Ogden. The
men were not even relatives. Both went
West in 1876, but not together.

The death of the latter has been previ-
ously announced in these columns.

Hand Infected.

Dr. Geo. H. Seaks, of Lincoln Way,
West, is suffering from blood poison as
the result of an infection of a wound he
received while doing some work, recently.
His hand became very much infected and
he went to Dr. Meisenholder's West Side
Sanatorium, York, on Monday, where the
hand was opened. Since then the great
pain that he had been suffering has been
relieved.

Real Estate Sales.

Abraham Shantz, of near Guider
Station, has purchased from Mrs. Henry
Otto, of near Swift Run school-house, the
old Henry Creager property, Cedar Ridge,
Mt. Pleasant township, for \$2000. The
property contains 36 acres with improve-
ments.

George Schue, of York county, has pur-
chased the farm of the late A. W. Dutera
estate, consisting of 158 acres, situated
near Square Corner, Mt. Pleasant town-
ship, on private terms.

The Ambrose Shank farm, of 116 acres,
at Seven Stars, was sold on Friday to J.
E. Wineman, of Gettysburg, on private
terms.

Louis Elliot, of Taneytown, has bought
a farm of 80 acres, near York Springs,
and will remove to it this coming Spring.

Marriage Licenses.

Richard R. E. G. Brown, and Lucy E.
Wolf, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Franklin
Wolf, of Hamilton township. Mr.
Brown gave his residence as Hamilton
township also. He was born in Eng-
land where his parents reside, and he has
been in this country for five years. He is
a telephone operator.

Bernard Stonesifer, son of Mr. and
Mrs. Austin Stonesifer, and Miss Pauline
Millhines, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J.
E. Millhines, all of Littlestown.

Howard J. Bowling and Miss Fannie
Rose, both of Liberty township.

Hospital Patients.

Miss Tillie Overbaugh, of Mt. Rock,
has returned from the Medico-Chi Hospi-
tal, Philadelphia, where she underwent
an operation. She is greatly improved.

Amy Whisler, of York Springs R. R.,
No. 2, who has been a patient in the York
hospital for some weeks, was discharged
from that institution on Saturday.

Instead of the regular prayer meeting
services in the M. E. church this Thurs-
day evening, there will be two cottage
prayer meetings held at the homes of J.
E. C. Miller and E. C. Bond, at 7:30 o'clock.
The third quarterly communion
will be held in the M. E. church at 10:30
o'clock on Sunday morning.

Born—Nov. 3, to Mr. and Mrs. H. S.
Weikert, of near Kohler's school house,
a daughter.

PERSONAL.

Mr. and Mrs. N. R. Bailey, of Dillsburg,
spent Friday at the home of the latter's
sister, Mrs. J. A. Foote, on West High
street. They were accompanied home by
Mrs. Foote, who will spend some time at
Dillsburg, Harrisburg and Penbrook.

N. M. Dicks, wife and daughter Gladys,
of Baltimore, spent Sunday and Monday
at the home of Mrs. D's mother, Mrs. W.
B. Myers, Lincoln Way, West.

Willis Bower, of Philadelphia, spent
Saturday night and Sunday at the home
of his parents, Yr and Mrs. Thos. E.
Bower, North Berlin Ave. Mrs. Bower,
who has been spending some weeks here,
accompanied her husband to their city
home.

John and Joseph Kaiser, of near town,
spent Sunday in Baltimore.

Miss Ella Winand and Miss Ross, of
Baltimore, and Misses Laura Winand and
Anna Gruver, of York, were visitors at
the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Winand,
West High street, over Sunday.

Postmaster W. H. Emmert, J. W. Bar-
nitz, cashier of the F. & M. Bank, and
Guyon and Robert Smith, accompanied
the excursion to Pittsburgh, on Saturday
night, and spent Sunday with friends in
the Smoky City.

Mrs. Ziegler and son Calvin, Levi King,
wife and son, of Hanover; Lucretia and
Mabel Roth and Blanche Wolf, of Ab-
bottstown, spent Sunday with Dr. and
Mrs. T. C. Miller, in Abbottstown.

Paul D. Weaver, a student at Mt. St.
Mary's College, accompanied by Messrs.
Charles, Joseph and Felix Hemler, ne-
phews of the late Father Hemler, spent
from Saturday until Tuesday morning at
the home of the former's parents, Mr.
and Mrs. J. S. Weaver, and other friends
in town. "Hap" of course did his duty
as a citizen and cast his ballot before leav-
ing on Tuesday morning.

Mrs. John H. Weaver, of Cedar Ridge,
and Mr. and Mrs. Emanuel Adams and
children, of this place, who spent a few
days visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs.
W. H. Troutman, York, returned home

Council Proceedings.

Nov. 2, 1914.—Regular monthly ses-
sion; present: Miller, Livingston, Keeney,
Diehl; President Livingston presided;
minutes of previous meeting approved.

Street Committee—No special report.
W. A. Diehl moved, seconded by F. M.
Miller, that 10 loads of spalls to be put on
Lincoln Way, West, from Water street to
Mill road. Referred to street committee.

S. F. Keeney moved, seconded by F. M.
Miller, that some of the crossing stones
on the standpipe lot be sold to E. E. Dit-
tenhafer at 10 cents per running measure.
Carried. W. A. Diehl voted in the nega-
tive. Referred to street committee.

Water Committee—On motion it was
agreed to purchase 500 copies of form as
proposed by Dr. S. G. Dixon, to report
daily filter conditions. Referred to Sec-
retary.

Town Property—Mr. Larson was pre-
sent and spoke of lamp on West High St.
The committee reported favorably for
lamp to be placed on North Berlin Ave-
nue. On motion lamp business deferred
till next regular session.

Finance Committee—Mr. Kepner not
being present Mr. Diehl was appointed to
fill vacancy.

Bill to the amount of \$154.93 approved
and orders granted.

Adjourned to meet at the call of the
President. T. E. B.

Mrs. Elizabeth Snyder, of Hanover,
while walking around in the kitchen of
her home, on Saturday, tripped and fell
fracturing her right hip.

V. A. Collins and family on Tuesday
removed from McSherrystown to York.
Mr. Collins was a member of the Legisla-
ture during the last term from Adams
county.

William, Charles and Levi, sons of Jo-
seph Plank, of Cumberland township,
who were arrested on Tuesday on an in-
formation laid by John H. Sponseller,
charging trespass, were given a hearing
before Squire Harnish, and, upon their
promise not to offend again, were dis-
charged with fines and costs amounting
to \$10.

Late on Sunday afternoon a small, spot-
ted hound caused a turmoil along Gettys-
burg streets. The dog had been acting
strangely and throughout its course con-
tinued to snap at people and is reported
to have bit the Collie owned by Charlie
McPherson. The dog bit Edward Gilbert
on the hand. Mr. Gilbert was not long
in taking action, and securing a gun, killed
it.

The driver of a large touring car occu-
pied by a party from Philadelphia, lost
control of the machine a short distance
beyond Abbottstown, on the York pike,
on Sunday, and the car crashed into a
post fence. One of the lady occupants
was slightly injured. The car was some-
what damaged, and it was towed to a
Hanover garage for repairs. The names
of the parties could not be learned.

Tuesday's Election.

Following is the vote cast in New Ox-
ford Borough:

Judge of the Supreme Court—Frazier
30, Kunkel 73. Judge of Superior Court
—Clark 35, Trexler 62.

United States Senator—Palmer, d. 98;
Pinchot, b. m. 37; Penrose, r. 61. Oth-
er candidates 1 and 3.

Governor—McComick, d. 122; Braun-
baugh, r. 79.

Lieutenant Governor—Creasy, d. 119;
Smith, w. 11; McClain, r. 63.

Secretary of Internal Affairs—McNair,
d. 95; Lewis, b. m. 19; Honck, r. 79;

Representative in Congress at Large,
Democratic candidates, from 88 to 94;
Washington, 23 to 26; Republican, 63 to
83.

Representative in Congress—Brodbeck,
d. 103; Bair, w. 11; Beales, r. 89.

Representative in General Assembly—
Rudolph, d. 119; Bigham, w. 20; Bream,
r. 65.

There was 1 Socialist ballot cast and 3
Prohibition ballots.

At the time of going to press, Wednes-
day noon, it is impossible to get anything
like definite information in regards to the
elections. However, the reports are
to the effect that all Republican State
candidates have been elected.

C. William Beales, Republican candi-
date for Congress in this district, is re-
ported to have a majority of 1200 over A.
R. Brodbeck.

D. Calvin Rodisill, Democrat, carried
the county for State Legislature.

Hymenial.

Miss Elizabeth V. Lipsey, daughter of
Harvey G. A. Lipsey, of Hanover, and
Freeman N. Fannus, son of Mr. and Mrs.
William Fannus, of the same place, form-
erly of near this place, were married on
Thursday evening at 8 o'clock, by the
Rev. S. A. Crabill.

George F. Shultz, of Hanover and Miss
M. Margold Smith, of McSherrystown,
were married in St. Mary's rectory, Mc-
Sherrystown, at 5:30 o'clock on Sunday
evening by the Rev. Fr. Reudter. The
bride is the eldest daughter of Mr. and
Mrs. Wm. L. Smith. The groom is a son
of Mr. and Mrs. John P. Shultz.

At 7 o'clock on Sunday morning, Ho-
ratio S. Garrett and Miss Elveta Fuhr-
man, both of Hanover, were married by
the Rev. J. H. Hartman.

Irvin H. Dietz, son of Mr. and Mrs. W.
Dietz, of Hanover, and Miss Ella R. Noel,
of McSherrystown, were married on Sun-
day evening at 8 o'clock, by the Rev. A.
M. Heilman.

George House and Miss Esther R. Fox,
both of Hanover, were married on Friday
by the Rev. Dr. Rupp.

Elmer Laughman, of York county, and
Miss Goldie Oberlander, of Conewago
township, were married at Hanover on
Oct. 24, by the Rev. M. J. Roth.

At the Forty-second annual session of
the Potomac Synod of the Reformed
churches, C. M. Wolff, of Hanover, was
re-elected treasurer.

Mrs. George Gratz, is in the York hospi-
tal, suffering from the effects of a
bichloride of mercury tablet, which, it
is said, she took Sunday night in mis-
take for a pain-killer tablet, to relieve
herself of an attack of acute indigestion.

Maurice Flickinger, son of Charles
Flickinger, proprietor of the Jefferson
Hotel, an operator for the Western
Maryland at Hanover, was the victim of
a hunting accident on Monday. He sus-
tained wounds in his left leg from shots
of a gun discharged by William Hamme.

In a home gas explosion, at Duke
Centre, William George, aged 69, and
his daughter, Alma George, aged 26,
were fatally burned. The explosion is
thought to have been caused by a leak in
the gas connection. Its force was so great
that George and his daughter were blown
through the window into the yard, a
distance of 20 feet.

A force of about 200 men are fighting
fire in the South Mountain which has
burned over several thousands of acres
and extends for a distance of five miles.
It started at or near the United Brethren
camp meeting grounds near Dillsburg,
in York county, and is burning all the
way to Leidsch's mills in Cumberland
county.

While alighting from a street car in
North Scranton, Miss Sue Harmon, of
Wilkes Barre, was struck by an automo-
bile and so badly injured that she died
before she could be moved to a hospital.
The young woman had just alighted,
when the automobile whizzed from be-
hind the car on which she had been rid-
ing. She was thrown to one side of the
road, her head striking against the curb,
which fractured her skull.

ELECT GUTIERREZ MEXICAN HEAD

Peace Convention Names Pro-
visional President.

WILL SERVE TWENTY DAYS

Carranza's Threat Is Disregarded and
He Threatens Civil War—Villa to
March on Mexico City.

A dispatch received in Mexico City
from Aguas Calientes says that Gen-
eral Eulalio Gutierrez was elected as
provisional president of Mexico. The
election is for a period of twenty days
only.

The Aguas Calientes convention
voted to meet in Mexico City later.

General Gutierrez has been promi-
nently identified with the Mexican
revolutionary movement that resulted
in the expulsion of General Huerta
from the republic. He is a close friend
of General Carranza and rose with
Carranza against Huerta in Carranza's
native state of Coahuila.

He defeated a force of Federals
near Saltillo in January of this year,
and in April he expelled the Spanish
residents from the city of San Luis
Potosi. One of his latest victories
against the Federals was won at Van-
egas in June.

Commenting upon the action of the
Aguas Calientes convention, Foreign
Minister Fabela said:

"The high officers of this govern-
ment believe the convention had no
right to name a successor to General
Carranza. If General Villa and Gen-
eral Zapata refuse to leave the coun-
try with Carranza, we will have war.
The only way to guarantee peace is
for these three chieftains to leave the
field. General Gutierrez is a brave and
honorable soldier, but the convention
must live up to the demands of Gen-
eral Carranza."

Villa to March on Mexico City.

Believing General Carranza has no
intention of giving up his position as
first chief of the Constitutionalists and
acting as provisional president, Gen-
eral Villa has begun moving his army
to Mexico City.

At three mobilization points, Gua-
dalup, Torreon and Zacatecas, Villa
had all the available rolling stock in
northern Mexico concentrated, and
troops were entrained for a move-
ment which he admits means war for
the possession of the national cap-
ital. All troops of known loyalty to
Carranza have been gathered at the
larger towns along the route Villa's
army must take to the capital.

Villa has received assurances from
Emiliano Zapata, whose forces are
menacing the suburbs of Mexico City,
that he will act with the northern
leader.

Rockefeller Millions For War Victims
The Rockefeller Foundation made
known in New York city, through its
president, John D. Rockefeller, Jr.,
its determination to do everything in
its power for the relief of non-com-
batants in the European war.

To this end, Mr. Rockefeller says
in a statement issued over his name,
no exertion will be spared and mil-
lions of dollars, if necessary, will be
spent.

Already a steamer, the Massape-
qua, has been chartered to sail with
all speed with foodstuffs for the use
of the starving Belgians. It is men-
tioned that the supplies now being
stowed away in the hold of this big
steamer mark an initial expenditure
of \$275,000. The Massapequa will sail
from New York on Tuesday. Other
steamers laden with food and other
supplies are to follow quickly.

The Foundation has announced its
decision to succor the starving and
helpless non-combatants only after a
careful survey of the situation and
the discovery that never in recent
history has a condition of such mis-
ery and hardship presented itself to
any philanthropic institution.

first battalion of the King's Royal
Rifle Corps. His sister, the Princess
Victoria Eugenie Julie Eno, married
in 1906 King Alfonso of Spain.

Prince Maurice Victor Donald was
the fourth child of the late Prince
Henry of Battenberg, and the Princess
Beatrice, ninth child of Queen Vic-
toria of England.

He was born on Oct. 3, 1891, at
Balmoral, and was a Lieutenant in the

Girl Accused of Killing Babe.

C. C. Hill, a young and pretty girl
of Laurel, Del., was placed in the
county jail by State Detective Thom-
as, charged with the murder of a
three-day-old infant by strangulation.
Harry Elliott, a married man, also of
Laurel, was held under \$10,000 bail as
an accomplice.

GEN. VON FALKENHAYN.

Acting Chief of the German
General Staff.



Photo by American Press Association.

Battenberg Prince Dead.

Prince Maurice, of Battenberg, a
Lieutenant in the King's Royal Rifle
Corps, died in London from wounds
received at the front. He was twenty-
three years of age.

Sink German Cruiser.

A squadron of British torpedo boat
destroyers has sunk in the Adriatic
a German steamer which had been
converted into a cruiser, according to
a dispatch from Barcelona to the
Havas News agency.

The Barcelona correspondent says
this news appears in Publicidades, a
Spanish newspaper published at Gt-
braltar. The British destroyers re-
scued eighty-six members of the crew
of the German vessel.

Duke of Brunswick Wounded.

Official reports received in Berlin
state that Duke Ernest of Brunswick
has been seriously wounded in the
fighting in the Argonne forests, in
France, and that his wife has been
called to his bedside. The Duke of
Brunswick is a son-in-law of the
kaiser.

Phantom Debt Caused Crime.

D. J. Sinclair, a prominent banker,
of Steubenville, O., was shot twice
and seriously wounded in his private
banking room by Charles Gilmore, an
attorney, who then killed himself.
Gilmore imagined that Sinclair owed
him money.

German Girl Spy Shot.

A German girl spy was caught out-
side of Petrograd. She was imme-
diately court-martialed and shot. Her
clothes were lined with admirably
executed plans of Kronstadt and other
military stations.

German Submarine Sunk.

The London Daily Mail's corres-
pondent on the allies' left wing re-
ports that a German submarine boat
which attacked the British battleship
Venerable off the Belgian coast had
been sunk.

GENERAL MARKETS

PHILADELPHIA—FLOUR quiet;
winter clear, \$4.75@4.90; city mills,
fancy, \$5@5.50.
RYE FLOUR quiet; per barrel, \$5@
5.50.

WHEAT firm; No. 2 red, \$1.11 1/2@
1.13.
CORN steady; No. 2 yellow, 83 1/2@
84c.

OATS firm; No. 2 white, 53 1/2@54c;
lower grades, 52c.
POTATOES steady; per bushel, \$3@
@3.50.

POULTRY: Live steady; hens, 12
@15c.; old roosters, 11@12c. Dressed
firm; choice fowls, 21c.; old roosters,
13 1/2c.

BUTTER firm; fancy creamery, 30c.
EGGS steady; selected, 30 @ 41c.;
nearby, 35c.; western, 35c.

Live Stock Prices.

CHICAGO—HOGS steady; bulk of
sales, \$7.30@7.50; light, \$7.05@7.55;
mixed, \$7.10@7.65; heavy, \$7.10@
7.6

A WIDOW FROM AFAR

Concerning the Love Affairs of a Father and His Son.

By GRACE KERRIGAN.

(Copyright, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)
When a farm passes to other hands it is an event of importance to farmers for five miles around. If the buyer is a stranger in the county it is more than an event. If the buyer is a widow who has come all the way from Kansas to buy a farm in Ohio, it is an event outranking a cyclone in which 20 barns are overturned.

Yes, James Sheldon had sold his farm.

He had sold it for cash down.

He had got his price for it.

Yes, he had sold it to a widow from Kansas.

Yes, she was going to farm it herself.

Yes, she thought she knew her business.

The Ingham County Sun gave these particulars, and it was a county paper to be depended on. It had never predicted the coming of the grasshopper or the tater bug but that the insects showed up on time. True, the Sun, while on the subject, might have stated whether the Widow Darrow would get married again if she had a good chance, and whether she was homely or handsome, but it was silent on those points.

Farmer Sheldon moved out and the Widow Darrow moved in.

The day she moved in about fifty people passed the farmhouse. The object of each and every one was to catch sight of her, though every last one of them had seen widows by the dozen.

The farm adjoining on the west belonged to Joab Waycroft, a widower with one son. His name was Moses, and he had hinted around that he should marry soon after his majority, if he could find the right party. His father was not quite fifty yet, and though he had thrown out no hints he intended to double up again when chance came his way.

Of course the Sheldons had told the Waycrofts that they were going to sell, but they could tell nothing about the widow, as she had bought through an agent, and was not to arrive until a certain date. The evening previous to the date Mr. Waycroft carelessly remarked to his son: "So the widder arrives tomorrow."

"Yep," was the reply.

"I wonder what time?"

"She'll be in Medina on the early train, and by the time she drives out here it will be ten o'clock."

"You seem to know a hull lot about it, Moses."

"Ain't it my duty to keep track of the widders?"

"Don't be a fool!"

After this admonition there was silence for five minutes.

"She comes as a stranger and I s'pose I orter go over there and bid her welcome to our midst," the father said.

"Oh, there'll be at least a dozen there."

"Who said so?"

"I've heard 'em say so, and I shall be one of 'em."

"What in punk you goin' fur?"

"To take her by the hand and welcome her, of course. That's our manners. We don't want her to think we are a couple of heathens."

"Moses, I run this farm!"

"You do, dad."

"And this house!"

"Yep."

"And our manners!"

"Not disputed."

"It's for me, as head of the house, to go over there and welcome the widder as a naybur, and for you to finish hoeing that patch of corn."

"But you orter put a new handle in that hoe," protested Moses.

"Never you mind about me, but do as I tell you."

"I wanted to see her the first thing and warn her agin some of the old widowers around here who are half crazy to marry anything that comes along."

"Moses, do you mean me?"

"Of course not, dad. You are neither old nor would you marry again, even if a princess offered herself."

"Well, you had best be a little more careful of your words."

Nothing further was said that night nor until after breakfast next morning. Then the father observed: "I s'pose others will be there, and I had better wear my Sunday suit."

"For sure, dad. You'll probably have quite a talk with her. Will you mention me?"

"What for?"

"Why, tell her your son will call soon."

"You may not call for a year. Get the chores done up and then go for that corn."

Farmer Waycroft had an hour's work yet to do before he could leave the house. He had been to the village a couple of days before and purchased a bottle of hair dye. This must go on to his gray whiskers to knock five years off his age. There was an odor of bad eggs and sulphur, but the farmer stood it for the sake of results. When the job was finished and he surveyed himself in the glass he smiled and nodded.

"Moses will notice it, of course, but I'll tell him that I upset a bottle of ink on my whiskers. If he says he don't believe it I'll turn to and lick him, old as he is!"

The widow had arrived by the time the other farm was reached. She

thanked everybody, but hadn't much time to talk. Farmer Waycroft was aware that she glanced at his whiskers with a smile, but whether of approval or not he couldn't exactly make out. He found her to be a brisk little woman of less than forty, and he did some pleasant thinking as he walked home. Moses was hoeing corn most furiously, and the father suspected something, but waited till evening to ask:

"Moses, did you go over to the widder's?"

"Why, I jest ran over to see if she got here safe."

"But I told you to keep away from there."

"Look here, dad, I'm not a kid. I'm twenty years old. I'm working for you as a hired man, but you mustn't try to boss me about outside things. If I can marry a nice widder with a nice farm I'm goin' to do it."

"But this one is ten or fifteen years older than you are."

"I have read that true love takes no account of years."

"I'm a-tellin' you agin, young man, to keep away from the widder's!" almost shouted the father. "I'm not goin' to see a son of mine make a fool of himself if I can help it."

"Thanks, dad, but what about them whiskers of yours?"

"Moses, can't a father spill ink on his whiskers without bein' insulted about it? I he can't then you had better draw your wages and dig out o' here!"

That was the beginning of a thing that lasted three months and caused much rancor. Moses refused to be convinced that a young man of his age shouldn't have matrimonial designs against a widow even ninety years old, and the father kept his whiskers colored a jet black and put his best foot foremost. There was hardly an evening but that one or the other called, and by tacit consent they divided the evenings. One sat sulking at home while the other was absent, and when the absent one walked into the house he was greeted with:

"So you hung on until the widder had to kick you out!"

"On the contrary, she wanted to know what my great hurry was to get home."

"I'll bet she hoped you'd never come again!"

"Why, she asked why I didn't come oftener!"

Their habit had been to work together in the field—to sit and smoke and talk together—to take turns about cooking and to eat together, but all this was changed. Both went to Farmer Oxford at different times to ask a favor. When it was the father he said:

"I want you to talk to Moses. That boy is making a perfect dum fool of himself. He is in love with the Widder Darrow, and he thinks she is idiot nuff to take up with a boy of his age. Talk to him and make him understand what a ninny he is."

And when it was Moses he would say:

"You have noticed dad's whiskers, of course?"

"Wall, yes, I've kinda noticed 'em."

"And smelt 'em?"

"Jest a whiff or two now and then."

"What d'ye s'pose he dyed 'em fur?"

"I don't know."

"To make the Widder Darrow think he is ten years younger'n what he is! Talk to him and tell him what a fool he is. By George, but when an old man gets giddy what a circus he makes of himself! Talk to dad. Tell him to wash off that dye and go to reading his Bible and prepare for the grave!"

This state of affairs continued for weeks, and after a bit the widow Darrow had knowledge of it. She had a vein of devilry, and she helped it along in a way. She kept both father and son from talking love, but was charmingly friendly and time went on until the father said to himself one day:

"I am goin' right over there tonight and pop the question."

And, curious coincidence, Moses thought and said the same thing.

They dodged each other at the house and met at the widow's gate.

They glared at each other. They breathed hard. They breathed harder. They were about to clinch in deadly conflict when the widow came tripping down to say:

"When I left Kansas I was engaged to a nice man. He will be here tomorrow, and we are to be married the day after. You are both invited to the wedding."

Looking Ahead.

The weather is capricious on the Bay of Fundy and weatherwise ones are in demand with summer tourists.

"And can you really tell what the weather will be tomorrow?" inquired a lady of an old salt.

"No, mum," said he promptly. "It's as much as I can do to tell what the weather will be today."

That's Right.

Clancy was somewhat amazed when he saw the throng that came to attend poor Casey's wake.

"Begorra," mused Clancy, "a man never knows how many friends he has until they come to his funeral."

Forty Years.

Marie—That's a beautiful gown you have on!

Molly—Do you know that lace is forty years old?

Marie—That so? Make it yourself!

Effect and Cause.

"I saw John eating in one of those serve-self places today."

"Yes. He sent me a large bunch of American beauties last evening."

HAVE FOOLISH ROW, THEN GET MARRIED

Sweethearts Ask Warrants for Each Other, but Secure Marriage License Instead.

GIRL STARTED THINGS

Swore They Would Never Rest Until Each Had Unplugged All Troubles in the World on the Head of the Other.

Los Angeles, Cal.—Grace Belle Sumy and Asa H. Hoffman had a foolish fuss several days ago. Grace is dark and attractive, and is proprietress of an active institution which she calls her temper. Asa is better natured, young, and not ineligible to the rank of Romeo.

Both are photographers, both photograph for their living, both think they know the best methods of making both the photographs and the living. They had intended to get married, but when Asa said that Grace was bungling her finishing work on the photos, Grace told him some things about his labor that were not complimentary or conciliatory.

That started things and they swore they would never rest until each had unplugged all the troubles in the world on the head of the other. Things reached such a stage that Grace trotted up to city prosecutor's office with her woes. She wanted Asa Hoffman, the terrible thing, arrested. What charge? Oh, any charge, just to get him behind the bars.

The city prosecutor could not be so obliging.

While Grace was in the office, a deputy was listening to the troubles of Asa Hoffman. He wanted Grace arrested, just to teach her a lesson. When each began to analyze the trouble, each found it very small. Each was in rather a shamed mood. Each rose to go.

The door to Mr. McKeeby's office opened and Grace walked out. She walked directly against Asa Hoffman, who was standing ready to leave Deputy City Prosecutor Morton's office.

"You!" said Grace.

"You!" said Asa.

They looked, they frowned, and they smiled. "Let's forget it," said Asa.

"All right, you naughty boy," said Grace.

"Let's get married," said Asa.

"When?" asked Grace.

"Now."

"How?"

"Wow!" was all Asa exclaimed, and he fled for the license bureau.

While Grace was waiting for the groom-to-be to return, Police Judge



She Wanted Asa Hoffman, the Terrible Thing, Arrested.

White dropped into Prosecutor's McKeeby's office to discuss a case. Back came Asa with the license, and also a ring.

Police Judge White married them, City Prosecutor McKeeby gave the bride away, and the bride kissed them both and said they were just lovely.

But the congratulations had to be short, for there was a woman waiting to tell the city prosecutor how her husband had beaten her.

MIDGET WIFE BEATS HUSBAND

New Jersey Woman Escapes Punishment When Prosecutor Gets Glimpse of Her Size.

Camden, N. H.—Prosecutor Kraft, who has made a reputation for sending wife beaters to jail, was called up the other day to consider a case where the shoe was on the other foot. George Quinn caused the arrest of his wife for giving him a thrashing.

Mr. Kraft was told that was Mrs. Quinn's method of sobering up her husband when Quinn needed heroic treatment. He then sent for the woman with the intention of telling her she must not take the law into her own hands. The prosecutor was not equal even to giving a reprimand when he saw a little woman, whose head did not reach to the shoulders of her husband and who weighed 100 pounds less. He ordered her released without comment.

TWO MONKEYS RAISE TUMULT IN OFFICES

Pets of Curator of Animal Park Do Handsprings on Phone Wires

New York.—All the monkeys in the New York Zoological park are jealous of Koko and Nigger, who have been so cunning and playful that they have been granted the privilege of a special cage in an anteroom of Raymond L. Ditmars' office in the reptile house.

There seems to be no limit to the funmaking of the mischievous little apes. Even Miss Marcella Burke, the secretary of Mr. Ditmars, who almost daily is forced to halt her work to stop the depredations of Koko and Nigger, confesses it's beyond her power to check the skylarking every



She Will Coax Them With a Banana or an Orange.

time Koko and Nigger are allowed in the curator's office.

Koko and Nigger are of the woolly species of ape, and are pets of Dr. William T. Hornaday, director of the park, as well as favorites with almost everybody who comes in contact with them.

"Peck's bad boys" was the title given them by Mr. Ditmars, when, on arrival at his office the other day, he found Miss Burke holding Koko and Nigger in her arms trying to persuade them to be good.

Every morning at 9 o'clock Koko and Nigger are allowed their liberty, so that Richard Palmer, their keeper, may clean out their cages. The nearest place is the curator's office, and they scramble into it. Nothing is spared. A handspring on the telephone wire follows a trapeze act on the coatrack. Koko vies with Nigger to see who can reach the top of Mr. Ditmars' desk first, and in the scrimmage the telephone instrument falls to the floor, and the ink well turns a somersault over upon the official correspondence.

The little apes retreat out the window at the approach of every one except Miss Burke. But if she calls "Koko, don't do that," or "Nigger, come over here," they do as she says, for Miss Burke has the knack of handling them. If kind words do not lure the mischief makers, she will coax them with a banana or an orange until she gets them in her grasp for a severe chastising.

But disciplining Koko or Nigger is about as effective as it would be to try to puncture a cathedral wall with a brickbat. They simply don't know what good behavior means, and only when they have run till weary of their gambols will they go back into the "coop."

MUSIC CHARMS A BLACKSNAKE

Reptile Was Played to Attack When the Man Played a Mouth Organ.

York, Pa.—With a classic selection played on a mouth organ, William H. Harding of Spring Grove took the fight out of a six-foot blacksnake that showed every disposition to attack him.

Harding was strolling through a grove near Nashville, when he happened to glance aloft and observed the snake coiled on a limb and preparing to drop down upon him.

Recalling stories of snakes charmed by music, Harding leaped aside and drawing his mouth organ from his pocket began to reel out a plaintive strain.

The effect was like magic. The reptile swayed with the music until it lost its grip and fell to the ground, where it lay as though lifeless. Harding stopped playing, and immediately the snake glided off into the brush.

Stops Bullet Instead of Baseball.

Middletown, N. Y.—When Frederick Owen, fourteen years old, jumped to catch a fly at a baseball game a bullet pierced his right arm. The missile was fired from a revolver in the hands of George Sherer, a chum, who had been shooting blank cartridges and was not aware that one had a bullet in it.

Dreamed Wife's Disloyalty.

Chicago.—Peter Collins admitted that his allegations of misconduct against his wife were based on a dream, in which he saw her kissing another man. She was discharged.

ROMANTIC OLD ARRAS

NO MORE PICTURESQUE CITY TO BE SEEN IN FRANCE.

Has Seen Much of French History in the Making and Is Today a Commercial Point of Importance.

The picturesque old city of Arras, where the Franco-British forces concentrated in huge numbers to check the German advance, and where the British fell back after the Germans occupied Cambrai, must have waked up and rubbed its antique eyes to see its quondam foes within its gates as allies of its beloved country. For Arras was within the triangle over which the English fought in the fifteenth century.

The base of the triangle was the sea line from Harfleur to Calais, and the apex was Paris. This is also the ground over which some of the fiercest battles of the present war raged.

For thirty years the English battled until nothing was left of their French territory except the Norman isles and the newer conquest of Calais and its small territory. At last, in 1435, at the peace of Arras, Philip of Burgundy "solemnly" forsook the English alliance, and the English power in France fell back.

This old town, which dates back to the time of Caesar, is 100 miles north-east from Paris, and has a population of something like 25,000 people. While it is most painful to think of this once great art center as an industrial place, one must, when he recalls the oil works, dye works, breweries and the manufactories of hosiery, lace, beet sugar, soap and earthenware, which make it today a twentieth century commercial town.

However, its glory cannot depart while the beautiful townhouse, dating from the sixteenth century, the citadel partly gone, erected by Vauban, marshal of France and the greatest military engineer of the seventeenth century, and the tall, imposing houses in the Flemish style overlooking the fine squares, with the upper stories projecting over the footway, remain.

These topheavy looking houses were built in a time when a man's house was indeed his castle, and the projecting upper stories were used to wage warfare on the enemy in the narrow street below.

The modern armies with their wonderful and numerous equipment of war must often find it difficult to get through these narrow streets in the old towns of France and Germany. They are better suited to the time when men fought hand to hand, and warfare was a matter of individual bravery.

That wonderful tapestry in the Angers cathedral, which represents scenes from the Apocalypse, was made in Arras, and some of the finest pieces used in the decorations of the field of the cloth of gold.

Robespierre, the most famous and fanatical of the republican leaders of the French revolution, was born there in 1758, and later became a criminal judge and a member of the academy. He was one of the dandies and beaux of Arras, setting the fashion in clothes, and astonishing the most exquisite with the richness of his laces and dress. This is difficult to believe when one's vision of him is always in the bonnet rouge of the revolutionist, standing, with impassioned eloquence, encouraging the people.

Woman Raises Rodents.

A correspondent of "Table Talk" tells of a Massachusetts woman who makes a good living as a breeder of rats, dancing mice and guinea pigs. The idea was first started by the purchase of a pair of the mice for her own amusement. They were very prolific, and while at first she gave away the young, when she found there was a good market for them she began to find more orders than she could fill.

With an invalid mother and in poor health herself, the necessity for earning a livelihood faced her and she decided to announce herself a breeder of fancy mice. After a while she was asked so often to supply rats and guinea pigs for medical laboratory use that she had to engage a housekeeper to run her home while she looked after her unique kennels. This woman, Miss Lathrop, now employs several men to run her farm to raise crops, the greater amount of which go to feed her rats, mice and guinea pigs.

The Man of the Hour.

See the censor. He censors all the time—morning, noon and night. When others are taking their much needed rest he keeps on censoring just the same.

War was becoming so well known that there was grave danger of its getting to be unpopular. When we have discovered all there is to know about a thing we generally lose interest in it. The censor was therefore called in to fan the mystery. He loves to keep everybody guessing.

Every censor has probably once been an editor. The main business of editors is to cut out everything interesting.

To be a first-class censor one must be able to keep a secret. There are no woman censors.

Censors owe their existence to war. Will they die out or become obsolete? We cannot answer this question perfectly, but judging from present indications, we have an idea that there will always be censors.—Life.

A NURSE TAKES DOCTOR'S ADVICE

And is Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Euphemia, Ohio.—"Because of total ignorance of how to care for myself when verging into womanhood, and from taking cold when going to school, I suffered from a displacement, and each month I had severe pains and nausea which always meant a lay-off from work for two to four days from the time I was 16 years old."

"I went to Kansas to live with my sister and while there a doctor told me of the Pinkham remedies but I did not use them then as my faith in patent medicines was limited. After my sister died I came home to Ohio to live and that has been my home for the last 18 years."

"The Change of Life came when I was 47 years old and about this time I saw my physical condition plainly described in one of your advertisements. Then I began using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I cannot tell you or any one the relief it gave me in the first three months. It put me right where I need not lay off every month and during the last 18 years I have not paid out two dollars to a doctor, and have been blest with excellent health for a woman of my age and I can thank Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for it."

"Since the Change of Life is over I have been a maternity nurse and being wholly self-supporting I cannot over estimate the value of good health. I have now earned a comfortable little home just by sewing and nursing. I have recommended the Compound to many with good results, as it is excellent to take before and after childbirth."—Miss EVELYN ADELIA STEWART, Euphemia, Ohio.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

Discharged an Obligation.

An old lady was greatly frightened when the train thundered into the tunnel.

"Do you think," she asked the ticket collector, "the tunnel is perfectly safe?"

"Don't be afraid, madam," replied the waggish collector. "Our company got you in this hole, and we're bound to see you through."

ERUPTION ON BABY'S FACE

Duke, N. C.—"When my baby was two weeks old, behind his ears turned red and caused an irritation and from rubbing it became raw and stayed moistened all the time. At times it would get so bad as to bleed. He was fretful. At the time he was eight months old he was in a bad condition with sores behind his ears and on his face."

"Nothing seemed to do any good at all till I got Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I at once commenced to wash his ears and face three or four times during the day with the Cuticura Soap, dried them with a soft cloth, then applied the Cuticura Ointment. In ten days his ears and face were well and no scars were left." (Signed) Mrs. Lena Lee, Jan. 2, 1914.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

When the oldest daughter marries the rest of the family manage to get along comfortably without any boss.

People who live in glass houses shouldn't live within a stone's throw of each other.

A STABLE NECESSITY

YAGER'S LINIMENT

The Greatest Remedy For RHEUMATISM, GOUT, BRUISES, SWELLINGS, SORES, CUTS, FROSTBITE, BRUISES, SWELLINGS, SORES, CUTS, FROSTBITE, BRUISES, SWELLINGS, SORES, CUTS, FROSTBITE, BRUISES, SWELLINGS, SORES, CUTS, FROSTBITE, BR

New Oxford Item

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

BY H. I. SMITH

Terms.—\$1.00 per annum, in advance—\$1.00 if not paid within the year. No subscription discontinued unless at the option of the publisher, until all arrears are paid. A failure to order a discontinuance at the expiration of time paid for will be considered a new engagement.

Advertisements.—Inserted at reasonable rates—hereafter reduced to those who advertise by the year.

For Printing of every description—from the smallest label or card to the largest handbill or poster.

THURSDAY, NOV. 5, 1914.

HAGERSTOWN HAS BIG FIRE.

The biggest fire Hagerstown has ever had broke out shortly after one o'clock Wednesday morning and caused a loss estimated at \$400,000. Included in the ruins are: Antietam Garage, \$10,000; Seventy-five automobile, \$125,000; Cumberland Valley Box Company, \$15,000; Building of O. D. Shirley, \$31,500; Antietam Hall, \$30,000; total, \$225,000. Baldwin House, C. W. Boyer, propr., \$15,000; Hamilton Estate, owners, \$100,000; Other losses ranged from \$5,000, to \$8,000. To emmentle the conflagration the Chambersburg and Winchester Fire companies were summoned and for more than four hours fought the stubborn blaze valiantly, preventing the destruction of the whole Baldwin Hotel building. The Antietam Garage, the Cumberland Valley Box Company and the O. D. Shirley Skating Rink, located in the Shirley building, and the Antietam Fire Company Hall, with the headquarters of Company B, Maryland National Guard, are ashes and are a total loss, together with about eighty automobiles. There were two separate blazes, the first in the Antietam Fire Company Hall and Antietam Garage, and the second at the Baldwin Hotel. The fireman had no sooner gotten the blaze at the former place under control than an alarm of fire was given from the Baldwin Hotel. It is thought this started in some chicken coops in the rear of the building. A lighted match in the hands of a man who went to the Antietam Garage to get his car caused an explosion that spread the fire throughout the garage, causing the first blaze.

With his face blackened and distorted and his mouth open as he had made his last gasps for breath, Augustus Troutman, 70 years old, for some years an inmate of the Cumberland county jail, Carlisle, was found hanging from a nail in his room in the tramp quarters about 7, o'clock Wednesday evening. Life was extinct when he was found and all facts point to suicide. The cause is one of several of a similar nature in less than a week in and near Carlisle. Solomon Baker, 65 years old, of Lisburn, tried to hang himself last week. Last Saturday James Steele, of Carlisle, took carbolic acid in an effort to end his life. Wednesday Charles Probst was found in an unconscious condition in a room over the Price Barber Shop, Carlisle. Troutman's case followed on the same day and the matter assumes the proportions of a suicide wave in that section. No reason is known why Troutman committed the act. Troutman hanged himself with his own belt. He has been in jail for two years and it is not known that he has any relatives.

Rev. Father Joseph Echterling, pastor of the St. Joseph's Catholic church, of Dallastown, York county died at the York hospital on Sunday night, at 11:30 o'clock from peritonitis, following an operation for appendicitis last Wednesday night. Father Echterling had only been sick since Monday, but his condition grew worse until Wednesday night when it became necessary to hurry him to the hospital in an automobile. His condition was pronounced grave by the surgeons in charge from the start. He was conscious to the end. Rev. Father Echterling has been the pastor at St. Joseph's church the past six months, having succeeded Rev. Father Koch, now rector at Conewago Chapel. Prior to that he served four years as the assistant at St. Joseph's church, Lancaster. Before going to Lancaster he was assistant to Rev. Fr. Breckel, at St. Mary's church in York.

"Give me those legs," said James Bessard, 43 years old, of Chestnut Grove, when he saw a man carrying his two limbs, just cut off by an eastbound freight train in the Brunswick railroad yards. He was being carried to a hospital. He knew that he had lost his legs and began looking for them. Seeing a man walking beside his stretcher with the two legs under his arms, he demanded that they be given back to him, "that the doctors can probably put them back on." Bessard, who was a trackman died a few minutes after, on the operating table in the Brunswick Hospital.

Hurrying to work at the York Manufacturing company's plant, where he was employed as a laborer, Howard Bankard, 15 years old, of York stepped in front of a Western Maryland railway shifting engine just west of the West York avenue crossing at 7 o'clock Friday morning and was killed. The youth tried to cross the track ahead of the locomotive and was caught under the wheels and his body ground to pieces. The youth was a son of Mrs. Ellen Bankard, of Taneytown, Md.

FIGHTING SHY OF LARGE SALARIES.

Aside from those employed in the various borough high schools there are only eight Adams County teachers who receive more than the minimum salary allowed by law. This fact is disclosed by the current issue of the School Bulletin issued by County Supt. Roth. Of the 230 teachers in the county, 110 receive \$50 a month and 85 are paid \$40 a month. The School Code provides that no less than \$40 may be paid to any regular teacher, while those who have taught two years and have any certificate higher than provisional may demand \$50. This also applies to normal school graduates. Gettysburg pays the highest salaries. W. A. Burgoon, supervising principal, receives \$166 66 a month while other members of the high school faculty receive \$95 \$90, \$75 and less a month. Only one teacher outside of Gettysburg gets \$100 and that is Prof. Roy Knouse, principal of the Littlestown schools. Of the eight teachers in the county who do not teach in high schools and get more than the minimum salary three are in the Gettysburg schools, three in Conewago township, one in Liberty township and one in Biglerville.

TO BE RELEASED BY CONNIE MACK

All the baseball world received with great surprise the announcement on Sunday that Eddie Plank, Chas. A. Bender and John W. Coombs, than whom a greater trio of pitchers never performed at one time for the Athletics, had their names erased from the roster of the team they helped win five American League pennants. The famous trio was put on the market Sunday by Manager Connie Mack. Although he has only asked waivers on the three pitchers, this is thought to be a preliminary step to their outright release. In his statement to the public Connie Mack said: "While I had no intention of retaining the three pitchers for the 1915 season, I would not have asked for waivers on the players at this time, but for the fact that one of the three had told me he was talking business with the Federal League. He told me that he had been offered big money and did not suppose that we wanted to meet the offer. I suggested to this player that perhaps some of the other clubs in the league would meet his demand. I want it strictly understood that I am for the American League in victory or defeat." Plank's record for the 14 years he has been with the Athletics follows: Games played, 442; won, 283; lost, 159; percentage, .643.

Fire swept by the high wind totally destroyed the brick house, outbuildings and barn on the farm of Jacob Shelly, about two and a half miles southeast of Mechanicsburg, Wednesday afternoon. The men were working in the fields when fire was discovered about 3 o'clock in the rear part of the house. With the assistance of neighbors a large part of the household furnishings were saved but the wind carried the flames rapidly to the outbuildings and from them to the barn, which was a combined structure of wood and stone. All burned to the ground. With the exception of the stock, nothing in the barn was saved. The loss included fifty tons of hay, all of the season's crops and farming implements. The entire loss is estimated at about \$10,000.

One side of his face, including mouth and chin, torn away and the right eye torn out, Thomas Weir, a Waynesboro man whose wife and child live in Philadelphia, died at the hospital in Chambersburg, on Thursday morning. After a day spent in fishing, Weir, John Purviance and Guy Summers, also Waynesboro men, were returning home from Upton. Weir's companions were on the front seat of the wagon. They paid no attention to him, supposing he was asleep. When near Green Castle they discovered that Weir had fallen against a rear wheel. All of his teeth had been knocked out and his lower jaw fractured and torn from the socket.

Sedan Seachrist, about 40 years old, was rendered unconscious and badly injured in a runaway accident in which he was dragged for a distance of a mile, on the road near Red Lion, York county Friday afternoon, but was enabled to proceed on his way home after having his injuries dressed. His horse getting beyond control he was thrown from the team. In some manner that he was unable to explain, owing to his being rendered unconscious, he was caught and dragged.

Emmanuel Brennenman, 65 years old, of West York borough, dropped dead while at work in the Joseph Black & Sons' hosiery mill on Saturday afternoon. Mr. Brennenman entered the plant and dropped dead a few minutes after assuming his duties.

Frank Smith, deputy forest warden of Frederick county, was shot from ambush while walking from a store to his home, near Yellow Springs, and is in a serious condition at the Frederick City Hospital. George Bartsis is accused of the shooting and is under arrest.

Daniel H. Detwiler, president of a stove company of Columbia, and also of the First National Bank of that town, has reached 86 years and attends to his usual daily chores and stunts.

Walter Detz, of Pottsville, paid just \$10 each for three robins, which he shot and then paid \$20 more before Alderman F. S. Freiler because he was not wearing a hunter's license when apprehended.

The Littlestown National Bank has installed a new modern safe. It was made by the York Safe & Lock Co. It is made from Manganese steel, and is absolutely burglar proof, a reward of \$1,000 being offered to anyone who can break into it inside of 36 hours. The safe is equipped with a combination lock and a time lock. The door is 8 inches thick.

After the barn of Zaphaniah Force, of Woodbourne, had been burned at 7 o'clock on Sunday evening, the charred body of Hugh Costello was found in the ruins. Costello had been loafing in the barn all day, not feeling well. It is believed that he smoked and went to sleep, thus setting the structure afire.

Andrew Bridge, a young Carlisle barber, was found dead in bed at the home of a friend, Harry M. Martin, in that place on Friday, by Martin, who went to a guest room for covers. Bridge drank a pint of alcohol on Monday evening, and got to his friend's home, where he died.

BEST COUGH MEDICINE FOR CHILDREN.—"Three years ago I was living in Pittsburgh where one of my children had a hard cold and coughed dreadfully. Upon the advice of a druggist I purchased a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and it benefited him at once. I find it the best cough medicine for children because it is pleasant to take. They do not object to taking it," writes Mrs. Lafayette Tuck, Homor City, Pa. This remedy contains no opium or other narcotic, and may be given to a child as confidently as to an adult. Sold by all dealers.

When pegs holding a heavy "crab" in place, gave way while workmen were slowly moving a large house on the Toland estate, at Wynnewood, Frank White, of Ardmore, a workman, was flung 20 feet and his head was crushed.

Daniel F. Biehl, 75 years old, a civil war veteran, living as a recluse in a small shanty at Pricetown, Berks county was found dead on the floor of his hut. He lived alone more than twenty years.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, ss. Lucas County, Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY. Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 5th day of December, A. D. 1886. A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Public Sale!

Saturday, November 14th, 1914.

The undersigned will sell at public sale at his residence in Oxford township, Adams county, on road leading from New Oxford to Conewago Chapel, 2 miles from the former place and 1 mile East of Irish town, the following personal property:—Three Horses, all good workers and drivers, 1 a fine leader, 2 Head of Cattle, 1 Milch Cow, to be fresh during the winter; 1 Heifer 14 months old. Two horse wag on 4 in tread, capacity 4000 lbs., good as new; spring wagon, 2 falling top buggies, McCormick mowder, good as new; Milwaukee Selt binder, in good order; new sul key cultivator with double row planter attachment; new Ontario grain drill, 2 hay rakes, 1 self dump; H & D 15 tooth spring harrow, land roller, 4 long plows, 1 Wierd, 1 Wallace 1 Glen Rock, the other a Mountville; single and double shovel plows, corn forks, cutting box, double and singletrees, jockey sticks, log, cow breast chains, picks, mattocks, digging irons, scoop and ground shovels, 3 sets of frontgears, 2 sets of buggy harness, bridles, collars, halters, lines, and many other articles not mentioned. Sale to commence at 1 o'clock p. m., when terms will be made known by

JACOB MARKLE Chas. Rinehart, Auct. G. D. Sheely Clk.

The ITEM advertisements bring results.

Furniture!

The complete line of goods that fill our large rooms offers you a choice of everything needed to make your home comfortable and attractive. We not only show a big line of Furniture and Home Furnishings, but we are quoting

Special Low Prices.

UNDERTAKING

in all its branches, a Specialty. Both Phone.

W. A. FEISER, Phila. St., New Oxford, Pa.**Executrix's Notice**

ESTATE OF HENRIETTA LINGG, late of Mechanicsburg borough, Adams County, Pa. deceased.—Letters testamentary on said estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted thereto are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the same will present them without delay for settlement to the undersigned residing at Mechanicsburg.

ELLEN I. SHAFFELTER Executrix.

GEO. A. MILLER, PAPER HANGER AND DECORATOR Philadelphia Street, New Oxford, Pa. All Kinds of Wall Hanging at Moderate Prices. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

JOB PRINTING of every description executed at the ITEM office Satisfaction guaranteed.

G. W. WEAVER & SON,**The Leaders.****WOMEN'S AND CHILDREN'S COATS****DISTINCTIVE STYLES****ATTRACTIVE PRICES**

The very sudden lowering of the mercury behooves those who have not yet bought the Winter Coat—that it cannot be deferred much longer. Our present stock is now at it's best—so why wait? It embraces such wonderful garments as are made by the "Wooltex" organization—and others whose makings compare with the "Wooltex."

Coats for every form and size, from the wee tot to the child of kid age, the Junior Miss and women of any size from the smallest up to 50 inch bust.

Our stock is so comprehensive and our values so good that we not only meet your ideas as to styles and quality—but will probably give you more for the money you desire to spend than you'd expect.

Do not shiver with cold until January with the expectation of lowered prices—then—but buy now before the choice is narrowed—and have the pleasure out of it that comes in its use during the Fall months.

Do Not Send to a City or Mail Order House Until You See What We Can Do For You.

G. W. WEAVER & SON,**The Store That Sells Wooltex**

Coats Suits Skirts

GETTYSBURG,**PENN'A.****Public Sale!**

Saturday, November 14th, 1914.

The undersigned will sell at public sale at her residence in New Chester, Adams County, the following personal property:

3 HEAD OF CATTLE, 2 milch cows, 1 to be fresh in December, the other was fresh in September; 1 heifer 1 year old.

FARM IMPLEMENTS, ETC.

1 surrey, 1 spring wagon, 1 spring harrow, shovel plow, 14-foot grass seeder, 1 cutting box, bag wagon, 2 cross-cut saws, log chain, sledge, iron wedges, pick, 32-ft ladder, lawn mower, sand screen, 1 grain fan, wire stretcher, farm bell,

DOUBLE HEATER & PIPE,

2 ten-plate stoves, bedsteads and springs, cider barrel, meat grinder, butter churn, 6-gallon Sanitary creamery, 2 ice cream freezers, one 6-qt. the other 6-gal.; 6 ice cream tubs and 6 cans for ice cream packing, ice cream dippers, ice tongs, 2 five-gallon milk cans, and many articles not mentioned. Sale to commence at 1 o'clock p. m., when terms will be made known by MRS. L. T. EMBERTART, G. F. Trimmer, Auct. R. D. Myers, Clk.

Ministers and Druggists Recommend Lincoln, Catarrh Balm.

For Coughs, Colds, Catarrh, Hawking, Spitting, Asthma, Hay Fever, Bronchitis, Sore Throat & Deafness caused by catarrh O. B. J. Haines, druggist, Allentown, Pa., and Howard R. Moser, druggist, Quakertown, Pa. the Rev. D. P. Lonsdorf, Rutztown Pa., Rev. A. H. Souillard, Lykens, Pa., and Rev. W. G. Brubaker, Phoenixville, Pa., write that they have used Lincoln's Catarrh Balm, that it gives quick relief, perfect satisfaction and is as recommended. 50 cents per jar at

ED. T. AUKE'S.

9-24-106.

Read the ITEM ads. and keep posted.

Throat Sore Feeling Shivery? You're Catching Cold.

Don't wait till the cold gets firmly established. Don't wait two or three days till its beyond your control. Colds which you try to "wear out" often turn into Tonsillitis or Grippe—or become chronic. They wear you out. Break the cold up.

A. D. S. Cold and Grippe Tablets

WILL DO THE TRICK.

Take the tablets regularly for a day. Next morning you'll waken with cleared head—feeling fine—cold gone. Should you have sore throat take A. D. S. Syrup White Pine, A. D. S. White Pine with Tar, Syrup of A. D. S. White Pine Mentholated, or Syrup of White Pine Expectant Mentholated with Tar as you prefer. Each is a sanctioned remedy. Each costs 25 cents. So it costs you only a quarter to break up a cold. It may cost you a lot more to neglect it. Better still, don't wait to catch cold. Stop in our store today and get the preventive medicine.

ED. T. AUKE

YOUR DRUGGIST. ON THE SQUARE, NEW OXFORD.

Job Printing of every description executed at lowest prices at Item office. Hand in your orders.

Miss Alda Keller, of Marysville, Pa., who with her sister, Miss Flo, who are visiting at the home of J. W. Luckenbaugh, in Hanover, fell down a flight of stairs on Saturday evening, sustaining a fracture of the wrist and a dislocation of the elbow of her left arm.

The Ziebovitz factory at Myerstown, which has just finished a 20,000 order, started Monday morning filling a 96,000 contract for shirts for the allied armies.

The postoffice at the village of Kirk's Mills, Lancaster county, which was established in 1814, and has had only three postmasters in 100 years—father and two sons—was discontinued October 15th.

C. S. Jacoby, of East Cocalico township, Lancaster county, has been teaching school since 1800; J. B. Douglas, of Washingtonboro, since 1871; B. K. H. Becker, of Mann, and Theo. Hart, Carnarvon, since 1873.

New Oxford Item.

THURSDAY, NOV. 5, 1914.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

There were a number of Hallowe'en parties held in town on Friday and Saturday evenings.

A. G. Lau and wife removed to Hanover from their home on S. Peters Street, on Monday.

John W. Crist, of Hampton, a sufferer from heart trouble, is reported to be in a critical condition.

President Wilson has issued a proclamation designating Thursday, November 26th as Thanksgiving Day.

A Sunday school convention will be held in the Abbottstown Lutheran church on November 14th and 15th.

Charles L. Kuhn, the 21 year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Pius Kuhn, of near Hanover, is suffering from diphtheria.

Herb. S. Weikert, of near Kohler's school house, Mt. Pleasant township, reports 916 bushels of corn from 6 acres of land.

A festival for the benefit of the Paradise Catholic church, will be held in the town hall in Abbottstown, on Saturday evening, Nov. 7.

Chas. F. Smith, of McSherrystown, while stepping off a street car in that borough, a few days ago, severely sprained one of his ankles.

Two horses belonging to Jas. L. Staubb, of near Seven Hundred school house, were paralyzed last week. One of the animals has since died.

Luther Cleaver, who has been clerking in the March store, at Hampton, for some time, has accepted a similar position in the Wiest store at York.

Rev. Pan Gladfelter announced to his congregation that he decided to remain in York Springs and will not accept the call extended by the Jefferson charge.

Robert Rupp, formerly of Gettysburg, lost his Rambler touring car in the big fire at Hagerstown last week. He carried insurance of \$1000 on the machine.

Harry Bixler, of McSherrystown, had the misfortune of mashing the middle finger of his left hand, while at work in the Levering Bros. foundry, at Hanover.

Cloyd Miller, son of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Miller, of Lincoln Way, East, while out hunting on Monday, shot a red rabbit, of extra large size, near New Chester.

Dr. G. E. Spatz and a Mr. Madison, of York, and Dr. H. D. Leh, of Hampton, were out on a hunting expedition on Monday. No report of the success has been made.

While working on the roads near White Pine Sanatorium one day last week, G. C. Kline saw a herd of deer composed of seventeen—the largest seen in that vicinity this season.

Harry Cleaver, of near East Berlin, while out hunting squirrels, shot a large gray fox, which weighed 12 pounds. Mr. Cleaver is having it mounted by a York taxidermist.

Rev. Calvin S. Slagle, D. D., of Westminster, a native of Hanover, was elected President of Potomac Synod of the Reformed church at the opening session in Altoona, last week.

While descending the steps of the porch at her home in Hanover, on Monday morning, Mrs. M. D. Bishop, tripped and fell to the bottom, breaking the bones of one of her ankles.

It is announced that W. C. Hepperle, of Hagerstown, has been appointed general superintendent of the Hanover Electric Railway and will take charge of his new position on December 1.

Jumping from a fence on Monday afternoon, Murray E. Long, of Gettysburg, landed on a broken bottle and cut a deep gash in his right foot that caused him to seek the attention of a physician.

Wiest Miller, of Hanover, son of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Miller, of this place, and his brother in law, Roscoe Rider, also of Hanover, have purchased the Red Lion Cafe, at Red Lion, York county.

When an erroneous statement gets into a newspaper the Hammer Club gets mighty busy. But if you are always as careful what you say as the newspapers are you won't get into much trouble.

At the end of the second month of school, Mrs. John Null resigned as teacher of McCurdy's school, in Cumberland township. Miss Catharine Fecser, of Littlestown, was elected to fill the vacancy.

The automobile of Mr. Bausman, proprietor of the Elk Horn Hotel, Bendersville, crashed into an embankment in Biglerville, on Friday afternoon, and the front axle of the machine was badly bent.

The Sunday school convention at Pine Run school-house, Hamilton township, held on Saturday evening and Sunday was largely attended, and a very instructive and interesting program was rendered.

Rev. Charles S. Bream, of Ohio, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Bream, of Gettysburg, was shaken up in an automobile accident last week. He received a broken collar bone and several bruises, but no serious injury.

Gregory Smith, of Hanover, formerly of near Irishtown, while unloading a wagon load of corn on Monday evening, made a misstep and was thrown forcefully against a board, fracturing a rib on his left side.

On Thursday Mrs. Calvin Deamer, who has her home with her son-in-law, Morris McDowell, near Arendtsville, tripped while walking in the yard at the McDowell home and broke her right arm near the wrist.

With the relaying of heavy planks on the bridge over Brush Run along State road, between New Oxford and Gettysburg, the finishing touches were put on that highway and the road is now in excellent condition.

Lewis Hafer, Claude Forney and Ira Sprout, of Hanover, returned on Saturday, after a week's hunting trip through the mountains of Sullivan county, bringing with them a large male black bear, weighing 215 pounds.

Alfred Wilt, of near Hampton, is suffering from a slight stroke of paralysis, which has affected his entire left side. Mr. Wilt, who is the father of Mrs. C. S. Sponner, North Peters street, was stricken on Thursday night.

One of Gettysburg's oldest residents, Miss Annie Runkle, was stricken with paralysis at the home of Mrs. Helena Erter, on Saturday evening, and is in a serious condition, her illness being complicated with congestion of the lungs.

The excursion to Pittsburg over the W. M. and New York Central railways on Saturday night gathered over 900 persons from Baltimore to Hagerstown. The excursion was in three divisions. Only five tickets were sold at the local station.

Corporal Jesse Sheaffer, who completed his second enlistment in the United States Marines on October 18th, arrived at his home in York Springs from the Norfolk Navy Yard one day last week. Mr. Sheaffer expects to re-enlist in the near future.

Rev. D. Z. Folk, of Huntington township, has presented to the York Springs wigwam of Red Men an Indian pipe of peace which he had secured while living in Nebraska years ago. The pipe is shaped like a tomahawk with the bowl on the blunt end.

Spencer Myers, residing along the Hanover road, near town, is recovering from a badly sprained ankle. The accident was caused by tripping into a hole, covered with leaves, while walking about his home. He was obliged to go about on crutches for a week or ten days.

C. D. Stallenmuth, of Gettysburg, fractured his right arm while out hunting on Monday afternoon. Mr. Stallenmuth was with several others at the farm of Orville Riley, near Gettysburg, and was running, when he tripped on a wire. He fell heavily on his arm, fracturing it at the elbow.

Orders were received last week from headquarters, ordering the discontinuance of the postoffice at Irishtown, J. M. Martin, postmaster. However, on Friday morning a second order was received annulling the first order, and stating that the office will be continued for 30 days, or until December 1st.

Contractor G. Harry Roth, of North Peters street, has the large five-room, two story brick High School building at Arendtsville under roof and the interior is being lathed preparatory to plastering. When finished this will be one of the most modern and complete school buildings in Adams county.

Rumor has been afloat about town the past week to the effect that Gettysburg parties have purchased the East Berlin railway from W. G. Leas and that the parties who have applied to Governor Tener for a charter for the Oxford Township Light, Heat and Power Company intend operating the road by electricity.

Earl Baumgardner, the 12 year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Baumgardner, of Orrtanna, is suffering from a broken leg, the result of a fall on Tuesday afternoon. The accident happened at school. Earl and a number of boys were playing when he tripped and fell, one of his companions falling on him, fracturing the left leg between the knee and ankle.

About 25 of the boys with two attendants, from the Paradise Protective, near Abbottstown, walked to the Mt. Pleasant Fruit Farm of Mrs. C. M. Knabb, along the State road about two miles above town, on Sunday afternoon, and returned in the evening. The youngsters, on the return trip, seemed to be unusually happy with their blouses, pants legs, hats, caps, etc., bulging out with fruit.

The horse driven by Dairyman C. K. Forry, evidently wanted to play a joke on his master after seeing all the pranks displayed on Park Square, on Sunday morning. Mr. Forry had delivered milk and cream to the J. F. Kieckroff restaurant where it is placed on sale. Just as he had gotten into the wagon to proceed on his way, the animal in a playful mood, started to kick and run at full speed, knocking in the glass and part of the panel front of the wagon. Mr. Forry did not take well to his pranks and took him out of town, towards his home, under the whip, at full speed.

During the latter part of last week the work of connecting the engine and pump to the new filtration plant at the pumping station was completed and by Sunday evening the standpipe was filled with pure unadulterated water. It is said everything works satisfactory at the filtration plant, and the consumers of the water are now promised no more of the muddy and filthy article that they have been paying for, for some years. The cost of the filtration plant and the necessary work connected with having the alterations made at the pumping station amounts to about \$15,000.

Hallowe'en Pranks.

Park Square, the pride of New Oxford, and admired by all strangers and visitors to our beautiful little city, certainly presented to us, a sorrowful appearance on Sunday morning, and the hundreds of automobilists who passed around the park during the day could not help but conclude that the town was not protected from the lawless ramblers of town and vicinity. The park was jammed full of almost every conceivable sort of farm implement—heavy and light wagons, cultivators, plows, harrows, spring wagons, buggies, hay racks, heavy sleds and sleighs, coal and lumber, butcher wagons, stoves, beer cases and kegs, etc., which were gathered not only from town, but the surrounding country. A number of implements and articles were broken and damaged, and a number of them, we are told, were secured by the marauders breaking open locks. At the new public school building a glass was broken in one of the basement windows, in order to open the lock thereof, and then a lot of corn fodder secured from a neighboring field was shoved into the basement. A little fun is relieved by the best of people, but the pranks of Saturday night were carried to extremes, and some of the perpetrators may have to answer before the courts of justice for their actions. Parties residing near the park claim that most of the work of the marauders was done between 1 and 3 o'clock a. m. on Sunday. Here is another evidence that the town needs police protection, and needs it badly. Will we get it?

New Auto Damaged

The new Overland touring car owned and driven by Councilman W. A. Diehl, Lincoln Way, West, was somewhat damaged by striking a load of lumber on the State road on Saturday afternoon. Mr. Diehl, accompanied by members of his family was driving on the road towards Gettysburg. At the Brush Run bridge, where the old wooden bridge had been replaced by a concrete structure, two teams were hauling away the old lumber, one team on either side of the bridge. Mr. Diehl passed the first team and had put on the high gear of his machine to climb the hill, near the bridge, which the second team loaded with lumber was ascending. Mr. Diehl sounded alarm horn on his machine, and when the driver of the lumber wagon attempted to turn out to give the auto room to pass the front part of the wagon turning caused the long timbers extending from the rear of the wagon to swing further across the road, and the longest piece thereof smashed the windshield of the car into many pieces, while others tore off one of the lamps, one of the fenders, and otherwise damaged machine. Fortunately none of the occupants were injured.

Wagon Overturned by Auto

White James Robinson, manager of the H. M. Stokes creamery, in this place, was returning from delivering the cream to Hanover about 3:30 o'clock on Friday afternoon, his covered wagon was struck by an automobile and upset. Mr. Robinson was driving slowly along the road beyond the Red Hill school-house, near the farm of John Krug, when an unknown party in an auto approached from the rear and as they attempted to pass the creamery team the auto struck the rear left wheel of the wagon and completely overturned it. Robinson was thrown out but escaped injury, but the kingbolt and other parts of the wagon were broken as were also parts of the harness. Among the contents of the wagon, was several gallons of oysters, which were spilled. The auto was but slightly damaged, and the parties, who were unknown, after paying Robinson the small amount of \$3 went on their way. The wagon was patched up sufficiently to return home.

Thought it was Empty.

While visiting at the home of R. L. Hoffman, in East Berlin, recently, a Mr. Yoder, of York, a stock-fod salesman, picked up Mr. Hoffman's shot gun which was standing in the kitchen and pulled the trigger. The contents of a shell went through an inch pine board in a door and struck and broke the pine bottom of a chair, and a number of stray shot also entered the table of a sewing machine. He thought the gun was empty. Messrs. Yoder and Hoffman were the only persons in the room at the time and fortunately no one was injured.

Hit With Club

Clement, the 14-year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Martin, of Hamilton township, had an ugly gash cut in the back part of his head on Tuesday at noon. The lad is a pupil at the Parochial school on North Peters street, and while playing "shinny" with a number of companions, was accidentally hit on the back of the head with a club in the hands of one of the players, and gash about 1½ inches in length was cut to the bone, requiring a number of stitches. A local physician gave necessary attention.

Heifer Drowned in Spring.

A heifer belonging to James Millhines, near the Pine church, Strabon township, fell into a spring on the farm on Friday and was drowned. The cattle were grazing in the field in which there was a spring of water about 5 feet in depth, which was uncovered and the young animal had evidently attempted to drink therefrom when it slipped and fell into the water and drowned. It was discovered soon afterward but too late to be saved.

Horse Thief Captured After Month's Chase

After a chase of four weeks in various parts of Pennsylvania, during which time authorities have kept track of him Camp Kester, formerly of York, was arrested in that city on Wednesday by a member of the White Detective Bureau, and immediately the news was communicated to Officer Shealer, of Gettysburg, who directed the search for the man at the instance of Harry Stevens, of Heidlersburg, from whom it is alleged Kester stole a horse several weeks ago. Kester lived during the summer in the vicinity of Heidlersburg and was engaged in trading horses. He was acquainted with Mr. Stevens and was at his home several times. One morning when he went to the stable Stevens found that a horse was missing and immediately had a warrant issued by Justice Hill, of Gettysburg, for the arrest of Kester. The man was traced to several places and since that time Officer Shealer has been informed of the localities in which he was seen. Kester is a man of about 25 or 30 years of age. It is said that the York authorities have arrested him twice before.

Kester is also charged with false pretense, growing out of note for \$75, given in the purchase of a horse from Jacob Mummert, of East Berlin. It is alleged that Kister at the time of giving the note, made the representation that he was entitled to some money from the estate of a relative which he would soon receive. The defendant failed to pay the note when due, it is claimed.

Boy Hurt in Runaway.

Thrown from the back of a mule while returning from an errand to a store on Friday morning 11-year-old Louis Hoff man, son of John Hoffman, a farmer, residing near East Berlin, sustained concussion of the brain and is in a critical condition. There were no witnesses to the accident, the discovery of which was made when Floyd, an 8 year-old brother, on his way to school, found the unconscious body on the road. Louis had been told to go to the store for kerosene on his way to school and to bring it home with him at noon. Instead, he went to the stable and secured the mule, intending to complete the errand before going to school. He had obtained the kerosene and was on his way home when a dog at the home of George Wise ran out at the mule, which took fright and bolted. The boy was still on the mule when the animal passed out of sight of those at the Wise house but he must have fallen off soon afterward. Finding his brother and unable to rouse him, Floyd did not know what to do, but Mrs. Bert Trimmer, who came by a few minutes later, picked up the injured boy and summoned Dr. Elgin, of East Berlin. The physician had the boy removed to his home.

Store Robbed

The general store of A. V. Leib, at Baughmansville, about 3 miles from East Berlin, was entered on Wednesday night and articles of clothing amounting to about \$100 in value and about \$15 in cash stolen. The thief has so far eluded capture. Nearly all the clothing was recovered at an early hour on Thursday morning along the road near Red Run, a short distance away, by Constable J. A. Harbold. While going to market about 4 o'clock on Thursday morning, W. O. Walton, of Red Run, met a man plodding along the road. He kept to the fence to avoid the light thrown from Mr. Walton's wagon. After Walton had passed the man, he noticed two packages lying by the roadside and called to him. Becoming suspicious, when the man took no notice, Walton stopped a little further down the road and called Constable Harbold by telephone. The constable secured the package but could find no trace of the thief. When Mr. Leib entered the store to open up, discovered the theft. Among the articles of clothing recovered were 9 pairs of trousers, 7 shirts, some underwear, 12 pairs of shoes, 24 pipes, 25 pocketknives and 5 razors.

Hunter Shot by Companion.

Struck in the eye by a glancing shot, fired by one of two companions, Carl Kuhn, of Cashtown, was the first victim of the rabbit hunting season in Adams county. The mishap occurred early on Monday morning and Kuhn was rushed to the Chambersburg hospital for treatment.

The young man has been employed at Counellsville for the past two years as a telegrapher for the W. M. Railroad Company. During the morning they chased a rabbit into a thicket and Miles Bisecker and Roy Shultz both fired at about the same time. Young Kuhn was not in range, but one of the shot struck a small limb, glanced off and penetrated the eye. The shot, of the No. 5 size, went through the upper eyelid and lodged in the white part of the eye, above the pupil, where it could be seen partly embedded and partly exposed.

Pension Increases.

A number of Civil War veterans and widows of veterans have been granted original or increased pensions. Among the number are the following:

Mrs. Sarah A. Phillips, Hampton, widow of George W. Phillips, widow's original pension from June 27, 1914.

Frederick Master, East Berlin, an increase dating from April 18, 1913.

Joseph Taylor, Orrtanna, R. R. No. 1, re-issue and increase dating from May 23, 1912.

Taken by Death.

Thomas McCullough, a veteran of the Civil War and one of Gettysburg's best known colored residents, died shortly before 7 o'clock on Wednesday morning after a year's illness from dropsy. He was 74 years of age.

James E. Weygant was found dead in bed at his home in Gettysburg, by Mrs. Weygant, about 6 o'clock on Wednesday morning. He had evidently been dead for several hours. For the past several years, Mr. Weygant had been in failing health, dropsy with complications being the cause of his death. He was able to be about the house as usual on Tuesday, however, and when he retired for the night, was apparently in his usual condition. No knowledge of any turn for the worse was had until Mrs. Weygant went to his room, only to find that he had died during the night. Mr. Weygant was a native of Gettysburg, and was aged 70 years, 12 months and 5 days. He leaves his wife who, before marriage, was Miss Laura Wolf. He also leaves three children, Samuel and Miss Ruth Weygant and Mrs. Paul Lutz, all living at home. One sister, Mrs. Joshua Bain, of Gettysburg, also survives.

Deceased was a brother in law of Rev. C. W. Baker, of this place.

Mrs. Elizabeth J. McLaughlin, wife of Ezra McLaughlin, died at her home in McKnightstown on Wednesday evening about 7:30 after a short illness, aged 77 years 2 months and 25 days. Among the surviving children are Mrs. Michael Tate and Mrs. Harry Kildinger, of Gettysburg.

As a result of an attack of acute indigestion Annie A. Shambaugh, wife of Wm. C. Shambaugh, of Carlisle, died at her home in that place on Wednesday evening at 10:40 o'clock, a few minutes after she was stricken. She was aged 44 years. Mrs. Shambaugh retired on Wednesday evening seemingly in the best of health. A few moments after she retired her husband heard her gasp, and he called to her, but did not receive any answer. Fearing that she was ill, he shook her, but she had already died. Mrs. Shambaugh was a former resident of York Springs, a daughter of Hiram Albert, who survives. Besides her husband she leaves three children, Ruth, Martha and Jacob, all at home. Two sisters, Mrs. William Ruggles, of Philadelphia, and Mrs. John Smith, also survive.

Mrs. Ellen N. Reinon died at the home of her son-in-law, Charles Noll, in Dillsburg, on Tuesday, aged 62 years. The cause of death was cancer, from which she had been a sufferer for a long time. Mrs. Robert Forry, of Heidlersburg, a daughter, and three other children, survive, together with one sister and two brothers.

Mrs. Annie K. Young, widow of George F. Young, of Gettysburg, died on Thursday evening at the East Side Hospital, Pittsburg, after an illness of many months from cancer of the throat. Mrs. Young was a resident of Gettysburg until a few years ago, when she moved to Pittsburg. She was the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ephraim Minnigh, of Gettysburg. Mr. Young became postmaster of Gettysburg in 1898 and soon afterward she took up the duties of stamp clerk in the office. This position she held for 14 years, resigning in 1912. Not long after severing her connection at the postoffice removed to Pittsburg. Her husband died in October 1907 and she leaves no near relatives.

Miss Harriet A. Herman died in Cumberland township at 6 o'clock on Saturday morning after a lingering illness. She was 48 years old. For a number of years she taught in the public schools of Adams county. Miss Herman was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Levi Herman, of near Goldens Station, both of whom are dead. She leaves two brothers, Oliver and Ellis Herman, of Strabon township; and two sisters, Mrs. W. C. Carl, of Mt. Pleasant township, and Mrs. W. L. Rinehart, of York. Funeral on Tuesday morning, from the home of W. C. Carl. Services and interment at Salem United Brethren church.

Charles Wintrole, a prominent farmer, died at his home in Mt. Joy township on Sunday morning at 8 o'clock as the result of a paralytic stroke, aged 66 years. Mr. Wintrole had been enjoying his usual good health until Friday noon when he had taken his bed and Dr. Weaver, of Littlestown, was summoned. His illness was not considered serious and no fears were entertained for his early recovery when he was suddenly stricken about 7 o'clock on Sunday morning and died an hour later, retaining consciousness until the time of his death, recognizing those about him but unable to speak. He leaves his wife, who before marriage was Miss Rebecca Snyder, and a son, Mervin Wintrole, of Germany township. Miss Louise Wintrole, of Littlestown, a sister, also survives.

Simon P. Weaver, one of the most widely known men in Carroll county, died at his home in Westminster, on Friday morning, after an illness of several weeks. He was a brother in law of J. E. Plank, of Gettysburg.

Following a prolonged illness from a complication of diseases, Mrs. Sallie A. Johns, widow of Louis B. Johns, died at her late home in Midway at 6:10 a. m., on Monday, aged 68 years, 2 months and 12 days.

12 days. Deceased was a daughter of the late Jacob and Mary (Fleishman) Klunk, of Hanover. In May 1871, she was married to Mr. Johns, who for many years conducted a saddle shop at Midway, where he died April 12, 1902. Mrs. Johns was the last one of her direct family, but leaves a number of nieces and nephews. Funeral this Thursday, Requiem High Mass in St. Vincent church, Midway, at 9 a. m. Interment will be made by the side of her husband in Mt. Olivet cemetery, in Hanover.

Mrs. Mary A. Eyerle, widow of Wm. P. Eyerle, died in Carlisle on Saturday morning, aged 83 years and 15 days. She is survived by two sons, both residing in Carlisle, and one sister, Mrs. Margaret E. Benaw, of near Gettysburg.

After a lingering illness of about 3 years, Otto J. Zinn, a native of Hanover, died at his home in York, on Sunday, aged 40 years and 6 months.

John F. P. Marshall, a brother in law of Dr. J. L. Sheets, of this place, was found dead in a field on his farm at Womelsdorf Station, Berks county, on Monday. Death was due to apoplexy. The deceased, who was about 60 years of age, was the father of Dr. John Marshall, who is known by many New Oxford people, on account of his frequent visits here.

Mrs. J. J. Groh, youngest daughter of Frank T. Manahan, formerly of this county, died in Springfield, Ohio, on Sunday morning, aged 29 years.

Autos Collide at Night

A dispatch from Merion, Pa., dated November 1, says:—Two high-powered automobiles were wrecked late at night in a collision on the Lancaster pike near here, between a racing machine belonging to and driven by W. L. Hafer, of Gettysburg, Pa., and a new touring car driven by Alexander L. Crawford, of Ardmore. The crash resulted when the racing car going east on Lancaster pike tried to pass another, and came suddenly head on with the Crawford car. One of the occupants of the Hafer machine was thrown high in the air. When picked up no injury of any kind could be found.

Dr. E. D. Hudson, of Gettysburg, was called to Washington, D. C., on Friday afternoon on account of the illness of his son Edward, who is in attendance at the U. S. College of Veterinary Surgery. The Doctor found his son suffering from an attack of acute indigestion, and reports his condition much improved.

Losing control of his machine on the Carlisle road on Friday afternoon, George Hoffman, of Arendtsville, ran his Maxwell touring car into a side gutter and damaged it considerably. Mr. Hoffman was on his way to Gettysburg and in some manner the machine swerved to one side of the highway and he was unable to get it under control. The car crashing into the gutter, broke the right front wheel entirely off, damaged a head lamp and bent the fender. The rear axle was also badly bent.

Admitting the theft of three Ford cars, Raymond Llewellyn, who was captured by Chief of Police Emmons near Gettysburg several weeks ago, was released in Philadelphia Criminal Court on Friday when his father paid the costs and secured the return of all three cars to their owners. Llewellyn, it will be recalled, was the man who was arrested by Officer Emmons only after the official had shot a hole in the rear tire of his machine and held him up at the point of a revolver. The release of the auto thief was secured through his confession to the theft of all three cars and telling the authorities of their whereabouts.

Don't forget the public sale of carload of Virginia colts, fresh cows, steers, heifers and bulls, at Jacob Sell's stable, Hanover, on Saturday, Nov. 7th.

Howard J. Spalding.

For Sale—A Falling top Buggy, will be sold at a very low price, for want of use. Apply at once to Edward Storm, at Eagle Hotel Stable.

The Society of the Busy Workers, of New Chester, will hold a Chicken and Oyster Supper in that place, on Saturday evening, Nov. 7. Everybody cordially invited.

FOR SALE—Attractive new home, all modern improvements, lot 60x150 feet, located in New Oxford, will be sold on easy terms. Address: P. O. Box 87, New Oxford, Pa.

Western Maryland one dollar excursion to Baltimore, Saturday, November 7th. Train leaves New Oxford at 7:37; returning leaves Baltimore at 11:40. First class coaches guaranteed.

Dr. Underwood, of York Springs, Pa., has a method of treating the worst forms of Consumption and Asthma, that is entirely successful. He also cures Cancer, and can refer you to a number of cases he has permanently cured.—Adv't.

THE MARKETS.

New Oxford—by J. R. Weaver & Bro.
Choice Wheat..... \$1.04
No. 2..... .99
Raked..... .95
Rye..... .85
Corn..... .80
Oats..... .75
Clover seed, per lb..... 12.00
Timothy seed..... 2.00 @ 3.00
Rye Straw..... 8.00 @ 12.00
Timothy hay..... 10.00 @ 12.00

HUNTING THE SHOE

By H. M. EGBERT.

All the way over Nicholson had tried to make the acquaintance of the girl in brown. But, try as hard as he could, he failed to elicit anything more than a parting greeting from her. She was named Mary Martin, and he overheard her telling the steward that she was a school teacher and spending her vacation on a tour of the British cities.

Nicholson was making a pleasure tour. He was one of those fortunate young men who have sufficient income to make work unnecessary. Not that he was an idler. He meant to take up sociology seriously—was, in fact, on his way to England at the invitation of a friend, to attend some crowded political meetings in the Black Country, the industrial part of the Midlands.

The girl in brown would not say anything more than "good-morning" and "good-evening." She even seemed to resent Nicholson's attempts to force himself upon her, the young man thought. So, by the time the voyage was half ended he had left her severely alone.

It was one of the greatest disappointments that he had ever had. He was not an unduly impressionable young man, but the girl in brown had made a profound impression upon his heart. There is some inner sense that tells us whether these affairs have in them the possibility of permanence. Nicholson felt that he could love the girl in brown—given propinquity for the development of his passion—until he died.

However, love must have responsiveness, and by the time he reached Oxford he had only a pleasant, mellowed memory of her. He put up at the Queen's hotel. His room was on a long corridor. And as he entered it he heard light footsteps coming along



"I'll Tell You in a Minute."

the passage, and looked round to see the girl in brown.

She did not pay the slightest heed to him, but, without any sign of recognition, entered her room adjacent. Nicholson sighed, changed his mind about going to bed, and went out and promenaded the High for nearly an hour.

Boots, dazzled by the bestowal of a truly American tip, informed Nicholson of the British custom of putting one's shoes outside the bedroom door to be polished. "I cleans 'em, sir," he said. "I'll give you an extra shine. Thank you kindly, sir."

Nicholson went to bed and slept like a just man without remorse or care. In fact, he was a little ashamed to discover, when he opened his eyes, that the sun was shining brightly. He opened his door. Outside lay one of his shoes. And, next to it, was a small and very shapely lady's shoe, evidently the property of his next-door neighbor. His missing shoe was nowhere to be seen.

Nicholson had a spare pair of shoes in his bag, and he put them on. Then he stood staring in perplexity at what lay before his eyes. Boots must have made a hideous blunder. Nicholson went down to pick a quarrel with him. But Boots was nowhere to be found. And, as Nicholson munched his breakfast, a telegram was put into his hand.

"Meet me at Coventry at four," it ran. It was from the friend who was to guide him through the maze of sociological observations that lay before him.

There was only one train to Coventry that day—Sunday. Forgotten was the episode of the morning, forgotten Miss Martin, save that she lay like a subconscious idea at the base of his memory. He rushed upstairs, to find Boots standing before his door with his suitcase in his hand.

"It's all packed, sir," he said. "There isn't a minute to lose, sir. I've called a cab, sir."

What was it he wanted to say to Boots? Boots had already disappeared with the suitcase. He was waiting at the cab door. He thrust the suitcase inside, and, gratified by another tip, departed, while the cab dashed frantically toward the station. Nicholson sank back against the cushions. Well, of course, Boots had rectified the blunder. No doubt he had

located the odd shoes, returned them to their places, and—but had he? Nicholson opened the bag and looked inside. There lay the dreadful evidence of his theft—Miss Martin's high-heeled shoe, beside his own!

Nicholson gasped. Well, nothing could be done now. He resolved to lend the shoe back that night with a letter of apology. He thrust his suitcase across the baggage counter, received his check, and dashed into the train.

"His friend was waiting for him at the other end, but there was no suitcase."

"I checked it," said Nicholson. "I thought it would come on the same train."

"You what?" asked the other.

"Checked it," answered Nicholson, displaying a stub.

"I don't know what you mean by 'checking it,'" replied his friend. "If you had a guard put your bag into the baggage-van it must have come. Why—good heavens, man, don't you see that you left it at the parcels room? It's waiting for you there, no doubt, and it will cost you twopence a day until you get it."

Bewildered and disgusted, Nicholson suffered himself to be dragged off to his friend's house. He bought an outfit and determined to return via Oxford when he concluded his round of visits. And in the enthusiasm of the night's meeting he almost forgot his troubles.

The following morning he saw this advertisement in the Coventry papers: "If the gentleman who took away a lady's shoe from the Queen's hotel, Oxford, will return it to its owner, no questions will be asked. Address M. M. Leicester. Reward if required."

Leicester was Nicholson's last stopping place. He resolved to explain by letter and arrange to meet Miss Martin there. Meanwhile his friend told him that it would be possible to have the bag forwarded to the station there. Accordingly Nicholson wrote an apologetic letter to the poste restante, and then continued his journey.

Four days later he descended at Leicester station. At the post office he found a communication from Miss Martin.

"Miss Martin will be glad to see Mr. Nicholson at the Temperance hotel, provided he brings her shoe with him."

Nicholson found the missing suitcase, slung it into a cab and hurried to the hotel. Miss Martin came into the parlor.

Nicholson was hardly articulate when he saw her. They had never stood face to face before. Now Miss Martin's face was covered with blushes, which followed each other across it with remarkable rapidity.

"I am really very sorry," explained Nicholson. "It was that fool Boots' fault. He thought—"

He cursed himself for a donkey under his breath, for he could see that Miss Martin understood quite well what Boots had thought. But she only said icily:

"Will you kindly give me my shoe?" Nicholson opened the suitcase and took out the shoe, wrapped neatly in paper.

"I am very sorry to have caused you so much trouble," he said. "You understand it was not my fault, don't you?"

"I'll tell you in a minute," Miss Martin answered. "Kindly wait. It is no use attempting to pass me, because you will be stopped by the doorkeeper. He knows."

"What do you mean?" Nicholson demanded.

For answer Miss Martin carefully extracted the shoe from the parcel and, to Nicholson's surprise, began to unscrew the heel. The heel came off, and out of the hollow interior there fell one, two, three, four, five hundred-dollar bills.

"Oh, thank heaven!" she cried. "I was down to my last dollar. Oh-h-h!"

And suddenly Miss Martin went into something that very closely resembled hysterics. And before Nicholson knew what he was doing he found himself bending over her and imploring her to be calm.

"Can you ever forgive me?" she pleaded.

"Why wouldn't you speak to me on the boat?" he asked.

"Because I was so afraid," she answered. "I knew Europe was full of confidence men, and you—you looked at my shoes so hard. I put the shoes outside to bluff you, because I thought—I thought you would never dream that I would put the shoe with the money in it outside the door. And, and—I thought you had followed me."

"I didn't," answered Nicholson boldly, "but, as a fellow-countryman, I'm going to now, to see that you don't get into any more trouble and—for other reasons."

And something in the girl's look encouraged him to believe that she was not wholly unwilling.

(Copyright, 1914, by W. G. Chapman.)

Unless All Signs Fail.

Mrs. Commuter, basely deserted by her maid at the eleventh hour, mobilized a Swedish reserve in desperation for the dinner party. All the English the new domestic understood was the sign manual, but an hour's drill put her in some shape for service. The dinner went well until dessert. The Swede forgot the finger-bowls which should have been upon the plates. Mrs. Commuter employed the sign manual under cover of the table illustrating the washing and drying of hands. The Swede nodded, went out and returned. Mrs. Commuter turned to find the new domestic at her elbow. Serenely she held a dish-pan of hot water, a cake of yellow washing-soap, and the kitchen yellow towel.

WORK OF PATIENCE

Difficult to Produce Films on Natural History Subjects.

Observation Chambers From Which the Pictures Are Taken Must Be Cunningly Constructed to Deceive the Wild "Subjects."

Little is known of the difficulties encountered in producing films on natural history subjects, writes Ernest A. Dench in Popular Electricity. A producer-operator to succeed in this particular line must be endowed with a considerable amount of patience, for before he begins the actual work, he has to spend many tedious hours hating and the prey it is partial to. All these things he studies from a cunningly-built observation chamber. This accomplished, he has all his material at hand for a film, but his difficulties are by no means at an end.

The animals and birds that inhabit our countryside have a great sense of hearing and an unusual noise greatly disturbs them. The clicking noise of the motion picture camera is what the operator must get the animals or birds accustomed to. Besides, he must conceal both himself and the machine.

Usually an artificial cow or tree trunk is employed for the purposes of concealment. Such a structure is hollow inside and usually made of cardboard and cork, with the painting of the cow or tree trunk outside. The operator enters the structure from the rear. To provide for the long hours of waiting, the concealing structure has a special compartment containing refreshments and a stove. All the time he watches through the peep-holes and as soon as his quarry comes within range, he sets to work taking the motion pictures of the subject.

But for days previous to this, the clock-work mechanism, the noise of which resembles the clicking of a camera, has been constantly working for the purpose of getting nature's creatures accustomed to the sound.

In the case of filming beasts of the forest such as lions and tigers, the work assumes a dangerous aspect. Instead of a "cow" or "tree trunk," a dummy camel or elephant is brought into use. However, these animals possess such a keen sense of smell that they can detect a human being a long distance off. In order to disguise the presence of the operator, this individual covers himself with some vile smelling liquid. It is of utmost importance that the carefully laid plans should not fail during the photographing of the animals, for if they did the operator would have to fight for his life.

BABY WADE



© SELIG POLYSCOPE CO.

"Baby" Lillian Wade, the darling of Selig's forces in Los Angeles, has become so attached to the baby elephant, Anna May, that the two infants are enjoying many romps together. And when Anna May romps it is a sight for all beholders. In consequence of the youthful attachment, it is planned to put on a film feature soon, in which "Baby" Lillian and "Baby" Anna will "play opposite each other."

Players Get Automobile Bug.

The automobile bug has invaded the Eclair western studio, at Tucson, Ariz. Webster Cullison has abandoned his roadster for a seven passenger touring car, Norbert Meyers is burning up the Silver Bell speedway with a new six cylinder bear cat, and dainty little Edna Payne has added a bright red roadster to her wardrobe. Not to be outdone by the adult members of the company, Baby Clara Horton has purchased a burro who answers to the name of Dooley, when he feels like it, and has a record of a mile a week.

Popular Actress Recovering.

The sickness of Bess Meredyth, the bright little actress, has been much more serious than at first imagined. She tended a sick dog whose death disclosed rabies, and has been taking treatments since. She is getting along famously, which is good news to everybody who knows her.

POLICE DOG'S CLEVER WORK

Shows Remarkable Intelligence and Training in the Films of "Our Mutual Girl."

In a recent release of "Our Mutual Girl" series, a police dog was made to enact a rather unusual and clever role.

This dog has been trained for police work and possesses unusual intelligence. According to the film story, Margaret, "Our Mutual Girl," has received a set of rare camcorders for a birthday gift. She is so pleased with them that she carries them to bed. She falls asleep clasping them in her hands. Anni, a trained dog belonging to a clever thief, is sent to the house for the purpose of stealing



The Police Dog "Anni."

the camcorders. The dog strays into the house and that night, after everyone of the household is asleep, Anni seizes the jewel case containing the camcorders and leaps through the window.—Popular Electricity.

PROBLEM PLAYS HIS FORTE

William E. Wing Has Scored Many Triumphs in Writing Scenarios for Moving Pictures.

Exploitation of the possibilities of financial gain in writing scenarios for moving pictures has drawn a multitude into that field, mainly raw material, so that while many have felt the call, few find they have been chosen. William E. Wing is the exceptional newspaper man who has continued to work exclusively for the screen. He had a long and varied training in all branches of the journalistic business before he won his spurs as a short story writer, so that he has exceptional capabilities for scripts that have force, finish and imagination. He is now exclusively writing for the Selig Polyscope company. Among his early successes were: "By Man's Law," "Death's Marathon," "Patio Days," "The Power That Rules," "Una of the Sierras," "Phantoms," "When a Woman's Forty," "Omens of the Mesa," "The Mistress of His House," and big serious and romantic stories. He has written for such stars as: Mary Pickford, Mary Charleson, Kathryn Williams, Arthur Johnson, Lillian Gish, Mack Sennett, Blanche Sweet, Tom Saatchi, Bessie Epton, and a host of others. Mr. Wing started out to write comedy and has been prolific in that line; but his greatest and most lasting triumphs have been in the difficult field of "problem plays." Few writers have been so successful in visualizing the psychological as William E. Wing. In the first Progressive Presidential campaign in California Wing was the chief newspaper evangel of Gov. Hiram Johnson.

Not to Be Caught Again.

Anita Stewart, one of the stars of the Vitaphone players, took up the study of botany in order to insure herself against infection from the flowers and weeds, and particularly poison ivy. Miss Stewart spends most of her spare time in the fields and woods and considers a knowledge of the uses and properties of the various poison plants as absolutely necessary to her peace of mind. Her determination to acquire botanical knowledge came about through her admiration of a beautiful, vividly green, clinging vine that she caressed with her hands and face. The doctor diagnosed her resultant ailment as "an infection from Rhus Toxicodendron," which she later translated into plain English as ivy poisoning, and during the week Miss Stewart was compelled to remain indoors until the swelling was reduced and the itching conquered she became versed in enough botanical lore to guard against fondling any local plant or vine of the poisonous variety.

Movie Actor's Daring Act.

Riding a wild and nervous horse, a moving-picture actor crossed the Santa Monica canyon in California recently on a wooden bridge which was but 14 inches wide. The chasm is 200 feet wide and 1,250 feet deep. The feat was undertaken to provide the "punch" for a wild west film which the company was producing. When the picture was shown it seemed almost as though the rider was equipped with some magical power of balance, because the bridge seemed to be of rope, or the narrowest of planks, and yet the man rode nonchalantly over.—Technical Magazine.

Original Actor in Films.

In the feature film "Fantasma," which is now being produced, George Hanlon, Jr., who was so successful with "Fantasma" on the legitimate stage, is playing the part of Pico, the clown, and A. B. Carlton of the Carlton opera fame, is appearing at Zamael, the devil. Many beautiful scenes have been taken for this film, under the direction of Charles M. Seay.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

It is too common in all of us, but is especially in the nature of a mean mind to be overruled by fine clothes and fine furniture.—Dickens.

So delightful is an act of true humanity, and so glad are mankind to remember it.—Dickens.

LEMON AIDS IN COOKERY.

For ices, drinks and uses in the sick room the lemon is invaluable.

It is appetizing, refreshing and healthful as well as medicinal.

For a lemon sirup which may be used as a drink, adding cold water, or as a sauce, adding butter, the following is one which should always be ready: Take a cupful of sugar and two cupfuls of water, boil together five minutes or until sirupy, add a half cupful of lemon juice and let it simply boil up once, then put into a bottle and set in a cool place. When wanted to use a spoonful of this sirup in a glass of water makes a most delicious drink.

Lemon pie is one which is most popular, and may be made and put into a baked crust, then a frosting or meringue placed on top or the egg may be put into the mixture, and if well beaten will rise to the top when baking, and make its own meringue.

Lemon Bread Pudding.—Soak a cupful of bread crumbs in a quart of milk and beat until foamy. Beat the yolks of three eggs and add. Gild the rind of a lemon. Mix with a quarter of a cupful of sugar and the juice of the lemon. Mix all together and bake in a moderate oven. When baked cover with a meringue made from the three whites and three tablespoonsful of sugar. Set in the oven to brown.

Lemon Suet Pudding.—Mix together three cupfuls of bread crumbs, a cupful of suet cut very fine, a teaspoonful of baking powder and a half cupful of sugar. Beat four eggs and add to the mixture with a pinch of salt and two tablespoonsful of lemon juice. Scald three cupfuls of milk and pour over, stirring carefully. Let stand covered for half an hour. Then pour into a buttered baking dish and bake 40 minutes. Any sauce, either custard or a lemon sauce, will be good with this pudding.

Lemon Sauce.—A tablespoonful of butter put into a saucepan, and when hot add a tablespoonful of cornstarch, when smooth the juice of a lemon, a half cupful of sugar, and a well-beaten egg. Stir until smooth.

The expression of a man's face is commonly a help to his thoughts and a glossary on his speech.

It is the duty of man to be just before he is generous.—Dickens.

HELPS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

For those who entertain week end guests often, a guest book is a great convenience for in it may be written the special likes and dislikes of your friends so that the tragedy of serving a meal with the important dishes not liked may be averted.

For the supposedly obstinate peach stain, cream of tartar moistened and well rubbed in and allowed to stand in the sun a while, will make it disappear in the washing.

When entertaining without help, chocolate or cocoa may be made and kept hot for two hours in a fireless cooker.

An old whisk broom is a fine sink brush after it is too worn for a clothes brush.

Leather stain on white stockings will be easily removed by using borax in the water when washing them.

Dust cloths that are both conspicuous and serviceable are those of a common red bandanna handkerchief. They only cost five or eight cents and can always be seen and told from other cloths.

Cook steam puddings by putting the batter in a tube angel food pan, and setting this in a steamer. This allows the center to cook as well as the sides and does away with the sticky center so often found in large solid pudding molds.

Candles to harmonize with any desired color decoration may be made by dipping them in melted paraffin in which oil tube paint has been mixed for the desired color. White candles should be used for light shades and to pour the melted paraffin down over them when standing upright gives a better finish.

A jar of sausage may be partly cooked, hot lard poured over it and it will keep indefinitely. Simply finish cooking it and it will be ready to serve.

Nellie Maxwell.

Fly Higher.

Dust by its own nature can rise only so far above the road, and birds which fly higher never have it upon their wings. So the heart that knows how to fly high enough escapes those little cares and vexations which brood upon the earth, but cannot rise above it into that purer air.—H. W. Beecher.

Value of Porpoise Teeth.

The Nogutu Testament, published for the natives of the Solomon Islands, is sold in exchange for porpoise teeth.

WISE DISPOSITION OF RICHES.

Englishman of Wealth Left Fortune to Help Young Business Men Who Needed It.

When the will of a certain Samuel Wilson of London was probated recently in the English courts, it was found that the bulk of his fortune had been strangely disposed of, the Indianapolis News remarks. A fund had been left in trust from which loans of sums ranging from \$500 to \$1,500 are to be made to young men engaged in business. The restrictions surrounding the loans proved that Samuel Wilson was not only a man of generous impulses, but a philanthropist of no mean order. No loan is to be made to any man who has not carried on his business for a year, and none to any applicant who has been in business more than three years.

This may appear whimsical, but a little closer inspection will relieve it of this suspicion. The testator, as a matter of fact, has done something for young business men that young business men sadly need. It is an axiom of the business world that the third year of any new venture is the crucial year. This, evidently, was in Mr. Wilson's mind, and, like as not, he knew from personal experience how difficult it is for a young business man, with no more substantial assets than good prospects and abundant optimism, to borrow money when money is most required. To the limit of his resources, he has come to their relief. A year's time, he probably figured, would weed out the incompetent and the faint-hearted, and leave the worthy, while the latter, enduring for three years, could probably show assets thereafter that would make borrowing less difficult.

His fund will help those who are capable of helping themselves. Banks are not given to that sort of thing, and a young man, embarking in business, often finds himself helpless because he lacks capital or collateral. Without the latter he cannot borrow, and, promising as the future may be, he is frequently forced to abandon the enterprise for the want of a few hundred dollars. This, said a banker recently, is one of the tragedies of the business world.

Banking laws are necessarily strict. Security for loans must be tangible, and faith and optimism, however important they may be, have no bankable value. With honesty and integrity they play their part, but the banker, none the less, must have his security. So the Wilson will establishes a practical philanthropy. Some wealthy American who is at a loss—as now and then one of them says he is—to make wise disposition of his riches, might, with good reason, follow the example of Samuel Wilson of London.

German Income Tax High.

The small Prussian city of Gorne has lost the distinction of levying the heaviest tax of any city in the kingdom, which it possessed since 1911 until last year. The citizens there who earned \$100 a month paid \$15.75 monthly as an income tax alone, not including church, real estate and business taxes. The city of Stuhm now has, according to the reports for 1914, the highest taxes of any Prussian city. These amount to only 11.7 per cent of the \$100 a month man's earnings. The rate of taxation increases progressively, so that the man with \$2,000 yearly pays \$275.19, a little more than 13 per cent, and a man who has an income of \$4,000 yearly is taxed \$613.20, nearly 15 per cent.

Twenty West Prussian cities impose a municipal income tax of at least 300 per cent of the state tax. The highest municipal tax of the Greater Berlin municipalities is 110 per cent, and some of them get along with 100 per cent.

Science's New Cure for Rheumatism.

At a recent session of the Academy of Medicine in Paris, M. Barthe de Sanafort describes the happy results obtained in certain cases of rheumatism by the use of wax envelopes raised to a temperature of not less than fifty degrees Centigrade. The mediums used were the mineral waxes (paraffins, ambrine, etc.). These maintain a temperature above forty degrees Centigrade for 24 hours without being removed.

They gave excellent results not only in rheumatism, but in gout, arthritis, lumbago, sciatica, etc.

The author likewise covers wounds, ulcers and burns with a paraffined mixture (ambrine) raised to 80 degrees Centigrade or more, which in passing from the liquid to the solid state instantly forms a protective and sterilizing shell over these losses of substance in whose shelter the tissues rapidly heal.

The Swiss Cowshed.

Muehlhausen was bitterly termed the "Swiss cowshed" by the nobility of Alsace in the fifteenth century. It was their own fault. Their harassing treatment of the Swiss drove it into the arms of the town of Berne and Soleure, who garrisoned it and successfully defied Austria to retake it. For a time in the sixteenth century Muehlhausen was definitely a member of the Swiss confederation. It was expelled by the Catholics in 1588 on account of its Protestantism, the reason which also prevented the full inclusion of Strasbourg. But some young men of Zurich triumphantly confuted the plea that Strasbourg was too far off to become Swiss, by carrying an enormous kettle of hot tarrs in a boat down the Rhine, and Rhine and bringing it still warm to Strasbourg.—London Chronicle.

After the efforts of about 50 men who had been fighting it for two days were unsuccessful in stopping the spread, the mountain fire which started on the lands of Benjamin Rice near Barnitz, Cumberland county, was extinguished on Thursday evening by the rain storm which passed over that section. In all, between 800 and 900 acres of land was burned over. The loss amounts to thousands of dollars. The cause of origin is believed to have been hunters.

DEPENDENCY DUE TO INDIGESTION.—It is not at all surprising that persons who have indigestion become discouraged and despondent. Here are a few words of hope and cheer for them by Mrs. Blanche Bowers, Indiana, Pa. "For years my digestion was so poor that I could only eat the lightest foods. I tried everything that I heard of to get relief, but not until about a year ago when I saw Chamberlain's Tablets advertised and got a bottle of them, did I find the right treatment. I soon began to improve, and since taking a bottle of them my digestion is fine. For sale by all dealers.

Trying to discover the ingredients of a dynamite cap while in school at Davidsburg, York county, Luther Smith, aged 12 years, son of Harvey Smith of that village, had the three first fingers and thumb of his left hand blown off. The four fingers of the right hand were badly burned and cut, while the fingers of his left hand were so mangled that amputation was necessary.

Discharging both barrels of his shot gun by shoving it stock foremost into a wagon upon which he was about to embark on a hunting trip, William Funk, received the charges in his abdomen and died instantly in front of his home at Nuremberg.

IT REALLY DOES RELIEVE RHEUMATISM.—Everybody who is afflicted with rheumatism in any form should by all means keep a bottle of Sloan's Liniment on hand. The minute you feel pain or soreness in a joint or muscle, bathe it with Sloan's Liniment. Do not rub it. Sloan's penetrates almost immediately right to the seat of pain, relieving the hot, tender, swollen feeling and making the part easy and comfortable. Get a bottle of Sloan's Liniment for 25c of any druggist and have it in the house—against colds, sore and swollen joints, rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica and like ailments. Your money back if not satisfied, but it does give almost instant relief.

Forty thousand cords of wood were destroyed by a blaze on the wood tract belonging to H. W. Burg, located between East Prospect and Craleyville, in York county, on Wednesday evening. The blaze was caused by burning brush. Two hundred men fought the flames for two hours before they were gotten under control.

TRY THIS FOR YOUR COUGH.—Thousands of people keep coughing because unable to get the right remedy. Coughs are caused by inflammation of Throat and Bronchial Tubes. What you need is to soothe this inflammation. Take King's New Discovery, it penetrates the delicate mucous lining, raises phlegm and quickly relieves the congested membranes. Get a 50c bottle from your druggist. Dr. King's New Discovery quickly and completely stopped my cough," writes J. R. Watts, Floydale, Texas. Money back if not satisfied, but it nearly always helps.

Report of Clearview school, Oxford township, for second month, ending Oct. 27. Number of pupils enrolled, males 10, females 17, total 27. Per cent of attendance during the month, males 95, females 98, total 97. Muriel Eckert, Amelia and Helen Sheely, Grace and Mary Geisler, Octavia and Merion Lings, Grace Sadler, Viola Harbold, Kathryn Wehler, Geraldine Cashman, Margaret, John and Roy Mummet, Earl Petry, Curtis and Mark Berkhimer and Roy Kling, each did not miss a day.

NANCY L. SADLER, Teacher.

AN ACTIVE LIVER MEANS HEALTH.—If you want good health, a clear complexion and freedom from dizziness, constipation, biliousness, headaches and indigestion, take Dr. King's New Life Pills. They drive out fermenting and undigested foods, clear the blood and cure constipation. Only 25c at your druggist.

A pearl said to be valued at \$50 was found by Mrs. Nettie Zellers, wife of Wm. Zellers, proprietor of a restaurant at York New Salem, York county, while eating oysters one day recently. Mrs. Zellers bit on a hard object and investigating she found the pearl.

DON'T DELAY TREATING YOUR COUGH.—A slight cough often becomes serious. Lungs get congested, bronchial tubes fill with mucus. Your vitality is reduced. You need Dr. Bell's Pine Tar Honey. It soothes your irritated air passages, loosens mucus and makes your system resist colds. Give the baby and children Dr. Bell's Pine Tar Honey. It's guaranteed to help them. Only 25c at your druggist.

York county cigar manufacturers in particular and paper box makers are interested in a plan which is now under way to supplant the wooden cigar boxes with paper boxes and to greatly cheapen the cost to the users.

John Tudor and wife, of Orwigburg, were bitten by a cat that was afflicted with rabies. They are in care of the Directors of the Poor, who are giving them Pasteur treatment under the provisions of an act of the Legislature.

IMPORTANT.—Bear in mind that Chamberlain's Tablets not only move the bowels but improve the appetite and strengthen the digestion. For sale by all dealers.

Charles R. Krug, of Hanover, got 90 days in jail from Judge Ross for furnishing liquor to Wm. Wise, of Hanover, a person of known intemperate habits.

John McCormick, 5 years old, son of J. H. McCormick, of Harrisburg, was run down by an automobile and died later in the Polyclinic Hospital. The car was driven by Mrs. Alma Keane, a grocer.

STUDIES SCHOOLS ON TRAMP.

Dr. Finley Sleeps in a Barn on His Incognito Tour.

Albany, N. Y.—John Huston Finley, LL. D., president of the University of the State of New York and state commissioner of education, started out from Elmira on a tramp through the counties of Chemung, Schuyler, Yates and Ontario. He traveled incognito and visited the rural schools to study the conditions at first hand. Dr. Arthur D. Dean, chief of the division of vocational schools, accompanied him.

"We walked to catch the atmosphere, to feel the pulse, not to spy," said Dr. Dean, "and there certainly were conditions revealed both good and bad. We had merely a sympathetic desire to see things as they are and encourage the good and help improve the bad." In describing the trip Dr. Dean said: "Among some twenty schools there were only two where the teachers lived in the district the year around. It



Photo by American Press Association.

JOHN HUSTON FINLEY.

looked as though the school came to life at 9 o'clock and died at 4 o'clock each day; as though it breathed once every twenty-four hours for five hours for five days in the week every week in the school year and then remained dead till fall.

"The teachers were mostly young girls from the villages. The pay was small, ranging from \$9 to \$12 a week. Very few teachers remained for more than a year in the same district. There was one case where a teacher changed districts for the same salary. In one section all the schoolhouses seemed to be located at the most barren places."

UNSAFE TO DEPEND ON ONE CROP ALONE

Expert Points Out That South Is Paying the Penalty.

Washington.—"The situation in which the cotton planters now find themselves is only an illustration of the danger attendant upon any farm enterprise and business based on raising a single crop," said Professor Spillman, chief of the office of farm management. "It may run along very well for awhile, even for many years, but some disaster will undoubtedly overtake it. Our study and investigation have amply demonstrated that it is never safe to build agriculture on any one thing."

"The wheat growers of the Pacific northwest had no better resource than wheat. In 1893 the crop was ruined by untimely rains. In 1894 they experienced the panic, and the price of wheat fell as low as 18 cents per bushel. The next year it rose to 25 cents a bushel and in 1896 was boosted up to 35 cents. During that period nearly every bank and every commercial house in that region went broke. So many mortgages were called on farms that the price of farm land, which had been \$40 to \$50 per acre, fell as low as \$10 and \$12. The Pacific northwest for years past has not been depending on wheat alone. The farmers learned a costly lesson."

"The same thing is true of the rice producers in regions where no other crops were raised in large quantities. Farmers who grew nothing but rice have met with two or three eras of prices away below the cost of production, and financial ruin has followed."

"Every region that has but one great agricultural enterprise has suffered more or less the same way."

"The evident thing that the south must do is to produce enough of all the things her wonderfully rich soil can produce to meet her home requirements. That is what the office of farm management has been urging on the south."

Advices People to Stay in Cellars.

London.—The mayor of Gravesend, the gate of London, has warned the people against trying to gratify their curiosity in the event of a raid by Zeppelins. "When firing is heard," he says, "take to the lower rooms or cellars."

END OF THE WAR CORRESPONDENT

To Prison Is as Far as They Can Go With Armies.

GEN. JOFFRE MOST SEVERE.

French Officers Most Polite When Very Angry—Writer Tells of Being Arrested, His Automobile Requisitioned and Two Nights Spent in a Barn With Prisoners and French Deserters.

Paris.—Burglars in a miser's money box are welcome parties compared to correspondents on the firing line. War correspondents have come to be a prison offense in France. General Joffre simply won't have it. Describing his experiences one of the correspondents in France says:

"I have just passed two days under guard at the front, one day under guard in Paris—part of the time in the famous military prison of the Cherche-Midi—and eight days of parole, all because General Joffre refuses to have correspondents giving his war operations the once over at close range."

"And I was not the only member of this 'seeing the war' party. There were seven of us in all—three of us and a chauffeur in our own party. We had by rare good luck witnessed an action around the French left wing and were bound toward the center, at Rheims, when it happened. It was a merry captain who pinched us."

"Hey," he called out gayly, 'where are you folks going?'

"To Rheims," we chorused. "How far is it?'

"Let's go ask the general," he said and laughed.

"Slowly we were oozed into what the joke was. It was on us. The general said Rheims was seven miles away and quite too far to walk."

"Oh, we have a car!" we chirped, not comprehending the general's grim humor.

"Oh, I've requisitioned that!" he said. "Captain, will you escort the gentlemen out?'

"The captain would and did escort us out; also in. Imagine a country village where there isn't even a railway depot, where a postoffice, government tabac, three farmhouses and several cow lots are bunched together, and you will have the scene of our arrest. Imagine again a stone farmhouse built in U formation with a stone fence across the top of the U and the ground plan of our prison will be clear. If you add to the center of the cow lot a tableland of hay and other stable rakings, the whole thing wet and very smelly under the cold drizzle, the picture will be fairly complete."

"Through a gate in the stone wall we were conducted by our smiling captain. On the right was a door leading into the colonel's quarters—the rooms of the farmhouse. At the back were two more doors through one of which I spied two of the biggest cows I ever saw."

"We were ushered into this. The room was identical with the cows' bed-chamber. German prisoners, French deserters, spies, suspects and pillagers stood or lay about on the hay which covered the floor."

"We were put on parole not to try to get away. They took our word for it that we would not run, but to make sure, they kept a sentry at the gate with instructions to shoot if we showed any inclination to flee. They were very, very nice about it, insisting all the time that we were positively not considered prisoners—as prisoners were entitled to soldiers' rations and we were not."

"A kick about quarters among the prisoners—since we were not prisoners and would be shot only if we ran—got for us an empty hay loft and the proper use of money got us hay to sleep on."

"On the morning of the second day our own car was given to us, and we were taken to Paris—an armed gendarme going with us. Arriving late in the evening, we had dinner in the corridor of the Cherche-Midi military prison. We were shifted between midnight and 1 a. m. to the Invalides, where in the shadow of Napoleon's tomb we slept in officers' beds. Then we were released."

"The war correspondent's game is gone—that is, the game as it used to be. No more will the correspondent tell generals how to fight their battles and also, perhaps, no more will the generals have fine battle cries put into their mouths and become famous for having uttered them. The prison doors yawn for war writers and the lid is on."

SEVEN MONTHS IN A CAVE.

Aged Farmer and Three Little Girls Saved From Starving.

Benville, Ark.—After existing seven months in a cave with almost nothing to eat except what the woods about them provided William Ewing, an aged man, and his three little girls were rescued from starvation.

Two years ago Ewing was a prosperous farmer near here. Misfortunes piled upon him. His wife died and sickness took away his grown son and daughter. Floods destroyed his crops, his cattle died and fire burned his home. For a while he lived with his babies upon the bounty of neighbors, but left abruptly and his whereabouts was a mystery for a long time.

EXPERIENCE has demonstrated that the most effective and economical means of placing your name, your goods and your wants before the people of New Oxford and throughout this section of the county is through an advertisement in **THE ITEM**. The ad. way is the only way.

The New Oxford Item, is acknowledged to be the Leading Local Newspaper in Adams County, besides containing a larger amount of General News and Select Reading Matter than any other paper in the county. And the price is *Only \$1.00 Per Year, in advance.*

"Waverly" Oils and Gasolines

Gasolines—Illuminants—Lubricants—Wax—Specialties
Waverly Oil Works Co. Pittsburgh

RHEUMATIC SUFFERERS GIVEN QUICK RELIEF



Pain leaves almost as if by magic when you begin using "5-Drops," the famous old remedy for Rheumatism, Lumbago, Gout, Sciatica, Neuralgia and kindred troubles. It goes right to the spot, stops the aches and pains and makes life worth living. Get a bottle of "5-Drops" today. A booklet with each bottle gives full directions for use. Don't delay. Demand "5-Drops." Don't accept anything else in place of it. Any druggist can supply you. If you live too far from a drug store send One Dollar to Swanson Rheumatic Cure Co., Newark, Ohio, and a bottle of "5-Drops" will be sent prepaid.

New Meat Market, SWARTZ BUILDING, Philadelphia Street, New Oxford, Pa.



We desire to inform the citizens of New Oxford, as well as the public in general, that we have purchased the butchering business and meat market formerly conducted by C. G. Sheely and will continue the business on the same principle of our predecessor, at the old stand, and will have at all times a complete line of

Fresh & Cured Meats, and will be thankful for any and all patronage extended us.

Highest Cash Prices Paid for Beef Cattle, Calves and Hogs.

108 ZIEGLER BROTHERS.

OHIO & KENTUCKY HORSES.



Friday, Nov. 6, 1914.

The undersigned will receive one car load of Ohio and Kentucky Horses—workers and drivers—for sale or exchange. Call and see them. Also carload of mules. Will also buy all kinds of Fat Horses and Mules suitable for the Southern market.

H. W. PARR, Hanover, Pa.

The Item advertisements bring results.



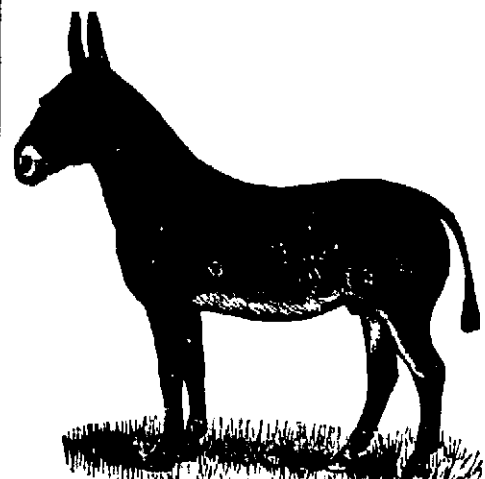
CORTRIGHT METAL SHINGLES Are Stormproof

They interlock and overlap in such a way that the hardest driving rain or sifting snow cannot possibly get under them. Besides this—they last indefinitely, and never need repairs. Another point—They're very reasonable in first cost. You can learn all about them from

H. B. Fair & Co.

One Car Load Grain & Produce.

—of—
Ohio and Kentucky MULES,
—at—
NEW OXFORD.



Saturday, October 3, 1914.

I will receive at my stable on Berlin Avenue, New Oxford, one car load of Extra Fine Ohio and Kentucky Yearling Mule Colts for sale or exchange. If you are in the market for mule colts don't fail to see this lot.

Have Horses and Mules for sale and exchange at all times.

4-9 R. C. TAUGHINBAUGH.

The undersigned, having taken charge of the warehouse on Pitt Street (formerly conducted by A. Sheely), desires to inform the public that he will pay Highest Cash Prices for all kinds of GRAIN, &c. Will also handle all kinds of MILL FEED, Salt, Potatoes and the Best Brand of Flour. All orders for feed, etc., will be delivered free to any part of borough.

LUMBER AND COAL.

Will also at all times have a full supply of LUMBER & COAL of all kinds which will be sold at bottom prices.

J. H. Dutta, Jr.,
4-23 New Oxford, Pa.

JOB PRINTING of every description executed at the Item office Satisfaction guaranteed.

Cider Making and Butter Boiling.

The Cider Press at the New Oxford Flouring Mill, one mile North West of New Oxford, will be operated on Tuesday and Thursday only of each week throughout the season.

Have also arranged to do BUTTER BOILING at the press for persons desiring the same, at a reasonable price.

W. H. KLING, Proprietor.

C. CLARK BROWN,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
NEW OXFORD, PA.

All legal business promptly attended to. Office in New Oxford, Shoe Mfg Co. building.

The Hotel Oxford

Pitt St., midway between W. M. Depot and Center Square, New Oxford.
G. F. GROVE, Proprietor.

Traveling Men's Headquarters. Charges moderate. Choicest wines, liquors and cigars. House furnished throughout. All modern conveniences—steam heat, bath rooms, telephones, etc. Tables supplied with the best the market affords. Ample stabling.

If you want the news while it is news subscribe for the Item.

Weaver's Warehouse

—Hanover Street.—
WE SELL

LUMBER, COAL.

FERTILIZERS, CEMENT, SLATE

ROOFING, FLOUR, FEED,

DAIRY ANY HORSE FEED, ETC.

Custom Chopping Done Promptly.

We Pay Highest Market Prices For

WHEAT, & C.

All orders delivered promptly.

J. R. WEAVER & BRO.,
Hanover Street, New Oxford, Pa.

Subscribe for the Item. Only \$1.00.

U. S. WAR LOSS IS \$125,000,000

Decrease In Customs Revenues
For Next Year Is Estimated.

WAR TAX OF \$105,000,000.

This Amount, Together With the Income Tax, Is Expected to Restore Balance to the Government's Finances—Loss of Germany's Trade Is the Biggest Item on Deficiency List.

Washington.—In a statement of the work of the Democratic party in the present congress, prepared for insertion in the Congressional Record, Representative Oscar W. Underwood, the leader of the house, estimates that the revenues of the United States in the next twelve months will decrease more than \$125,000,000 on account of the European war. The estimate was made on the assumption that all imports from the European countries at war would cease in the next year. No estimate of the falling off of revenues from dutiable imports from countries not engaged in hostilities is included. The war revenue bill is intended to raise \$105,000,000.

The following table embraced in Mr. Underwood's statement gives the estimated falling off in revenues on account of the European war:

Country	Dutiable Imports, Value 1914	Estimated falling off in revenues during next 12 months
Austria-Hungary	\$15,232,645	\$5,367,000
Belgium	21,324,417	5,398,000
France	95,445,062	35,586,000
Germany	119,383,978	38,683,000
Russia in Europe	2,420,602	242,000
Servia and Montenegro	9,627	2,000
United Kingdom	122,173,220	40,653,000
Total	\$385,989,561	\$125,814,000

In his statement Mr. Underwood declares that the war revenue legisla-



© 1914, by American Press Association.
OSCAR W. UNDERWOOD.

tion was not made necessary because of the failure of the tariff law to provide the necessary income.

"During the fiscal year 1914," says Mr. Underwood, "the customs revenue collected amounted to \$292,000,000. Of this amount \$85,500,000 was collected before the present law went into effect. The customs revenue collected during the first nine months of the new law was in effect amounted to \$206,500,000, or \$22,900,000 per month. The customs revenue collected during the fiscal year 1913 (the last year the Payne law was in operation) amounted to \$318,891,395.86, or \$26,600,000 per month. The new tariff law provides an income tax to make up for the reduction in customs revenue because of the lowering of the tariff taxes.

"For the last ten months of the calendar year 1913 there accrued from the income tax on individuals \$31,344,539. The amount of corporation, excise and income tax accruing from the entire calendar year of 1913 was \$45,851,028. The total amount of the excise tax on corporations derived by the treasury for the calendar year 1912 was \$35,000,290. The new income tax law eliminated the corporation exemption of \$5,000, added to the tax list many corporations not subject to the excise tax and also imposed a graduated rate upon corporations holding stock in others.

"Considering the unsettled business conditions during the year 1914, largely on account of disturbed international, commercial and other conditions, the best obtainable figures as to the estimated amount that will accrue from the corporation tax for 1914 are \$42,500,000, while the same estimate from individual income tax is \$12,500,000, making a total of \$55,000,000. Deducting from this amount \$35,000,000 that would otherwise have accrued from corporation excise tax under the act of 1909 leaves \$20,000,000, or \$1,666,666 per month, that would accrue to the treasury from the income tax for the fiscal year 1915. Adding this average monthly yield to the average monthly yield of the present tariff law gives \$27,066,666 as compared with \$26,600,000 under the act of 1909."

Seeking Italy's Trade.
Rome.—Germans are sending large quantities of goods to Italy with letters: "Pay us when the war is over. We don't want your money. We only want your trade."

PENSION TIDE NOW EBBS.

Payments Fall \$2,000,000 From the High Water Mark.

Washington.—The report of Gaylord M. Saltzgeber, commissioner of pensions, for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1914, shows that the high water mark in expenditures for pensions in the United States has been passed. In the year 785,239 pensioners received from the government \$172,417,546.26, at an administrative cost of over \$2,000,000. The total of pensions paid marks a decline of about \$2,000,000 from the preceding year, when the rolls were heavily recruited under the old age pension act of 1912.

"This shows," says Mr. Saltzgeber's report, "that the largest amount ever paid out was expended in 1913. Up to that time there had been a gradual ascent, but the summit has been passed, and a decrease in the amount may be expected to continue."

Since 1866 the government has paid in pensions a grand total of \$4,701,450,399.50. Because of the deaths of veterans and new economies in administration the pension office paid out about \$7,638,000 less than was appropriated last year.

In the year \$1,166,733.35 was paid to pensioners living abroad, or about \$200,000 more than was sent out of the country in the same way in the preceding year. The average age of the 395,750 survivors of the Mexican and civil wars admitted to the rolls under the act of 1912 down to June 30, 1913, was about seventy-one years. Of these pensioners two were ninety-nine years old, one was 102 and one was 103. No survivor of the war of 1812 is now on the rolls, but the government still pays pensions to 170 widows of veterans of that war. There were last year 893 survivors of the Mexican war still drawing pensions, as were 4,699 widows of veterans of that war.

NO AID TO STRAIGHT "POINT."

Why? Because Hunting Dog's Wooden Leg Is Hind One.

Superior, Wis.—William Billstein is the proud possessor of a dog with a wooden leg. Last winter his pointer dog, Max, caught one of his hind legs in a steel trap. Before he was released it was frozen and had to be amputated.

Since then various devices were tried, but none was successful until Mr. Billstein obtained the services of an expert artificial limb manufacturer. He built a miniature limb for Max, who is now "just as good as a new dog." Billstein thinks Max will make just as good a hunter in the hunting field as any dog.

3,000,000 REFUGEES FACING HARD WINTER

Fall of Antwerp Adds 500,000 to Homeless List.

London.—Three million refugees without homes or money, in many cases lacking sufficient clothing and even food, make one result of little more than two months of warfare in Europe.

The fall of Antwerp added fully 500,000 men, women and children to the already long list of homeless sufferers who must depend on the bounty of others for their keep. France, England, Germany, Austria, Russia and Belgium have all felt the effect of the sufferings of this great army. England and France especially and the neutral nation of Holland have been the chief sufferers. To them have come the homeless hordes of Belgians fleeing from their homes or driven out by the fire and sword that has swept through the country.

It is estimated that there are 1,000,000 refugees in France, more than half that number in England, at least 500,000 in Holland. Refugees from the border towns of Germany and the East Prussian territory occupied by Russia have fled to the interior in what numbers cannot be estimated. On the other hand, Russians from Poland and the border towns attacked by the Germans have been forced to flee to the interior.

Thousands of refugees from Galicia and the parts of Hungary occupied by the Russians have fled to the interior, and Vienna and other large Austrian and Hungarian cities are taxed to their utmost to care for them. How many of these refugees there are it is almost impossible to say, and 3,000,000 is probably a conservative estimate of the great numbers who have felt the full force of the warfare.

Besides those that have fled from their homes, there are thousands in different parts of Belgium and parts of France, possibly starving and hopelessly facing the coming winter.

How to care for these great armies of homeless during the winter is the problem that is facing many governments. Those Belgians who fled their country and sought refuge in France are said to be absolutely destitute. In many cases weak from hunger and sufferings. This large influx has brought France face to face with a big problem. England apparently has so far absorbed those refugees who have reached her shores and will probably be able to care for many more.

Clergy at War.

Berlin.—The greater part of the Protestant clergy in Germany is expected soon to be on active military duty, the Evangelical consistories having lifted the ban on ministers joining the colors.

SECRET OF THE LOVE BIRD.

It May Be Discovered in the Milk of Human Kindness.

Everything else dwindles into insignificance when the love bird appears. Affection, devotion, tenderness and love burst gladly forth at her magic touch. * * *

The road to happiness is attained through the generous distribution of the milk of human kindness.

Success, achievement, wealth, prominence are only worth while when shared by your friends. No matter how large you can spell "success," it gives you little satisfaction if your accomplishment is not sincerely enjoyed by many. When surrounded by friends and loved ones, if you are fortunate in the acquisition of a generous disposition and charming personality, what a joy it is to be able to give them cheer, comfort, pleasure and satisfaction!

Who does not feel better for the "God bless you" from an old lady to whom you have shown some trifling kindly attention? Who is not thrilled by the joyous barking of his dog upon returning home?

Fortunate are those who feel the arms of children around their necks, hear the baby's laugh and see the wonderful wiles tottling toward them, happy and unafraid.

All these joys sink into insignificance when the one and only one looks into your eyes, tender, true, steadfast. Words need not be spoken; nothing else matters. Then, and not until then, will you know the excess of happiness, the full realization of love, and then is the time to unite yourself steadfastly to fidelity, magnanimous generosity and open heartedness to all.

Unto us a child is born. * * * and his Name shall be called Wonderful.

—From Richard Clough Anderson's "Animals in Social Captivity."

RACING FOR SLEEP.

Running Around the Bed Is Said to Induce Drowsiness.

There is nothing in the world quite as exasperating as not being able to go to sleep when you want to, and persistent insomnia is one of the greatest curses of mankind. But many people suffer from insomnia from lack of knowing many of the simple devices that have been used in the past to provoke sleep, and Sir James Sawyer in a recent work points out how valuable some of these simple means have been.

Few plans are more successful, he suggests, than that of running around the bed, particularly if the night is cold. It will be remembered that Charles Dickens, who was greatly afflicted with sleeplessness, declared that if he could lean on the bedpost in thin attire, in which he usually slept, until he got chilled clear through the return to a warm bed would produce a drowsiness that led him along the path of sleep.

William Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, was a believer in the circulation of the bed also. He declared that for sleeplessness nothing was better than to jump out of bed suddenly, as though frightened, race around the bed with very little on until the skin was cold and the body heated and then jump back into bed. Not only was the exercise good, he believed, but also the feeling that one was being withheld from going to bed caused a desire for it, which prepared the mind for sleep when once more lying down.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

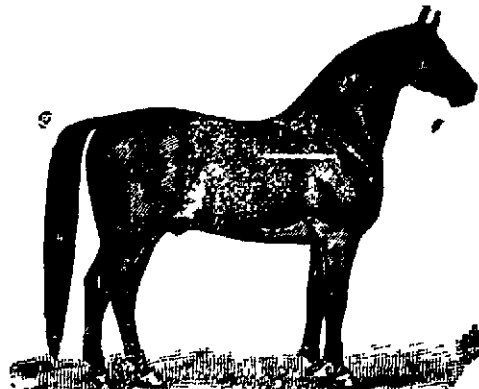
Regret.

Regret is a dangerous thing. You let a little one no bigger than a mustard seed into your heart, and before you know it you've hatched out a whole brood. Everything is woven into a pattern of the whole, and the Lord knew the figure he had in mind.—Ellen Glasgow.

She Bolted.

"What did your wife say when she saw you dance three times with that pretty young woman?"
"Nothing. She just bolted the party."—Detroit Free Press

Mules! Mules!



On Friday, October 9th, Will receive at my stables on East Chestnut Street, Hanover, Two Carloads of Ohio and Kentucky Suckling Mule Colts, most probably the last of the season.
Broke Mules and Horses on hand at all times.

H. A. SMITH, Hanover, Pa.

Coach Repairing.

I desire to inform the public in general that I am now located in my new building, on Berlin Avenue, where I am better prepared than ever to do all kinds of Wood Repair Work, Wheels a Specialty. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

3-18 ALEX. BYER, New Oxford, Pa.

T. P. FRAZIER.

Merchant Tailor,
Philadelphia St., New Oxford.

All kinds of clothing made to order. Satisfaction guaranteed.

ICE! ICE!

Having disposed of the butchering business, I will now embark in the

ICE

business, and will be please to deliver at your door daily, except Sundays,

ICE

in any quantity desired, at bottom prices.

Ice can also be secured at the meat market of R. S. Baker, Center Square, at any time.

W. J. MILLER

READY-TO-WEAR CLOTHES,

THAT WILL PLEASE.

\$10 AND UP TO \$22.

WE INVITE YOU TO COME IN AND LOOK THEM OVER.

GET TO KNOW

PAUL E. SELL,

"ONE PRICE AND CASH,"

12 Carlisle St., Hanover, Pa.

White Pearl!

King of All Flour.

This Flour is more popular to-day than ever it was. People all over the country are using this flour and

SPEAK ITS PRAISES.

Once in the household, there it stays.

Milled of the very best selected wheat, that's the point.

Sold by all dealers.

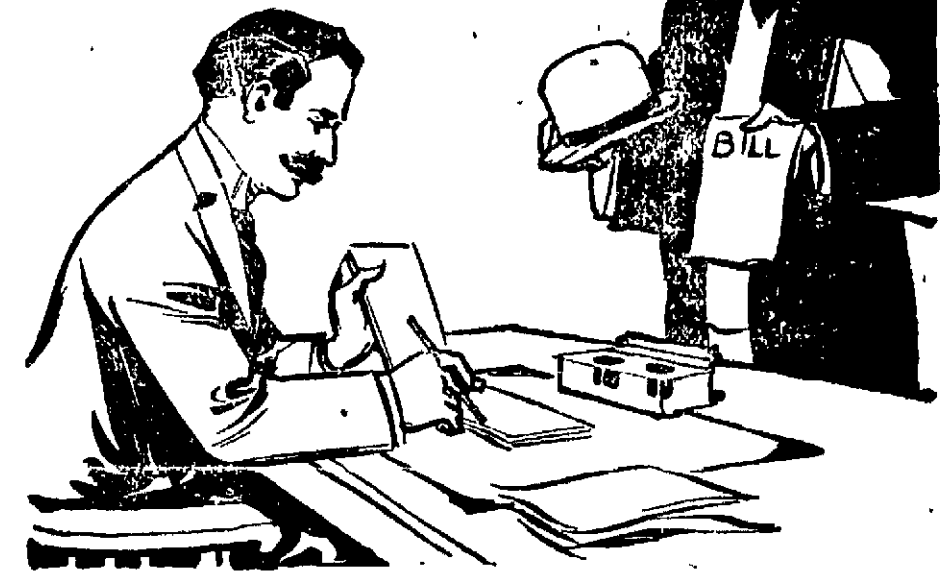
Manufactured at Hamilton Roller Mill, R. R. No. 2, East Berlin, Pa.

J. R. Hartman

PROPRIETOR.

If you want neat and up to date print work, patronize the ITEM Office.

You Run Your Business With a Check Book - How About Your Home?



"BILLS bills, bills—nothing but bills!" frequently is the complaint of the head of the family. No man would think of running his business WITHOUT A CHECK BOOK. How about YOUR home? The running of the home today is a BUSINESS PROPOSITION.

Open a CHECKING ACCOUNT With Us at Once

Farmers & Merchants Bank

Center Square, New Oxford.

THIS BANK pays interest at the rate of 3½ per cent. per annum on time deposits remaining six months or longer. It solicits deposits subject to check and will cheerfully furnish bank and check books, and give careful attention to the interest of its depositors, extending to them such accommodations as are consistent with safety. We have installed for the use of our patrons, a number of Safe Deposit Boxes in our absolute fire proof vault; these boxes are furnished FREE to our customers.

We will be most happy to extend the glad hand to every resident of this county personally if they will call at the Bank.

—OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS:—

S. MILEY MILLER, Pres. Z. H. CASHMAN, V. Pres.

GEO. MECKLEY, Sec'y.

Jno. N. Hersh. J. McC. Gilbert, Wm. F. Sheely.

J. C. Geiselman. E. H. Markley, F. M. Miller.

John S. Weaver. Wm H. Stock.

WENTZ BROS. & FREY,

HANOVER, PA.,

are now showing the Latest Fall Styles in

Ladies' and Misses' Suits,
Ladies', Misses' & Children's Coats,
Ladies' Separate Dress Skirts,
and Shirt Waists

in Silk, Linene and Lawa. Dress Silks in plain colors, plaids and Roman stripes. Woolen Dress Goods, a large variety and at prices lower than some larger stores.

... Furs and Fur Sets. ...

Ladies' House Dresses and children's school dress at very moderate prices.

39-inch unbleached muslin at 6c and 8c. Home spun linen toweling, 3 for 25c. Ladies' fleece down Kimonos. Lancaster apron gingham, slightly seconds, 6 1-4c. Ladies', Men's and Children's Wool Sweaters, all sizes and low prices.

Rag, Ingrain and Brussels Carpets; also small and large Brussels Rugs.

We give Security Coupon Stamps with all cash purchases and redeem them in our own merchandise.

WENTZ BROS. & FREY,

33 Baltimore Street, Hanover, Pa.

REMARKABLE CURE OF COUGHS.—"Last winter when my little boy had croup I got him a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. I honestly believe it saved his life," writes Mrs. J. B. Cook, Indiana, Pa. "It cut the phlegm and relieved his coughing spells. I am most grateful for what this remedy has done for him." For sale by all dealers.

DR. J. L. SHEETZ,
Physician and Surgeon,
NEW OXFORD, PA.
Calls answered night or day
Subscribe for the ITEM. Only \$1.

DR. WM. R. SNYDER,
DENTIST,
Office:
Carlisle Street, New Oxford, Pa.
All work neatly done and guaranteed

FINE FEATHERS

Novelized from Eugene Walter's Drama by the same name

by WEBSTER DENISON

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS OF SCENES FROM THE PLAY

Copyright A.C. McClurg & Co. 1914.

SYNOPSIS.

Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds move into their new bungalow—\$500 down, balance same as rent—on Staten Island. Mrs. Collins, a neighbor, calls before the household gods are set in order. Spring, Dick Meade, newspaper man, cynic, socialist, takes dinner and spends the night. The Reynolds seem comfortable in their home, but with a hint of loneliness. Jane Reynolds goes to a city matinee with Mrs. Collins and by her companion's advice pretends sickness to cover her neglect to provide dinner for Bob. Jane, confessing, is forgiven for shaming. Dick arrives with delicate and delicate Dick warns Bob against John Brand, Bob's old schoolmate, now a member of "the system," who is expected to call.

CHAPTER V.

The Bird's First Plumage.

"Jane," Reynolds called, "come in and save us from devastation. The red ball is up and Dick is skating to perdition."

"Coming now," she answered, and appeared in a charming house gown. Charming it looked to them, anyway, and her husband embraced her.

"I know you'll excuse me, Dick," she said. "You're such an old friend that I don't feel I have to dress for you."

"Dress? What do you call that delightful delineation of sartorial art?"

"Art at \$1.98 a picture, Dick. But I'm glad you like it. And it won't arouse any of your socialistic tendencies, will it?"

"Now, Jane, that's cruel. There's only one thing I condone in the members of the system and that is that they spend a good portion of their loot on their wives. I could almost forgive Bob for joining hands with the brigands if he did it for your sake."

She patted his arm. "Thank you, my doubly welcome guest," she said. "I always knew there was a grain or two of reason behind those vaporous dreams of yours. And this—she helped herself to some of the tongue—"

"Is another evidence of your practicality. What would we do without this rebel, Bob? I always put a ring around the Wednesdays on my calendar as the one day the sun doesn't set in this place."

Dick bowed. "Such eloquence, my dear hostess, or—guest, should I say?" and he indicated the array of pickled delicacies.

"Guest, if you will, Dick. You certainly saved the day. I never have been such an ungrateful wife in my life and I felt just terrible over it. I haven't been sick at all, but was so interested in the matinee and got home so late that I simply forgot all about the dinner."

"Ha," Dick exclaimed. "There you are; the system again; the theater. Another means of the robber class to divert the minds of the people from the real issue."

"I'll take a little cheese with that," Reynolds interpolated, "and give Dick some more beer. Hope is the system's deadliest foe. One stein and it is discovered; two, and it finds a worthy rival; three, and it is thwarted; four, it is vanquished, and five, it is obliterated. Dick, you should get a job in a brewery!"

"Hear, hear!" replied the prophet. "The Messiah of a new creed is squelched by the proletariat. A great chance I have in this household. If I threw a bomb one of you would catch it and think it was candy."

"Jane," said her husband, "getting back to earth, I have a piece of news. The butcher called on me today. He came down to the office to dun me for my bill. Twenty-six fifty-eight, I think it was. You remember, I gave you the money Monday. I'd let it run over the month a bit, but that doesn't give him the right to ask for it twice. I told him to get out and when he got rude I threatened to throw him out. He said you hadn't paid the bill, but, of course, he was mistaken."

Mrs. Reynolds got up. She made no reply to her husband. "I thank you again, Dick, for this most welcome treat," she said. "You have certainly proved yourself a savior of domestic harmony."

She walked over to the window seat and donned her new hat. Then she came forward.

"Why, Jane, that is perfectly stunning," said her husband.

"Some hat, if you ask me," agreed Dick.

"Oh, I'm so glad you like it. Do you really think it is becoming, Bob? You know, it is the first one I have had for a year, I mean, a whole new one."

"I know," responded Bob. "You ought to have more of them. But what can a husband do when the system is against him? Pretty fine looking girl, eh, Dick?"

"Just as fine as they make them. Wouldn't she make a great queen of the Reds?"

"No, thank you," said Jane; "but I appreciate the proffered honor."

She stooped and kissed her husband. He looked up at her. "I tell you there must be something to that old proverb, 'Fine feathers make fine birds,'" he said.

"Something to it," answered Dick. "Nine million dressmakers live on it."

"You know, Bob," continued his wife, "I just had to get that hat. The old one had been twisted, and turned, and worn until it was almost falling to pieces."

CHAPTER VI.

The System at Work.

John Brand was the incarnation of twentieth century prosperity; scrupulously, almost implacably clean; immaculately groomed. Physically he would have passed muster anywhere. He was only thirty-five years old, yet he had the bulk that suggested not alone avoirdupois, but substantiality and maturity of mind. His keen gray eyes, the firm, decisive lines of his face, the poise and calm assuredness of movement, bespoke strength; absolute control of self and mastery of others. Inherent shrewdness was veiled behind a mask of genial good fellowship and frankness of speech. He was the type that any man conducting great enterprises would have welcomed as a colleague and feared as a rival. John Brand spelled success. He had sought it, encompassed it and corralled it. The doctrine of the survival of the fittest, he held sacred. It was his *casus belli* and his Bible. He apotheosized himself and his kind and actually believed the world was better off for the breed. Modern methods of manipulation and chicanery he looked upon, not as an impediment, but as an accelerating spur to progress. Failure was the only sin he knew.

He looked quizzically now at the cheap cigar his host had given him and then around at the modest furnishings of the room.

"You haven't been very prosperous since you left school?" he asked. "I had the idea that you had money up there."

Bob's cheeks burned. It seemed to him that Brand's address was not only businesslike, but unnecessarily blunt. But he answered coolly enough:

"No, you see, an old aunt of mine took care of my education. About the time I graduated she died. I've been working pretty hard trying to get along the best I could. I've married and bought this little home, but it's hard to keep it up."

The millionaire's answer to this statement was brutally sententious. "Guess you can't be much of a business man," he said. "At least, buying this kind of a house the way you have isn't good business. I heard a fellow say one time that every installment you pay on your home or furniture is like putting a nail in the coffin of your hope, and I guess he wasn't far wrong. Not bad, eh?"

"No, not for millionaires; not for those who have got the price, but it's flippant foolery for those who haven't it. I know that I am paying more for this place than it's worth and that I'm helping some capitalist to put the screws down tighter. But it's the system that's wrong, Brand, not me. I want a piece of the earth to which I am entitled. I want to feel that there is something under my feet besides the pavement that your stock watered cement company built. Your cement will crumble up and blow away, but this half-acre of ground will be here for me and for my children. Why, any man who is worth anything in our social order of things has this longing for the soil. Everyone knows it; you know it. That's why you bought stock in the Utopian Land company. We're trimmed. Of course we are. We pipe and you slug, but how are we going to help it?"

The millionaire laughed. "I've heard that before," he answered. "Seems to me your friend Meade has made a convert. But wait"—he held up his hand to stop Reynolds' reply. "You asked me how you can help it. I'm going to tell you. You recollect that you were a pretty good friend of mine at school. Worked your heart and soul out trying to get me on the 'varsity eight and the eleven."

"Yes, and you didn't make them."

"There's that wonderful memory again. But, never mind. One good turn deserves another and I'm here for that purpose. I am a business man and I handle things from that standpoint."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Little Neck Asks New Name.

Believing that the name of Little Neck is too suggestive of a well-known clam, citizens of the town of that name in the borough of Queens, New York, have started a movement to have it changed. Herman Venske, a merchant, one of the leaders in the agitation, said: "The principal reason why I am urging the change of name is that when I go to Manhattan or Brooklyn the people ask me the price of clams. Then there is a place called Great Neck, beyond us, and strangers at once conclude that the place is greater than ours. Any other name would be acceptable to us. We don't care what we are rechristened."

Folding Stove.

A gas stove that folds into a recess in the wall will soon be within the reach of any housewife who likes to have her kitchen always looking spick and span. The new contrivance is the invention of a Los Angeles man. It will be especially useful in city apartments; houses where miniature kitchens are the rule.

One Thing After Another.

This year's sweet girl graduate is next year's gay debutante and the tired housekeeper of year after next—Louisville Courier-Journal

Brand. "You see," he continued, addressing Dick, "he usually got the best of me, especially in athletics."

"I can believe that," Dick responded bluntly. "He is still pretty efficient in that respect. We amuse ourselves with boxing gloves now and then, and I can testify to his prowess. If you gentlemen will excuse me I will step down to the corner for awhile."

"Why?" inquired his host.

"Well, confidentially, that old Dutchman nearly put me out of business a week ago and I have sworn revenge."

"How's that?" asked Brand.

"Pinocchio. There is something coming over me now that feels like a hundred aces. If you want me, Bob, I'll be in that back room wrestling with a double deck, a fat Dutchman and a stein of Pilsener."

Dick stepped towards the door.

"Say, you had better put on your coat," suggested Brand, "it's cold outside."

The reporter turned with a smile and held out his hands. "No, thank you," he said, "I have my gloves. Good night."

"Known him long?" asked Brand as the door closed.

"Ever since Jane and I have lived here. He's the one close friend we have. Almost like one of the family, and whenever anything goes wrong he just sweeps in and clears up the sky."

"Yes, he seems like a jolly fellow, but he does a lot of talking. Where's your wife, Reynolds?"

"Lying down. She went to the theater this afternoon and it was a little too much for her."

"Any children?"

"Not yet."

"I've got three."

"You don't say so."

"Yes, I do say so. Two boys and a girl."

"A pretty good record," Reynolds commented.

"You're right. I'm rather proud of it."

"And you can afford them."

"Right again."

Bob arose and walked over the sideboard. "Won't you have a cigar?" he

asked as he searched for his surplus stock of mosquito killers in one of the drawers.

"Thanks, I don't mind if I do."

Bob tendered a cheap Havana which Brand lighted with difficulty.

"Say, John," inquired the host, "what ever became of Squinty Dalton? Remember him?"

"That little quarter back?" asked the millionaire casually.

He spoke in a bored sort of a voice as if the memory of the little freckled-faced hero of their school days was something to be flicked away, lightly as the ashes of his cigar. There was a time, however, when Brand's chest had swelled with pride because of this mite of grit and muscle had honored him with comradeship. Failing of athletic honors himself, it meant much to Brand—the friendship of these men; Reynolds, the slashing half back, who was a terror to the lines of the strongest teams, and Dalton, the greatest quarter of his day. As he glanced at Reynolds now, Brand saw something that recalled all this. He read in his host's face surprise and perhaps disdain for the veiled slight. So he asked in less scornful tone:

"Why, what made you think of him?"

"Oh, I don't know; he used to be such a pal of yours. Seeing you made me think of him and I wondered if you'd kept up the acquaintance."

"No, I haven't seen him in years. I don't think he amounted to much. It's funny how those athletic stars fall down when there is any real work to be done."

Reynolds laughed. "You don't expect me to stand for that, do you?"

"Why, does it hit home?"

"Maybe and maybe not. That depends on the point of view."

Brand puffed desperately at his cigar. He noticed that Reynolds had not joined him.

"What's the matter; don't you smoke?" he asked.

"Oh, occasionally."

Brand took out a handsome leather case.

"Try one of mine," he said. "I think you will like that. I have them made for me."

He arose, walked over to the buffet and, leaning an elbow against it, stood looking intently at Reynolds.

CHAPTER VI.

The System at Work.

John Brand was the incarnation of twentieth century prosperity; scrupulously, almost implacably clean; immaculately groomed. Physically he would have passed muster anywhere. He was only thirty-five years old, yet he had the bulk that suggested not alone avoirdupois, but substantiality and maturity of mind. His keen gray eyes, the firm, decisive lines of his face, the poise and calm assuredness of movement, bespoke strength; absolute control of self and mastery of others. Inherent shrewdness was veiled behind a mask of genial good fellowship and frankness of speech. He was the type that any man conducting great enterprises would have welcomed as a colleague and feared as a rival. John Brand spelled success. He had sought it, encompassed it and corralled it. The doctrine of the survival of the fittest, he held sacred. It was his *casus belli* and his Bible. He apotheosized himself and his kind and actually believed the world was better off for the breed. Modern methods of manipulation and chicanery he looked upon, not as an impediment, but as an accelerating spur to progress. Failure was the only sin he knew.

He looked quizzically now at the cheap cigar his host had given him and then around at the modest furnishings of the room.

"You haven't been very prosperous since you left school?" he asked. "I had the idea that you had money up there."

Bob's cheeks burned. It seemed to him that Brand's address was not only businesslike, but unnecessarily blunt. But he answered coolly enough:

"No, you see, an old aunt of mine took care of my education. About the time I graduated she died. I've been working pretty hard trying to get along the best I could. I've married and bought this little home, but it's hard to keep it up."

The millionaire's answer to this statement was brutally sententious. "Guess you can't be much of a business man," he said. "At least, buying this kind of a house the way you have isn't good business. I heard a fellow say one time that every installment you pay on your home or furniture is like putting a nail in the coffin of your hope, and I guess he wasn't far wrong. Not bad, eh?"

"No, not for millionaires; not for those who have got the price, but it's flippant foolery for those who haven't it. I know that I am paying more for this place than it's worth and that I'm helping some capitalist to put the screws down tighter. But it's the system that's wrong, Brand, not me. I want a piece of the earth to which I am entitled. I want to feel that there is something under my feet besides the pavement that your stock watered cement company built. Your cement will crumble up and blow away, but this half-acre of ground will be here for me and for my children. Why, any man who is worth anything in our social order of things has this longing for the soil. Everyone knows it; you know it. That's why you bought stock in the Utopian Land company. We're trimmed. Of course we are. We pipe and you slug, but how are we going to help it?"

The millionaire laughed. "I've heard that before," he answered. "Seems to me your friend Meade has made a convert. But wait"—he held up his hand to stop Reynolds' reply. "You asked me how you can help it. I'm going to tell you. You recollect that you were a pretty good friend of mine at school. Worked your heart and soul out trying to get me on the 'varsity eight and the eleven."

"Yes, and you didn't make them."

"There's that wonderful memory again. But, never mind. One good turn deserves another and I'm here for that purpose. I am a business man and I handle things from that standpoint."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Little Neck Asks New Name.

Believing that the name of Little Neck is too suggestive of a well-known clam, citizens of the town of that name in the borough of Queens, New York, have started a movement to have it changed. Herman Venske, a merchant, one of the leaders in the agitation, said: "The principal reason why I am urging the change of name is that when I go to Manhattan or Brooklyn the people ask me the price of clams. Then there is a place called Great Neck, beyond us, and strangers at once conclude that the place is greater than ours. Any other name would be acceptable to us. We don't care what we are rechristened."

Folding Stove.

A gas stove that folds into a recess in the wall will soon be within the reach of any housewife who likes to have her kitchen always looking spick and span. The new contrivance is the invention of a Los Angeles man. It will be especially useful in city apartments; houses where miniature kitchens are the rule.

One Thing After Another.

This year's sweet girl graduate is next year's gay debutante and the tired housekeeper of year after next—Louisville Courier-Journal

WIT and HUMOR



EXPLANATION BY MR. JONES

Circumstances Alter Cases, Said Indiana Citizen Who Had Been Forced to Pawn Watch.

Speaking of puns at a recent banquet, Congressman William A. Cullip of Indiana told of the crime committed by an esteemed citizen named Jones.

Recently Jones collided with a spell of hard luck, and in order to make his pork and beans and his appetite meet he was compelled to pawn his watch. While the watch was yet in hock a friend chanced to ask him the time of day.

"Why, what in the world has become of your watch?" asked the surprised friend, seeing Jones yank out a time-killer of the turnip brand.

"Here it is," smiled Jones, extending the cheap ticker. "Anything the matter with your optical apparatus?"

"Yes, but that's a silver watch," persisted the friend. "The one you used to have had a handsome gold case."

"I know it did," was the grumpy rejoinder of Jones, "but circumstances alter cases."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

A Paradoxical Reform.

"How did you ever get old man Rumsey to vote for prohibition?"

"Well, we thought the end would justify the means. So the night before election we took him over into another county and let him get so intoxicated that he didn't care how he voted."

"Wasn't he angry?"

"Yes. But he says it'll be a warning to him to let liquor alone after this."

Ought to Fight.

"I've been walking by here every day for a week expecting something to happen, but nothing has happened yet."

"What did you expect to happen?"

"Some sort of excitement. That barber shop across the street is run by a man named Gaston Pegoud and the delicatessen store next door to it is owned by a man named Adolph Schultz."

Women.

"Do let me pay for it, dear."

"No. I will pay for it."

"But I insist."

"Not another word. I'll pay for it."

"I can't impose on you so."

"Nonsense! I don't mind paying and you know it."

"Well, for heaven's sake, go ahead and pay for it. I haven't any money."

WANTED PROOF.

BARBER & SHAVE

TOMSON & MARTIN

The Bald-Headed Barber—This hair restorer, sir, is wonderful. It makes the hair grow in 24 hours.

The Skeptical Customer—Rub some on your head, and I'll stop in tomorrow and if you're telling the truth I'll buy a bottle.

The Things They Say.

The Gushing Young Thing—Oh, professor! you must come to our affair tomorrow. All my friends are coming—though they say they haven't a rag to wear!

He—I shall be delighted!—London Opinion.

Tried Hard.

"Mary, were you entertaining a man in the kitchen last night?"

"That's for him to say, mum. I was doing my best with the materials I could find."—Liverpool Mercury.

Learned by Experience.

"My husband is so pernickety, I don't know what to make of him!"

"I can tell you, dear. Make the best of him."—Judge.

A Mystery.

"Luke McLuke says umbrellas will last longer if you oil the joints."

"How does that keep a person from stealing the umbrella?"

MOSE WAS A GOOD SLEEPER

Aged Darky on Witness Stand Said He Could Remember Nothing After His Long Sleep.

The lawyer got a tartar when in a recent trial in a southern city he summoned to the stand an aged darky who had been an eye-witness of a fight that had occurred between a number of persons.

"Tell us what you know about this fight," said the counsel, when old Mose had been placed on the stand.

"Fight?" asked Mose, apparently greatly surprised. "What fight?"

"You know very well what fight I meant," said the counsel. "Tell us about it."

"I don't know nothin' about a fight," insisted the witness. "What was it?"

"See here, Mose!" exclaimed the lawyer; "no trifling. The fight day before yesterday. You know all about it. Tell us—"

"Oh, de fight day befo' yesterday," said Mose. "Well, suh, you see I've slept since de day befo' yesterday and I never kin rickollect anything after I've been asleep."

And that was all they could get from him.—Louisville Herald.

SERIOUS POSSIBILITY.



Sandy Stork—What are you laughing at?

Sam Stork—I was just thinking what a joke on humanity it would be if we were to go on strike.

A Sufficient Reason.

"Rudolph," said the judge, not unkindly, "here you are again charged with drunkenness. What have you to say?"

"Judge," began the Teuton, "I tell you I was painting a house in de nord side by a home where der was a French poodle dog. Den a lady comes in and says to dat poodle: 'Come here, Blamareck! Den I—'"

"Discharged!" roared the judge.—Buffalo Commercial.

He May Regret It.

Clarence—Did you read that the deuced dyes they use to color clothing will no longer be obtainable because of the horrid war?

Reggie—Deah, deah! What's a fellow to do? Dweess in black?

Clarence—If we are to dweess in black I shall feel almost sorry mothah didn't insist upon making me a clergyman, don't you know?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Impediments.

"Excuse me, sir," said the strap-hanger, "but would you mind moving your portmanteau from the gangway? I really can hardly find room to stand."

"Move my portmanteau," gasped the stranger, "those, sir, are my feet!"

"Is that so?" said Jenkins, "then perhaps you would rile them one above the other?"—Western Mail.

A Bad Record.

Drunk—I plead bein' a bit drunk, yer washup.

Magistrate—Prisoner known to the police, constable?

Constable Ryan—Indade he is, sor; he's been here folve tolmes for bein' robbed and twice for bein' assaulted wid violence.—Boston Evening Transcript.

THE ALLIES ARE FORGING AHEAD

They Are Within Four Miles of Ostend.

ADMIT LOSS OF VILLAGE

But Claim Progress at All Other Points—Germans Assert They Have Best of Fighting.

Dispatches received by the London Daily Mail from various correspondents at different points in the field of operations in northern France report the continuous success of the allies, who have reached within four miles of Ostend, namely Leffinghe.

The German attack, it is stated, is mainly in the direction of Leffinghe and Slype. Three thousand Germans left Ostend for Zeebrugge on Friday and reports persist that the Germans have left Ostend.

A Reuter dispatch from an unnamed point on the Belgian frontier says that firing was heard throughout the night from the vicinity of Thourout and Lichtervelde, in Belgium. If fighting was in progress at these points it would appear that the Germans have been compelled to retreat a considerable distance east of Dixmunde.

It is stated that the allies have intercepted a message from Emperor William to the Duke of Wurtemberg, telling him it is absolutely imperative to capture Ypres before Nov. 1, otherwise it will be necessary for the Germans to withdraw behind the Rhine.

The skillful General von Meyer was killed at Dixmunde on Friday.

A Reuter dispatch from Amsterdam says a report received there from Flushing declares heavy gun firing was heard all day Sunday near the Dutch frontier. The dispatch adds that it is reported also the allies have occupied Mariakerke, on the sea southwest of Ostend.

The correspondent of the Times in northern France, telegraphing under date of Sunday says that the allies are daily creeping on toward Ostend, which is now hardly occupied at all in a military sense. The number of Germans holding it is so negligible, he says, that if the allies achieve a definite victory in the fight for the river, Ostend will fall unresistingly into their hands.

The correspondent of the Times in northern France telegraphs that the allies have penetrated to the north and east of Lille which, he says, "certainly has been evacuated by the Germans and there is good reason to believe that it has been occupied by the allies."

A Rotterdam dispatch says: "Advices received from Belgian coast towns state that the exchange of military fire by the Germans and the warships has wrecked most of these towns. Westende, Westkerke and Middlekerke are all in ruins."

The correspondent of the Times in northern France telegraphs, under date of Sunday, that a report has reached him that as the result of the blowing up of a railway bridge by a Belgian cyclist corps a very large German army was cut off from the main army and to the number of many thousands have surrendered.

The following are the official bulletins:

FRENCH.

"On our left wing the German offensive movement continued with the same violence in Belgium and in the north of France, particularly between Dixmunde and the Lys. In this region in spite of attacks and counter attacks on the part of the Germans, we made slight progress on almost the entire front, except at the village of Messines, a part of which was again lost by the allied troops.

"The enemy undertook an important movement against the suburbs of Arras. This resulted in failure, as did other movements against Lihons and Lequesnoy-en-Santerre.

"On the center, in the region of the Aisne, we made slight progress in the direction of Tracy-le-Val, to the north of the forest of Argic, as well as at certain points on the right bank of the Aisne, between this forest and Soissons.

"At Amont de Vailly an attack directed against those of our troops who are in possession of the heights on the right bank of the Aisne also resulted in failure. The same outcome attended several right attacks delivered in the heights of the highway Des Dames.

"In the region of Rheims, between the Argonne and the Meuse there was noticed a recrudescence of activity on the part of the enemy's heavy artillery. The bombardment of these pieces, however, did not show any appreciable result.

"On our right wing an offensive movement of reconnaissance by the enemy on Vozey was repulsed.

"In the Vosges, in addition to the fact that we have recaptured the heights which dominate Mount Sainte-Marie, we have made progress in the region of Ban de Sapt, where we occupy the positions from which the artillery of the enemy has been bombarding the town of St. Die."

GERMAN.

"The progress of the fighting on the front in the north of France is regarded as highly favorable. The report given out Sunday, with its news

PRINCE OSCAR.

Kaiser's Son Who Suffered Heart Attack on Battlefield.



that the French had been thrown back across the Aisne at a point near Soissons, and that the operations already had been extended to the west front of Verdun, is regarded as the most favorable issued for some time past.

"Letters from the front reaching Berlin describe the fighting between Nieuport and Ypres as probably the fiercest of the whole war. The Germans forced their way southward by repeated night attacks. The toll of death was great on both sides."

CZAR'S ARMY NEARS BORDER OF SILESIA

Petrograd Reports Advance Along Entire Front.

An official statement issued by the general staff in Petrograd indicates that the Russians pursuing the Germans in central Poland have advanced westward to within sixty-five miles of the Silesian frontier.

In southern Poland a Russian army has driven the Austrians down the left bank of the Vistula until within a short distance of the Galician frontier. In East Prussia a Russian army has advanced after repulsing German attacks and inflicting very heavy losses. The text of the statement follows:

"On the East Prussian frontier our troops have progressed in the region of Vladislavoff, in the forest of Romintene. The attacks made by the Germans in the Bakalarjevo region have ceased, owing to the terrible losses sustained by the enemy.

"West of the river Vistula we are advancing victoriously along the entire front. We have occupied Petrokow (sixty-five miles west of the German frontier), Opotchna (southeast of Prokova) and Ozarow (on the lower Vistula).

"A detachment of the enemy which descended from the Carpathians near Nadvorna was attacked and driven off."

"When it became evident that the campaign was lost on the Vistula front the Germans on the East Prussian border made continued and most persistent attempts to break the defense of the Russians there, either in the hope of coming to the rescue of the retreating troops by covering their left flank or to cause a diversion of the Russian forces. The fighting there has been obstinate to a degree exceeding anything yet experienced, but the Germans have entirely failed to make an impression on the Russian defense.

"ENEMY WILL BE BEATEN"

Kaiser Sure of Victory Under All Circumstances.

In addressing the Brandenburg regiment in France recently, at a point behind the front, Emperor William closed his speech with these words: "When the war is finished we should see each other again. Under all circumstances the enemy will be beaten."

This information is conveyed in a letter received in Berlin from the front.

German Royal Prince Killed.

Some personage of most exalted position—it is conjectured that he was a prince of the house of Hohenzollern—was killed on the German side during the fighting to the west of Warsaw, Poland. The text of this official statement is as follows: "The prince, who was killed at Gellinoff, between Warsaw and Skiernewice, was strongly guarded, and after the battle, in which the Germans were compelled to retreat, the body, swathed in linen, was put in a motor car and taken away under a cavalry escort.

Lansdowne's Son Killed.

Lord Nairne, the second son of the Marquis of Lansdowne, Conservative leader in the British house of lords, has been killed in action. He was a major in the First Dragoons and served in the South African war.

TURKEY MAKES APOLOGY FOR RAID

Grand Vizier Presents Official Disclaimer to Allies.

THEY STILL MENACE EGYPT

2000 Armed Bedouins Cross Border and Large Forces Are Reported Assembling in Syria.

There is a report from Constantinople that the grand vizier has apologized to Russia, Great Britain and France for the acts of the Turkish fleet in the Black sea.

Many events of the past twenty-four hours, however, show that war between Turkey and the Triple Entente has actually begun and that only the formal notification is lacking.

The Turkish ambassador to Great Britain, Tewfik Pasha, was handed his passports and will leave for Berlin. The ambassadors of the Triple Entente powers received their passports in Constantinople on Sunday and the British ambassador immediately departed for Bulgaria on a special train. The French and Russian envoys also left.

Fighting on sea and land shows how meaningless have been the protestations of the Turkish officials. It is reported from Athens and Rome that a British and French squadron sank two Turkish warships in the harbor of Techesme, near Smyrna.

The Turks renewed the bombardment of Odessa and Theodosia on Saturday. Turkish armies are massing near Belout, and on the Caucasian frontier, and two Turkish army corps are nearing the frontier of Egypt, and the report persists that from 2000 to 3000 Bedouins have already crossed the border. In addition Turkey is mining the coast of Smyrna and is sending Mullahs to preach the Jihad in Asia and Africa.

It was learned in Athens that the Anglo-French fleet, which has been concentrated within striking distance of the Dardanelles, entered the harbor of Techesme, which is forty miles west southwest of Smyrna, and found two Turkish warships for which the fleet had been searching.

These were the gunboat Dubakreisli and the converted cruiser Kinaliada. The report says that the Turkish ships were sunk. It is assumed that the British and French ships have been ordered to prevent Turkish warships from operating in the Aegean sea.

A dispatch from Rome to the London Express says a report has reached there that 400,000 Turks are massed on the Caucasus border, and that 300,000 are waiting at Beyrout, Jaffa and other ports for transportation to the Sinai Peninsula. These ports, it is said, are well guarded by the British and French fleets.

"I am officially informed," says the Express correspondent, "that a circular announcing the mobilization of the Greek army has been received by the foreign consuls."

GOEBEN REPORTED DAMAGED

Shells From Sebastopol Batteries Force Retirement For Repairs.

A dispatch from Sebastopol says the former German cruiser Goeben's bombardment of the Black sea port was put to an end by the Constantinian batteries, which forced the warship to withdraw.

The shore station subsequently intercepted a wireless telegraph message from the Goeben, which said "Damaged Will return to Constantinople for repairs."

PEACE PRIZE FOR HOLLAND

Dutch Reported Slated For Nobel Award of \$40,000.

Holland is to be awarded the Nobel peace prize for this year, according to a report from Christiania, published by the Amsterdam Handelsblad.

According to the report the \$40,000 is to be used toward caring for Belgian refugees who have fled to Holland.

Scotland Against Andrew Carnegie.

A strong hostile feeling has grown up against Andrew Carnegie, the American steel millionaire, because of his supposed friendship for the Kaiser. His statue in Dunfermline, Scotland, was pelted with mud and refuse. "Carnegie firms" are being withdrawn from moving picture theaters.

Levy on Brussels \$9,000,000.

A telegram received in Amsterdam from Berlin announces that after protracted negotiations the war indemnity to the Germans from the city of Brussels has been fixed at 15,000,000 francs (\$9,000,000) payable 2,500,000 francs (\$500,000) weekly.

Another Slide at Panama.

That the Panama canal was blocked again by the movement of earth north of Gold Hill, but that it would be open for traffic next Wednesday, was stated in a telegram received by the war department from Governor Goethals.

276 Children Killed in New York.

Since Jan. 1 last 276 children have been killed by vehicular traffic in the streets of New York, according to the monthly report of the National Highways Protective society just issued.

A GENERAL SURVEY OF THE WAR

TUESDAY.

What is described as the fiercest fighting thus far in the European war is reported to be in progress in the northwest part of Belgium and the extreme northeast of France, between the German army, which is trying to force its way westward along the coast, and the forces of the allied British, French and Belgians.

Conflicting reports come from the fighting in Russia. According to an official statement from Berlin, the Germans are bombarding the city of Warsaw, while the city councils and residents of the Polish capital are fleeing. A statement in Petrograd asserts, on the other hand, that the German army which moved against Warsaw is retreating, with the Russians in pursuit.

WEDNESDAY.

The fury of the German offensive in western Belgium, where the armies of the Kaiser and the allies have been locked in a desperate battle for more than a week, became less violent, according to an official statement from Paris.

Determined attacks on both points of the long battle line, notably north of the Aisne river, and in the district about Craonne, northeast of Rheims, have been repulsed, Paris adds. The French and British warships which have been helping the allies in Belgium have moved farther east, where they are firing upon the German entrenchments between Nieuport and Ostend.

Advices from Petrograd say that the German army operating in the center of the eastern field has been driven back until the Russians occupy the towns of Kutno, seventy-five miles west of Warsaw and Lodz, eighty miles southwest of Warsaw.

THURSDAY.

Gains by the allies at several points, notably near Ypres, Belgium, and to the south of Arras, France, are claimed in the official statement from Paris in the great struggle between the armies of the Kaiser and his allied foes near the North sea coast. With the arrival of reinforcements for both sides the fighting has been renewed with added vigor.

A statement from Bordeaux estimates that the Germans have lost between 70,000 and 80,000 men in the fighting near the Yser canal.

Admission is made by the Berlin war office that the German forces which advanced on Warsaw have had to retreat. They have reformed, however, it is added, along the line of the Warta, in west Poland, and are resisting the Russian advance.

FRIDAY.

Following the attacks made by Turkey upon Russian ports in the Black sea, Petrograd ordered the Russian ambassador at Constantinople and all its consular representatives to leave the new enemy's country.

Entering the conflict as the tenth of Europe's belligerent nations, Turkey sent her warships, without previous announcement of her intentions against the Black sea ports of Odessa, Theodosia and Novorossysk. A Russian gunboat was sunk and a French steamship and three Russian steamships were damaged in Odessa harbor.

Gains by the allies in the fiercest fighting in northern France and Belgium are reported. The Belgians, to stop the German advance along the coast, opened the dykes and flooded the lowland of the Yser valley, forcing the Kaiser's forces to retreat rapidly under heavy artillery fire. Many of the Germans were caught and drowned by the flood.

The combined Austro-German armies, operating against Russia, seven in number and extending from the Baltic sea to the Carpathian mountains, are reported to be falling back before the forces of Russia.

SATURDAY.

Following promptly its entrance in to the European war, Turkey sent it fleet into the Black sea and engaged Russian war vessels in battle outside the port of Odessa.

Russian torpedo boats tried to prevent the Turkish ships from leaving the Bosphorus and were attacked. Two were sunk.

Dispatches from London indicate that a general advance has been ordered by the allies in northern France and Belgium, who are opposing the effort of the Kaiser to seize the Channel ports.

Further confirmation of the failure of the Austro-German invasion of Russia is contained in a dispatch from Berlin that the German general staff has decided to withdraw all its troops from Poland to the strongly entrenched line along the Silesian and East Prussian frontier.

SUNDAY.

The French and British troops recaptured Hellebecque and Messines near Ypres, Belgium. North of Ypres and also to the east the allies defeated the Kaiser's troops and advanced to new positions of great importance. Elsewhere in the same region several violent attacks by the Germans were repulsed by the French and British forces.

All along the battle lines from Nieuport, Belgium, to the frontier of Lorraine, the Germans were decisively beaten, especially in the Argonne district, where they attempted to halt the march to the north of the French right wing army.

The ambassadors of Russia, Great Britain and France in Constantinople received their passports.

Don't Forget The Public Sale

... of a Carload of ...

VIRGINIA COLTS, Fresh Cows, Heifers, Steers and Bulls.

At Jacob Sell's Stables, Hanover, Saturday, November 7, '14. HOWARD J. SPALDING.

PUBLIC SALE! On Saturday, November 7, 1914.

The undersigned intending to quit farming will sell at public sale at his residence in Straban township, 1 mile North of Hunterstown, the following personal property:—

4 Head of Horses and Mules

1 black mare rising 4 years old, a fine driver and worker; 1 roan horse 5 years old, good off-side worker; 1 pair of brown mules 10 years old, can't be hitched wrong.

20 Head of Cattle

consisting of 13 milch cows, 6 are fresh now. the balance spring and summer cows, these cows consist of Durham and Holstein, a good bunch of Dairy cows; 6 stock bulls, ranging in weight from 600 to 800 lbs., 1 heifer 6 months old

30 Head of Hogs

consisting of 5 brood sows with pigs by their sides, balance are shoats ranging in weight from 40 to 50 pounds.

... Farming Implements ...

consisting of 2 wagons, 1 two horse low-down farm wagon, the other a two horse Webster wagon; 1 Osborne binder, good as new; 2 mowers in good condition; 1 Superior grain drill, only used two seasons; Deering hay rake, disc harrow, good as new; 1 Perry spring harrow, 2 long plows, 1 Boy's Delight corn worker, spreader, tripple, double and single trees, jockey sticks, breast, butt and cow chains, horse gears, 6 sets of frontgears, 2 sets of buggy harnesses, 500 bundles of corn fodder, by the bundle; 10 tons of timothy hay, by the ton, and many other articles too numerous to mention. A credit of 12 months will be given on all sums of \$5 00 and upwards. Sale to commence at 12 o'clock, M., sharp.

G. A. Raffensberger.

G. R. Thompson, Auct. H. G. Deatrich, Clerk

The Foundation Everlasting

Ask the Alpha Dealer

Build Foundations Of Good Concrete

Make your supporting piers and walls of ALPHA Portland Cement, sand, and crushed stone shoveled into forms. The cost is low and you will have a foundation like solid stone, that will not rot or crumble.

ALPHA THE GUARANTEED PORTLAND CEMENT

is the special kind of Portland Cement that we recommend for your use in foundation walls and every other job where strength and permanence are needed. Cheap cements may spoil the job, but when you use ALPHA your work will grow stronger with age. Use ALPHA and be sure of satisfactory results.

ALPHA has been on the market for 23 years. It is a time-tried, tested cement that we know is of unusual quality. We guarantee it to be uniform, pure, live and active, and to more than meet the U. S. Government standard.

R. Weaver & Sons

Built-to-Measure

THIS means just what it says. Suits will be **Built-to-Measurement**—your measurement.

First and last you want FIT. We guarantee it. You select the material out of which you want us to make your full suit or overcoat; we produce the right kind of garment.

We carry a fine, exclusive line of fall suitings, all high class materials—worsted, serges, woolsens, etc. The prices will please you. Our workmanship is our pride. Try us and be satisfied.

Reliable and Reasonable Tailoring.

Wentz & Birgensmith,

125 Abbottstown St., HANOVER, PA.

New Oxford Item.

VOL. XXXIV

NEW OXFORD, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1914.

NO. 31.

You'll be interested
in the many new
models in

Suits & Overcoats

We're Showing for
FALL & WINTER.

We want you to see these
Clothes of our and find out
how good they really are.

You'll be surprised when
you find what

\$15 to \$20.

will purchase in the way of
exclusive style and above
par quality—

But for cash only and
one price to all.

Stewart & Shaffer

HANOVER, PENN'A.

Executors' Notice.

ESTATE OF SOLOMON BROWN, late of New
Oxford Borough, Adams County, Pa., de-
ceased.—Letters testamentary on said estate
having been granted to the undersigned, notice
is hereby given to all persons indebted thereto
to make immediate payment and those having
claims against the same will present them prop-
erly authenticated for settlement.
L. F. BROWN, Gettysburg, Pa.
H. T. BROWN, New Oxford, Pa.
9-24 Executors.

Public Sale!

Of A Desirable Property.

Saturday, November 7th, 1914.

The undersigned will offer at public
sale on the premises, A DESIRABLE
HOME, consisting of about 1/2 Acre of
Land, more or less, situated in Straban
Township, Adams County, along public
road, 1/2 mile North west of New Chester,
near Holtz's Mill, adjoining lands of Jo-
seph Holtz, Samuel Witter and Elizabeth
Baker; improved with a two story
Frame Dwelling, Poultry House, and oth-
er out-buildings, well of water, fruit trees,
etc. A splendid place for fruit and poultry.
Sale to commence at 1:30 o'clock
p. m., when terms will be made known by
MARY E. STINE.

If you want the news subscribe for and
read THE ITEM.

TRESSPASS NOTICE.

THE undersigned hereby give notice to all
persons not to trespass upon their prem-
ises for the purpose of hunting game, not gather-
ing, or for any other purpose whatever. Any
person or persons so offending will be prosecuted
to the fullest extent of the law.

J. A. MYERS, Hamilton township.
J. A. HERMAN, Mt. Pleasant township.
F. A. GINTER, Oxford and Hamilton twps.
ADAM WOLF, Hamilton township.
WM. H. STUCK, Mt. Pleasant township.
J. O. MYERS, Hamilton township.
MRS. ELLEN STARNER, Mt. Pleasant twp.
O. A. OTTO, Mt. Pleasant township.
O. J. STUCK, Mt. Pleasant township.
WM. D. MYERS, Hamilton township.
ELLIS MILLER, Mt. Pleasant township.

DONALD P. McPHERSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Gettysburg, Pa.

Office on second floor of Star and South
side Building. Will attend promptly to a
legal business committed.

TYPEWRITERS

ALL MAKES
Write for Bargain List
and Free Illustrative Catalog
C. L. EICHLITZ, New Oxford, Pa.

Public Sales.

Jacob Markle will have public sale of
personal property, at his home near Irish-
town, on November 14th.

John H. Sheaffer will have public sale
of a large lot of stock, etc., on his farm
near Swift Run school-house, on Satur-
day, Nov. 21st.

On March 12, H. J. Mikesell will have
a large sale of stock and implements, on
the O. L. Honck farm, 1 mile East of
Hampton, Wm. Ennor, Auct.

Geo. A. Raffensberger, will have pub-
lic sale of farm stock and implements, at
his home near Hunterstown, on Saturday,
Nov. 7, See ad.

J. H. Gineck, residing on the Himes
farm, near Brush Run Station, will have
a large sale of stock and implements, on
March 19th. Mr. Gineck will remove to
Litz, Lancaster county, where he will
manage a large dairy.

On Saturday, November 14, Mrs. L. T.
Ehrhart will sell a large lot of personal
property at her home in New Chester.
See ad.

Don't forget the public sale of carload
of Virginia colts, fresh cows, steers, huf-
ers and bulle, at Jacob Sell's stable, Han-

James B. Myers.

Mrs. J. B. Myers, Lincoln Way, East,
received a telegram at noon on Tuesday,
announcing the death of her eldest son,
James B. Myers, which occurred in a hos-
pital in New York City, on Tuesday morn-
ing. No further particulars were given.
Mrs. Myers received a letter some time
ago from her son stating that he was not
in the best of health. The body will be
brought to Hanover on Thursday morning
when interment will be made in Mt. Oli-
vet cemetery. Deceased, who was aged
57 years, 2 months and 25 days, is sur-
vived by his mother and two brothers, Chas.
W. Myers, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Lew-
is E. Myers, of Dunham, Ky. Deceased
has been spending the past five years in
New York City, prior to that he had been
living in Chicago and other western cities,
since leaving his home here when a young
man.

Peculiar Poison.

Mrs. H. V. Kepner, of near Gettysburg,
was the victim of a peculiar mishap on
Friday while boiling apple butter for a
neighbor. The person for whom the ap-
ple butter was being made had placed sa-
fras roots in it to give it a better flavor,
but mixed with the safras was some
poisonous sumac. The steam from the boil-
ing butter enveloped her face and infected
it, causing the face to become almost
twice its natural size. Some of the apple
butter was tasted by others, and their
mouths also became infected and their
lips were greatly swollen.

A Singular Coincidence.

A dispatch from Lancaster says:—Two
notices of deaths received by relatives in
Lancaster county reveal a singular coinci-
dence. Relatives of John F. Smith, of
Ogden, Utah, formerly of Elizabethtown,
have been notified of his death, and M.
J. Smith, of Columbia, has been advised
at the same time of the death of his brother,
John F. Smith, also of Ogden. The
men were not even relatives. Both went
West in 1876, but not together.
The death of the latter has been previ-
ously announced in these columns.

Hand Infected.

Dr. Geo. H. Seaks, of Lincoln Way,
West, is suffering from blood poison as
the result of an infection of a wound he
received while doing some work, recently.
His hand became very much infected and
he went to Dr. Meisenhelder's West Side
Sanatorium, York, on Monday, where the
hand was opened. Since then the great
pain that he had been suffering has been
relieved.

Real Estate Sales.

Abraham Shanabrook, of near Golden
Station, has purchased from Mrs. Henry
Otto, of near Swift Run school-house, the
old Henry Creager property, Cedar Ridge,
Mt. Pleasant township, for \$2000. The
property contains 36 acres with improve-
ments.

George Schue, of York county, has pur-
chased the farm of the late Amos Dutters
estate, consisting of 158 acres, situated
near Square Corner, Mt. Pleasant town-
ship, on private terms.

The Ambrose Shank farm, of 116 acres,
at Seven Stars, was sold on Friday to J.
B. Wineman, of Gettysburg, on private
terms.

Louis Elliot, of Taneytown, has bought
a farm of 80 acres, near York Springs,
and will remove to it this coming Spring.

Marriage Licenses.

Richard R. E. G. Brown, and Lucy E.
Wolf, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Franklin
Wolf, of Hamiltonban township, Mr.
Brown gave his residence as Hamilton-
ban township also. He was born in Eng-
land where his parents reside, and he has
been in this country for five years. He is
a telegraph operator.

Bernard Stoncifer, son of Mr. and
Mrs. Austin Stoncifer, and Miss Pauline
Millhimes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J.
E. Millhimes, all of Littlestown.

Howard J. Bowling and Miss Fannie
Rose, both of Liberty township.

Hospital Patients.

Miss Tillie Overbaugh, of Mt. Rock,
has returned from the Medico-Chi Hospi-
tal, Philadelphia, where she underwent an
operation. She is greatly improved.

Any Whisker, of York Springs R. R.
No. 2, who has been a patient in the York
Hospital for some weeks, was discharged
from that institution on Saturday.

Instead of the regular prayer meeting
services in the M. E. church this Thurs-
day evening, there will be two cottage
prayer meetings held at the homes of J.
E. O. Miller and E. O. Bond, at 7:30 o'-
clock. The third quarterly communion
will be held in the M. E. church at 10:30
o'clock on Sunday morning.

Born—Nov. 3, to Mr. and Mrs. H. S.

PERSONAL.

Mr. and Mrs. N. R. Baily, of Dillsburg,
spent Friday at the home of the latter's
sister, Mrs. J. A. Foose, on West High
street. They were accompanied home by
Mrs. Foose, who will spend some time at
Dillsburg, Harrisburg and Penbrook.

N. M. Dicke, wife and daughter Gladys,
of Baltimore, spent Sunday and Monday
at the home of Mrs. D's mother, Mrs. W.
B. Myers, Lincoln Way, West.
Willis Bower, of Philadelphia, spent
Saturday night and Sunday at the home
of his parents, V. and Mrs. Thom. E.
Bower, North Berlin Ave. Mrs. Bowers,
who has been spending some weeks here,
accompanied her husband to their city
home.

John and Joseph Kaiser, of near town,
spent Sunday in Baltimore.

Miss Ella Winand and Miss Ross, of
Baltimore, and Misses Laura Winand and
Anna Gruver, of York, were visitors at
the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Winand,
West High street, over Sunday.

Postmaster W. H. Emmert, J. W. Bar-
nitz, cashier of the F. & M. Bank, and
Guyon and Robert Smith, accompanied
the excursion to Pittsburgh, on Saturday
night, and spent Sunday with friends in
the Smoky City.

Mrs. Ziegler and son Calvin, Levi King,
wife and son, of Hanover; Lucretia and
Mabel Roth and Blanche Wolf, of Ab-
bottstown, spent Sunday with Dr. and
Mrs. T. C. Miller, in Abbottstown.

Paul D. Weaver, a student at Mt. St.
Mary's College, accompanied by Messrs.
Charles, Joseph and Felix Hemler, ne-
phews of the late Father Hemler, spent
from Saturday until Tuesday morning at
the home of the former's parents, Mr.
and Mrs. J. S. Weaver, and other friends
in town. "Hap" of course did his duty
as a citizen and cast his ballot before leav-
ing on Tuesday morning.

Mrs. John H. Weaver, of Cedar Ridge,
and Mr. and Mrs. Emanuel Adams and
children, of this place, who spent a few
days visiting at the home of Mr. and
Mrs. W. H. Troutman, York, returned home

Council Proceedings.

Nov. 2, 1914—Regular monthly ses-
sion; present: Miller, Livingston, Keeney,
Diehl; President Livingston presided;
minutes of previous meeting approved.

Street Committee—No special report.
W. A. Diehl moved, seconded by F. M.
Miller, that 10 loads of spalls to be put on
Lincoln Way, West, from Water street to
Mill road. Referred to street committee.

S. F. Keeney moved, seconded by F. M.
Miller, that some of the crossing stones
on the standpipes be sold to E. E. Die-
chhafer at 10 cents per running measure.
Carried. W. A. Diehl voted in the nega-
tive. Referred to street committee.

Water Committee—On motion it was
agreed to purchase 500 copies of form as
proposed by Dr. S. G. Dixon, to report
daily filter conditions. Referred to Sec-
retary.

Town Property—Mr. Larson was pres-
ent and spoke of lamp on West High St.
The committee reported favorably for
lamp to be placed on North Berlin Ave-
nue. On motion lamp business deferred
til next regular session.

Finance Committee—Mr. Kepner not
being present Mr. Diehl was appointed to
fill vacancy.

Bill to the amount of \$154.93 approved
and orders granted.

Adjourned to meet at the call of the
President. T. E. B.

Mrs. Elizabeth Snyder, of Hanover,
while walking around in the kitchen of
her home, on Saturday, tripped and fell
fracturing her right hip.

V. A. Collins and family on Tuesday
removed from McSherrystown to York.
Mr. Collins was a member of the Legisla-
ture during the last term from Adams
county.

William, Charles and Levi, sons of Jo-
seph Plank, of Cumberland township, who
were arrested on Tuesday on an infor-
mation laid by John H. Sponseller,
charging trespass, were given a hearing
before Squire Harnish, and, upon their
promise not to offend again, were dis-
charged with fines and costs amounting
to \$10.

Late on Sunday afternoon a small, spot-
ted hound caused a turmoil along Gettys-
burg streets. The dog had been acting
strangely and throughout its course con-
tinued to snuff at people and is reported
to have bit the Collie owned by Charlie
McPherson. The dog bit Edward Gilbert
on the hand. Mr. Gilbert was not long
in taking action, and securing a gun, kill-
ed it.

The driver of a large touring car occu-
pied by a party from Philadelphia, lost
control of the machine a short distance
beyond Abbottstown, on the York pike,
on Sunday, and the car crashed into a
post fence. One of the lady occupants
was slightly injured. The car was some-
what damaged, and it was towed to a

Tuesday's Election.

Following is the vote cast in New Ox-
ford Borough:

Judge of the Supreme Court—Frazier
30, Kunkel 73. Judge of Superior Court
—Clark 95, Trexler 62.

United States Senator—Palmer, d, 98;
Pinchot, b, m, 37; Penrose, r, 64. Other
candidates 1 and 3.

Governor—McCormick, d, 122; Brum-
baugh r, 79.

Lieutenant Governor—Creasy, d, 119;
Smith, w, 11; McClain, r, 65.

Secretary of Internal Affairs—McNair,
d, 95; Lewis, b, m, 19; Houck, r, 79;

Representative in Congress at Large,
Democratic candidates, from 88 to 94;
Washington, 23 to 26; Republican, 68 to
83.

Representative in Congress—Brodbeck,
d, 103; Bair, w, 11; Beales, r, 89;

Representative in General Assembly—
Rudisill, d, 119; Bigham, w, 20; Bream,
r, 65.

There was 1 Socialist ballot cast and 3
Prohibition ballots.

At the time of going to press, Wednes-
day noon, it is impossible to get anything
like definite information in regards to the
elections. However, the reports are
to the effect that all Republican State
candidates have been elected.

C. William Beales, Republican candi-
date for Congress in this district, is re-
ported to have a majority of 1200 over A.
R. Brodbeck.

D. Calvin Rudisill, Democrat, carried
the county for State Legislature.

Hymenial.

Miss Elizabeth V. Lippy, daughter of
Harvey G. A. Lippy, of Hanover, and
Freeman N. Fanus, son of Mr. and Mrs.
William Fanus, of the same place, form-
erly of near this place, were married on
Thursday evening at 8 o'clock, by the
Rev. S. A. Orabill.

George F. Shultz, of Hanover, and Miss
M. Marigold Smith, of McSherrystown,
were married in St. Mary's rectory, Mc-
Sherrystown, at 5:30 o'clock on Sunday
evening by the Rev. Fr. Reudter. The
bride is the eldest daughter of Mr. and
Mrs. Wm. L. Smith. The groom is a son
of Mr. and Mrs. John P. Shultz.

At 7 o'clock on Sunday morning, Ho-
ratio S. Garrett and Miss Elveta Fahr-
man, both of Hanover, were married by
the Rev. J. H. Hartman.

Irvin H. Dietz, son of Mr. and Mrs. W.
Dietz, of Hanover, and Miss Ella R. Noel,
of McSherrystown, were married on Sun-
day evening at 8 o'clock, by the Rev. A.
M. Heilmann.

George House and Miss Esther R. Fox,
both of Hanover, were married on Friday
by the Rev. Dr. Rupp.

Elmer Laughman, of York county, and
Miss Goldie Oberlander, of Conewago
township, were married at Hanover on
Oct. 24, by the Rev. M. J. Roth.

At the Forty-second annual session of
the Potomac Synod of the Reformed
churches, C. M. Wolff, of Hanover, was
re-elected treasurer.

Mrs. George Gratz, is in the York hospi-
tal, suffering from the effects of a
bichloride of mercury tablet, which, it
is said, she took Sunday night in mis-
take for a pain-killer tablet, to relieve
herself of an attack of acute indigestion.

Maurice Flickinger, son of Charles
Flickinger, proprietor of the Jefferson
Hotel, an operator for the Western
Maryland at Hanover, was the victim of
a hunting accident on Monday. He sus-
tained wounds in his left leg from shots
of a gun discharged by William Hamme.

In a home gas explosion, at Duke
Centre, William George, aged 69, and
his daughter, Alma George, aged 26,
were fatally burned. The explosion is
thought to have been caused by a leak in
the gas connection. Its force was so great
that George and his daughter were blown
through the window into the yard, a
distance of 20 feet.

A force of about 200 men are fighting
fire in the South Mountain which has
burned over several thousands of acres
and extends for a distance of five miles.
It started at or near the United Brethren
camp meeting grounds near Dillsburg,
in York county, and is burning all the
way to Lehigh's mills in Cumberland
county.

While alighting from a street car in
North Scranton, Miss Sue Harrow,
of Wilkes Barre, was struck by an automo-
bile and so badly injured that she died
before she could moved to a hospital.
The young woman had just alighted,
when the automobile whizzed from be-
hind the car on which she had been rid-
ing. She was thrown to one side of the

ELECT GUTIERREZ MEXICAN HEAD

Peace Convention Names Pro-
visional President.

WILL SERVE TWENTY DAYS

Carranza's Threat is Disregarded and
He Threatens Civil War—Villa to
March on Mexico City.

A dispatch received in Mexico City
from Aguas Calientes says that Gen-
eral Eulalio Gutierrez was elected as
provisional president of Mexico. The
election is for a period of twenty days
only.

The Aguas Calientes convention
voted to meet in Mexico City later.

General Gutierrez has been promi-
nently identified with the Mexican
revolutionary movement that resulted
in the expulsion of General Huerta
from the republic. He is a close friend
of General Carranza and rose with
Carranza against Huerta in Carranza's
native state of Coahuila.

He defeated a force of Federals
near Saltillo in January of this year,
and in April he expelled the Spanish
residents from the city of San Luis
Potosi. One of his latest victories
against the Federals was won at Van-
egas in June.

Commenting upon the action of the
Aguas Calientes convention, Foreign
Minister Fabela said:

"The high officers of this govern-
ment believe the convention had no
right to name a successor to General
Carranza. If General Villa and Gen-
eral Zapata refuse to leave the coun-
try with Carranza, we will have war.
The only way to guarantee peace is
for these three chieftains to leave the
field. General Gutierrez is a brave and
honorable soldier, but the convention
must live up to the demands of Gen-
eral Carranza."

Villa to March on Mexico City.

Believing General Carranza has no
intention of giving up his position as
first chief of the Constitutionists and
acting as provisional president, Gen-
eral Villa has begun moving his army
to Mexico City.

At three mobilization points, Gua-
dalupe, Torreón and Zacatecas, Villa
had all the available rolling stock in
northern Mexico concentrated, and
troops were entrained for a move-
ment which he admits means war for
the possession of the national capi-
tal. All troops of known loyalty to
Carranza have been gathered at the
larger towns along the route Villa's
army must take to the capital.

Villa has received assurances from
Emiliano Zapata, whose forces are
menacing the suburbs of Mexico City,
that he will act with the northern
leader.

Rockefeller Millions For War Victims

The Rockefeller Foundation made
known in New York city, through its
president, John D. Rockefeller, Jr.,
its determination to do everything in
its power for the relief of non-com-
batants in the European war.

To this end, Mr. Rockefeller says
in a statement issued over his name,
no exertion will be spared and mil-
lions of dollars, if necessary, will be
spent.

Already a steamer, the Massapequa,
has been chartered to sail with
all speed with foodstuffs for the use
of the starving Belgians. It is men-
tioned that the supplies now being
stowed away in the hold of this big
steamer mark an initial expenditure
of \$275,000. The Massapequa will sail
from New York on Tuesday. Other
steamers laden with food and other
supplies are to follow quickly.

The Foundation has announced its
decision to succor the starving and
helpless non-combatants only after a
careful survey of the situation and
the discovery that never in recent
history has a condition of such mis-
ery and hardship presented itself to
any philanthropic institution.

First battalion of the King's Royal
Rifles Corps. His sister, the Princess
Victoria Eugenie Julie Eno, married
in 1906 King Alfonso of Spain.

Prince Maurice Victor Donald was
the fourth child of the late Prince
Henry of Battenberg, and the Princess
Beatrice, ninth child of Queen Vic-
toria of England.

He was born on Oct. 3, 1891, at
Balmoral, and was a Lieutenant in the

Girl Accused of Killing Babe.

O. C. Hill, a young and pretty girl
of Laurel, Del., was placed in the
county jail by State Detective Thom-
as, charged with the murder of a
three-day-old infant by strangulation.
Harry Elliott, a married man, also of
Laurel, was held under \$10,000 bail as

GEN. VON FALKENHAYN.

Acting Chief of the German
General Staff.



Photo by American Press Association.

Battenberg Prince Dead.

Prince Maurice, of Battenberg, a
Lieutenant in the King's Royal Rifle
Corps, died in London from wounds
received at the front. He was twenty-
three years of age.

Sink German Cruiser.

A squadron of British torpedo boat
destroyers has sunk in the Adriatic
a German steamer which had been
converted into a cruiser, according to
a dispatch from Barcelona to the
Havas News agency.

The Barcelona correspondent says
this news appears in Publicidades, a
Spanish newspaper published at Gt-
braltar. The British destroyers re-
scued eighty-six members of the crew
of the German vessel.

Duke of Brunswick Wounded.

Official reports received in Berlin
state that Duke Ernest of Brunswick
has been seriously wounded in the
fighting in the Argonne forests, in
France, and that his wife has been
called to his bedside. The Duke of
Brunswick is a son-in-law of the
kaiser.

Phantom Debt Caused Crime.

D. J. Sinclair, a prominent banker,
of Steubenville, O., was shot twice
and seriously wounded in his private
banking room by Charles Gilmore, an
attorney, who then killed himself.
Gilmore imagined that Sinclair owed
him money.

Chokes Children to Death.

Roland Williamson, an attorney,
was arrested in Shreveport, La., ac-
cused of choking to death his eight-
year-old daughter and an infant son.
Williamson was found wandering
near his home in his night clothes. He
is believed to be insane.

German Girl Spy Shot.

A German girl spy was caught out-
side of Petrograd. She was imme-
diately court-martialed and shot. Her
clothes were lined with admirably ex-
ecuted plans of Kronstadt and other
military stations.

German Submarine Sunk.

The London Daily Mail's corre-
spondent on the allies' left wing re-
ports that a German submarine boat
which attacked the British battleship
Venerable off the Belgian coast had
been sunk.

GENERAL MARKETS

PHILADELPHIA — FLOUR quiet;
winter clear, \$4.75@4.90; city mills,
fancy, \$4.60@4.75.

WHEAT firm; No. 2 red, \$1.11 1/2@
1.15.

CORN steady; No. 2 yellow, 83 1/2@
84c.

OATS firm; No. 2 white, 53 1/2@54c;
lower grades, 52c.

POTATOES steady; per bushel, 15
@16c.

POLTRY: Live steady; hens, 13
@15c; old roosters, 11@12c. Dressed
firm; choice fowls, 11c; old roosters,
13 1/2c.

BUTTER firm; fancy creamery, 36c.
EGGS steady; selected, 29 @ 31c;
nearby, 35c; western, 36c.

Live Stock Prices.

CHICAGO—HOGS steady; bulk of
sales, \$7.30@7.50; light, \$7.05@7.55;
mixed, \$7.10@7.55; heavy, \$7.10@
7.55; rough, \$7.10@7.20; pigs, \$6.50@
6.60.

CATTLE higher; no buyers, steers
or stock

A WIDOW FROM AFAR

Concerning the Love Affairs of a Father and His Son.

By GRACE KERRIGAN.

(Copyright, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

When a farm passes to other hands it is an event of importance to farmers for five miles around. If the buyer is a stranger in the county it is more than an event. If the buyer is a widow who has come all the way from Kansas to buy a farm in Ohio, it is an event outranking a cyclone in which 20 barns are overturned.

Yes, James Sheldon had sold his farm.

He had sold it for cash down.

He had got his price for it.

Yes, he had sold it to a widow from Kansas.

Yes, she was going to farm it herself.

Yes, she thought she knew her business.

The Ingham County Sun gave these particulars, and it was a county paper to be depended on. It had never predicted the coming of the grasshopper or the tater bug but that the insects showed up on time. True, the Sun, while on the subject, might have stated whether the Widow Darrow would get married again if she had a good chance, and whether she was homely or handsome, but it was silent on those points.

Farmer Sheldon moved out and the Widow Darrow moved in.

The day she moved in about fifty people passed the farmhouse. The object of each and every one was to catch sight of her, though every last one of them had seen widows by the dozen.

The farm adjoining on the west belonged to Joab Waycroft, a widower with one son. His name was Moses, and he had hinted around that he should marry soon after his majority, if he could find the right party. His father was not quite fifty yet, and though he had thrown out no hints he intended to double up again when chance came his way.

Of course the Sheldons had told the Waycrofts that they were going to sell, but they could tell nothing about the widow, as she had bought through an agent, and was not to arrive until a certain date. The evening previous to the date Mr. Waycroft carelessly remarked to his son: "So the widder arrives tomorrow."

"Yep," was the reply.

"I wonder what time?"

"She'll be in Medina on the early train, and by the time she drives out here it will be ten o'clock."

"You seem to know a hull lot about it, Moses."

"Ain't it my duty to keep track of the widders?"

"Don't be a fool!"

After this admonition there was silence for five minutes.

"She comes as a stranger and I s'pose I order go over there and bid her welcome to our midst," the father said.

"Oh, there'll be at least a dozen there."

"Who said so?"

"I've heard 'em say so, and I shall be one of 'em."

"What in punk you goin' fur?"

"To take her by the hand and welcome her, of course. That's only manners. We don't want her to think we are a couple of heathens."

"Moses, I run this farm!"

"You do, dad."

"And this house!"

"Yep."

"And our manners!"

"Not disputed."

"It's for me, as head of the house, to go over there and welcome the widder as a naybur, and for you to finish hoeing that patch of corn."

"But you orter put a new handle in that hoe," protested Moses.

"Never you mind about me, but do as I tell you."

"I wanted to see her the first thing and warn her agin some of the old widowers around here who are half crazy to marry anything that comes along."

"Moses, do you mean me?"

"Of course not, dad. You are neither old nor would you marry again, even if a princess offered herself."

"Well, you had best be a little more careful of your words."

Nothing further was said that night nor until after breakfast next morning. Then the father observed: "I s'pose others will be there, and I had better wear my Sunday suit."

"For sure, dad. You'll probably have quite a talk with her. Will you mention me?"

"What for?"

"Why, tell her your son will call soon."

"You may not call for a year. Get the chores done up and then go for that corn."

Farmer Waycroft had an hour's work yet to do before he could leave the house. He had been to the village a couple of days before and purchased a bottle of hair dye. This must go on to his gray whiskers to knock five years off his age. There was an odor of bad eggs and sulphur, but the farmer stood it for the sake of results. When the job was finished and he surveyed himself in the glass he smiled and nodded.

"Moses will notice it, of course, but I'll tell him that I upset a bottle of ink on my whiskers. If he says he don't believe it I'll turn to and lick him, old as he is!"

thanked everybody, but hadn't much time to talk. Farmer Waycroft was aware that she glanced at his whiskers with a smile, but whether of approval or not he couldn't exactly make out. He found her to be a brisk little woman of less than forty, and he did some pleasant thinking as he walked home. Moses was hoeing corn most furiously, and the father suspected something, but waited till evening to ask:

"Moses, did you go over to the widder's?"

"Why, I jest ran over to see if she got here safe."

"But I told you to keep away from there."

"Look here, dad, I'm not a kid. I'm twenty years old. I'm working for you as a hired man, but you mustn't try to boss me about outside things. If I can marry a nice widder with a nice farm I'm goin' to do it."

"But this one is ten or fifteen years older than you are."

"I have read that true love takes no account of years."

"I'm a-tellin' you agin, young man, to keep away from the widder!" almost shouted the father. "I'm not goin' to see a son of mine make a fool of himself if I can help it."

"Thanks, dad, but what about them whiskers of yours?"

"Moses, can't a father spill ink on his whiskers without bein' insulted about it? I he can't then you had better draw your wages and dig out o' here!"

That was the beginning of a thing that lasted three months and caused much rancor. Moses refused to be convinced that a young man of his age shouldn't have matrimonial designs against a widow even ninety years old, and the father kept his whiskers colored a jet black and put his best foot foremost. There was hardly an evening but that one or the other called, and by tacit consent they divided the evenings. One sat sulking at home while the other was absent, and when the absent one walked into the house he was greeted with:

"So you hung on until the widder had to kick you out!"

"On the contrary, she wanted to know what my great hurry was to get home."

"I'll bet she hoped you'd never come again!"

"Why, she asked why I didn't come oftener!"

Their habit had been to work together in the field—to sit and smoke and talk together—to take turns about cooking and to eat together, but all this was changed. Both went to Farmer Oxford at different times to ask a favor. When it was the father he said:

"I want you to talk to Moses. That boy is making a perfect dum fool of himself. He is in love with the Widder Darrow, and he thinks she is idiot nuff to take up with a boy of his age. Talk to him and make him understand what a ninny he is."

And when it was Moses he would say:

"You have noticed dad's whiskers, of course?"

"Wall, yes, I've kinda noticed 'em."

"And smelt 'em?"

"Jest a whiff or two now and then."

"What d'ye s'pose he dyed 'em fur?"

"I don't know."

"To make the Widder Darrow think he is ten years younger'n what he is! Talk to him and tell him what a fool he is. By George, but when an old man gets giddy what a circus he makes of himself! Talk to dad. Tell him to wash off that dye and go to reading his Bible and prepare for the grave!"

This state of affairs continued for weeks, and after a bit the widow Darrow had knowledge of it. She had a vein of devilry, and she helped it along in a way. She kept both father and son from talking love, but was charmingly friendly and time went on until the father said to himself one day:

"I am goin' right over there tonight and pop the question."

And, curious coincidence, Moses thought and said the same thing.

They dodged each other at the house and met at the widow's gate.

They glared at each other. They breathed hard. They breathed harder. They were about to clinch in deadly conflict when the widow came tripping down to say:

"When I left Kansas I was engaged to a nice man. He will be here tomorrow, and we are to be married the day after. You are both invited to the wedding."

Looking Ahead.

The weather is capricious on the Bay of Fundy and weatherwise ones are in demand with summer tourists.

"And can you really tell what the weather will be tomorrow?" inquired a lady of an old salt.

"No, mum," said he promptly. "It's as much as I can do to tell what the weather will be today."

That's Right.

Clancy was somewhat amazed when he saw the throng that came to attend poor Casey's wake.

"Begorra," mused Clancy, "a man never knows how many friends he has until they come to his funeral."

Forty Years.

Marie—That's a beautiful gown you have on!

Molly—Do you know that lace is forty years old?

Marie—That so? Make it yourself!

Effect and Cause.

"I saw John eating in one of those serve-self places today."

HAVE FOOLISH ROW, THEN GET MARRIED

Sweethearts Ask Warrants for Each Other, but Secure Marriage License Instead.

GIRL STARTED THINGS

Swore They Would Never Rest Until Each Had Unplugged All Troubles in the World on the Head of the Other.

Los Angeles, Cal.—Grace Belle Sumy had Asa H. Hoffman had a foolish fuss several days ago. Grace is dark and attractive, and is proprietress of an active institution which she calls her temper. Asa is better natured, young, and not ineligible to the rank of Romeo.

Both are photographers, both photograph for their living, both think they know the best methods of making both the photographs and the living. They had intended to get married, but when Asa said that Grace was bungling her finishing work on the photos, Grace told him some things about his labor that were not complimentary or conciliatory.

That started things and they swore they would never rest until each had unplugged all the troubles in the world on the head of the other. Things reached such a stage that Grace trotted up to city prosecutor's office with her woes. She wanted Asa Hoffman, the terrible thing, arrested. What charge? Oh, any charge, just to get him behind the bars.

The city prosecutor could not be so obliging.

While Grace was in the office, a deputy was listening to the troubles of Asa Hoffman. He wanted Grace arrested, just to teach her a lesson. When each began to analyze the trouble, each found it very small. Each was in rather a shamed mood. Each rose to go.

The door to Mr. McKeeby's office opened and Grace walked out. She walked directly against Asa Hoffman, who was standing ready to leave Deputy City Prosecutor Morton's office.

"You!" said Grace.

"You!" said Asa.

They looked, they frowned, and they smiled. "Let's forget it," said Asa.

"All right, you naughty boy," said Grace.

"Let's get married," said Asa.

"When?" asked Grace.

"Now."

"How?"

"Wow!" was all Asa exclaimed, and he fled for the license bureau.

While Grace was waiting for the groom-to-be to return, Police Judge



She Wanted Asa Hoffman, the Terrible Thing, Arrested.

White dropped into Prosecutor's McKeeby's office to discuss a case. Back came Asa with the license, and also a ring.

Police Judge White married them, City Prosecutor McKeeby gave the bride away, and the bride kissed them both and said they were just lovely.

But the congratulations had to be short, for there was a woman waiting to tell the city prosecutor how her husband had beaten her.

TWO MONKEYS RAISE TUMULT IN OFFICES

Pets of Curator of Animal Park Do Hand Springs on Phone Wires

New York.—All the monkeys in the New York Zoological park are jealous of Koko and Nigger, who have been so cunning and playful that they have been granted the privilege of a special cage in an anteroom of Raymond L. Ditmars' office in the reptile house.

There seems to be no limit to the funmaking of the mischievous little apes. Even Miss Marcela Burke, the secretary of Mr. Ditmars, who almost daily is forced to halt her work to stop the depredations of Koko and Nigger, confesses it's beyond her power to check the skylarking every



She Will Coax Them With a Banana or an Orange.

time Koko and Nigger are allowed in the curator's office.

Koko and Nigger are of the woolly species of ape, and are pets of Dr. William T. Hornaday, director of the park, as well as favorites with almost everybody who comes in contact with them.

"Peck's bad boys" was the title given them by Mr. Ditmars, when, on arrival at his office the other day, he found Miss Burke holding Koko and Nigger in her arms trying to persuade them to be good.

Every morning at 9 o'clock Koko and Nigger are allowed their liberty, so that Richard Palmer, their keeper, may clean out their cages. The nearest place is the curator's office, and they scramble into it. Nothing is spared. A hand spring on the telephone wire follows a trapeze act on the cotrack. Koko vies with Nigger to see who can reach the top of Mr. Ditmars' desk first, and in the scramble the telephone instrument falls to the floor, and the ink well turns a somersault over upon the official correspondence.

The little apes retreat out the window at the approach of every one except Miss Burke. But if she calls "Koko, don't do that," or "Nigger, come over here," they do as she says, for Miss Burke has the knack of handling them. If kind words do not lure the mischief makers, she will coax them with a banana or an orange until she gets them in her grasp for a severe chastising.

But disciplining Koko or Nigger is about as effective as it would be to try to puncture a cathedral wall with a brickbat. They simply don't know what good behavior means, and only when they have run till weary of their gambols will they go back into the "coop."

MUSIC CHARMS A BLACKSNAKE

Reptile Was About to Attack When the Man Played a Mouth Organ.

York, Pa.—With a classic selection played on a mouth organ, William H. Harding of Spring Grove took the fight out of a six-foot blacksnake that showed every disposition to attack him.

Harding was strolling through a grove near Nashville, when he happened to glance aloft and observed the snake coiled on a limb and preparing to drop down upon him.

Recalling stories of snakes charmed by music, Harding leaped aside and drawing his mouth organ from his pocket began to reel out a plaintive strain.

The effect was like magic. The reptile swayed with the music until it lost its grip and fell to the ground, where it lay as though lifeless. Harding stopped playing, and immediately the snake glided off into the brush.

Stops Bullet Instead of Baseball.

Middletown, N. Y.—When Frederick Owen, fourteen years old, jumped to catch a fly at a baseball game a bullet pierced his right arm. The missile was fired from a revolver in the hands of George Sherer, a chum, who had been shooting blank cartridges and was not aware that one had a bullet in it.

Dreamed Wife's Disloyalty.

Chicago.—Peter Collins admitted that his allegations of misconduct against his wife were based on a dream, in which he saw her kissing

ROMANTIC OLD ARRAS

NO MORE PICTURESQUE CITY TO BE SEEN IN FRANCE.

Has Been Much of French History in the Making and Is Today a Commercial Point of Importance.

The picturesque old city of Arras, where the Franco-British forces concentrated in huge numbers to check the German advance, and where the British fell back after the Germans occupied Cambrai, must have waked up and rubbed its antique eyes to see its quondam foe within its gates as allies of its beloved country. For Arras was within the triangle over which the English fought in the fifteenth century.

The base of the triangle was the sea line from Harfleur to Calais, and the apex was Paris. This is also the ground over which some of the fiercest battles of the present war raged.

For thirty years the English battled until nothing was left of their French territory except the Norman isles and the newer conquest of Calais and its small territory. At last, in 1435, at the peace of Arras, Philip of Burgundy, "solemnly" forsook the English alliance, and the English power in France fell back.

This old town, which dates back to the time of Caesar, is 100 miles north-east from Paris, and has a population of something like 25,000 people. While it is most painful to think of this once great art center as an industrial place, one must, when he recalls the oil works, dye works, breweries and the manufactories of hosiery, lace, beet sugar, soap and earthenware, which make it today a twentieth century commercial town.

However, its glory cannot depart while the beautiful townhouse, dating from the sixteenth century, the citadel partly gone, erected by Vauban, marshal of France and the greatest military engineer of the seventeenth century, and the tall, imposing houses in the Flemish style overlooking the fine squares, with the upper stories projecting over the footway, remain.

These topheavy looking houses were built in a time when a man's house was indeed his castle, and the projecting upper stories were used to wage warfare on the enemy in the narrow street below. The modern armies with their wonderful and numerous equipment of war must often find it difficult to get through these narrow streets in the old towns of France and Germany. They are better suited to the time when men fought hand to hand, and warfare was a matter of individual bravery.

That wonderful tapestry in the Angers cathedral, which represents scenes from the Apocalypse, was made in Arras, and some of the finest pieces used in the decorations of the field of the cloth of gold.

Robespierre, the most famous and fanatical of the republican leaders of the French revolution, was born there in 1758, and later became a criminal judge and a member of the academy. He was one of the dandies and beaux of Arras, setting the fashion in clothes, and astonishing the most exquisite with the richness of his laces and dress. This is difficult to believe when one's vision of him is always in the bonnet rouge of the revolutionist, standing, with impassioned eloquence, encouraging the people.

Woman Raises Rodents.

A correspondent of "Table Talk" tells of a Massachusetts woman who makes a good living as a breeder of rats, dancing mice and guinea pigs. The idea was first started by the purchase of a pair of the mice for her own amusement. They were very prolific, and while at first she gave away the young, when she found there was a good market for them she began to find more orders than she could fill.

With an invalid mother and in poor health herself, the necessity for earning a livelihood faced her and she decided to announce herself a breeder of fancy mice. After a while she was asked so often to supply rats and guinea pigs for medical laboratory use that she had to engage a housekeeper to run her home while she looked after her unique kennels. This woman, Miss Lathrop, now employs several men to run her farm to raise crops, the greater amount of which go to feed her rats, mice and guinea pigs.

The Man of the Hour.

See the censor. He censors all the time—morning, noon and night. When others are taking their much needed rest he keeps on censoring just the same.

War was becoming so well known that there was grave danger of its getting to be unpopular. When we have discovered all there is to know about a thing we generally lose interest in it. The censor was therefore called in to fan the mystery. He loves to keep everybody guessing.

Every censor has probably once been an editor. The main business of editors is to cut out everything interesting.

To be a first-class censor one must be able to keep a secret. There are no woman censors.

Censors owe their existence to war. Will they die out or become obsolete? We cannot answer this question perfectly, but judging from present indications, we have an idea that there

A NURSE TAKES DOCTOR'S ADVICE

And is Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Euphemia, Ohio.—"Because of total ignorance of how to care for myself when verging into womanhood,

W. L. DOUGLAS



YOU CAN SAVE MONEY BY WEARING W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES.

For 25 years W. L. Douglas has guaranteed the value by saving his name and the retail price on the sole of the shoe. The reason for this is that the shoe is made of the best material and is made in the best way. It is a shoe that is always worth what you pay for it. If you could see how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, and how the good makers would not understand why they look better, it better hold their heads. W. L. Douglas shoes are not for sale in your vicinity, order direct from factory. Shoes sent everywhere. Write for the 11-page color picture book showing how to order by mail. W. L. DOUGLAS, 26 Sparks St., Boston, Mass.

ANECDOTES.

Speaking of humorists brings us to the fact that no man living can look quite so solemn when producing humor as Irvin S. Cobb, the well known comedian to the Saturday Evening Post. When Cobb was on the staff of one of the big New York newspapers he did various news assignments, some of them mighty serious and others that gave him a chance for comedy. It was a standing joke about the office that anybody could look at Cobb as he bent over his typewriter and tell which kind of yarn he was writing. If his face was all wrinkled up with solemnity like a bloodhound's, with a sad look about the eyes such as one rarely sees except in an undertaker's hostler, Cobb was preparing something that would make hosts of people laugh.

NEVER HAD A CHILL.

After taking Elixir BARKER. My little daughter, 10 years old, suffered nearly a year with chills and fever, most of the time under the doctor's care. I was discouraged and a friend advised me to try Elixir BARKER. I gave it to her and she has never had a chill since. It completely cured her. Mrs. Cyrus Heims, 308 E. St., N. E., Washington, D. C. Elixir BARKER 50 cents, all druggists or by Parcel Post prepaid from Kioscoff & Co., Washington, D. C.

St. Petersburg.

The city of St. Petersburg (recently renamed Petrograd by the czar) was founded by Peter the Great in the year 1703. He called it the "window through which he could look out upon Europe."

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Charles H. Fletcher* In Use For Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

Waived.

"Tommy, how often must I tell you to wash your hands?"

"You needn't at all, mother."—Judge.

Money for Christmas.

Selling guaranteed wear-proof hostelry to friends & neighbors. Big Xmas business. Wear-Proof Mills, 3200 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.—Adv.

Her Reason.

Tom—Why were you weeping in the picture show?

Jess—It was a moving picture.—Judge.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets first put up 40 years ago. They regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated tiny granules. Adv.

Disappointed Wife.

"Just my luck! Sez 'e can't go to the front because 'e's a married man."—London Opinion.

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU Why Murine Eye Remedy For Red, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. No Stinging—Just Eye Comfort. Write for Book of the Eye by mail free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Once in about seven thousand years a man manages to hit the mark when he shoots off his mouth.

The mule that gets in the first kick usually wins the scrap.

IF you feel that you are smoking too many cigars, try Fatima cigarettes. They cost less, last longer, and are more wholesome.

Loggatt & Myers Tobacco Co.

20 for 15¢ FATIMA TURKISH CIGARETTES

20 for 15¢ FATIMA TURKISH CIGARETTES

20 for 15¢ FATIMA TURKISH CIGARETTES

20 for 15¢ FATIMA TURKISH CIGARETTES

20 for 15¢ FATIMA TURKISH CIGARETTES

20 for 15¢ FATIMA TURKISH CIGARETTES

20 for 15¢ FATIMA TURKISH CIGARETTES

20 for 15¢ FATIMA TURKISH CIGARETTES

20 for 15¢ FATIMA TURKISH CIGARETTES

20 for 15¢ FATIMA TURKISH CIGARETTES

20 for 15¢ FATIMA TURKISH CIGARETTES

20 for 15¢ FATIMA TURKISH CIGARETTES

ALOST RUINED BY THE GERMAN SHELLS



This scene of ruin and desolation shows the almost irreparable damage done to Alost by the rain of German shells that swept through the one time capital of Flanders. The famous church of St. Martin, whose tower and spire are seen rising above the ruins, was but slightly injured.

FIGHT ALONG CANAL

Britisher Tells of Birthday Present From Kaiser.

English Soldier, Although Wounded, Keeps Up Lively Fusillade Upon Ranks of Approaching Germans—Another Version of Sea Fight.

London.—Private G. A. Turner, now lying wounded in the London hospital, sends the following account home of one day's fighting in France.

"I am still lying, though a bit knocked about. I got a birthday present from the Kaiser. On Sunday, 23d, we had rifle inspection at 11 a. m., and were ordered to fall in for bathing parade at 11:30. While we were waiting for another company to return from the river the Germans commenced to shell the town. We fell in about 1 p. m., an hour and a half afterwards, to go to the scene of the attack. Shells were bursting in the streets as we went. We crossed a bridge over the canal under artillery fire, and stood doing nothing behind a mill on the bank for some time.

"Then some one cried out that the Germans were advancing along the canal bank, and our company was ordered to go along. Then the Germans opened fire with their guns at about five hundred yards with shrapnel, and the scene that followed beggars description. Several of us were laid full length behind a wooden fence about half an inch thick. The German shells burst about three yards in front of it. It was blown to splinters in about ten minutes. None of us expected to get out alive.

"They kept us there about an hour before they gave us the word to retire. I had just turned round to go back when I stopped one. It hits you with an awful thump, and I thought it had caught me at the bottom of the spine, as it numbed my legs for about half an hour.

"When I found I could not walk, I gave it up, just after I got my first view of the Germans. They were coming out of a wood about four hundred yards away, all in a heap together, so I thought as I was done for I would get a bit of my own back, and so I started pumping a bit of lead into them.

"I stuck there for about three-quarters of an hour, and fired all my own ammunition and a lot belonging to

trench to dry himself in the sun.

"Indeed, monsieur! Those fellows are the color of an earthworm. You can't see them, while our pants are loud enough to be seen for miles. But we can't well do without them—can we?"

In his dispatch the correspondent points out that the German medical service is far superior to the French, who, as he alleges lack even some of the necessary surgical instruments and needed housing for the wounded. The effects of the German artillery fire are characterized by the correspondent as "indescribably terrible."

Must Have Bath and Tea.

Paris.—No matter how great the danger, the British soldiers will not be kept from their bath or their tea. Between two recent attacks on a town the British officers took tea and the men had a "tub" in the river.

Free Shaves for Wounded.

Petrograd.—The Moscow barbers' guild has offered to shave and cut the hair of wounded soldiers free of charge.

but several of the principal theaters have reduced the prices to \$2.

Although there was no hard and fast rule, there was a custom, which only a few independent people had the temerity to violate, that every occupant of the stalls should wear evening dress.

The exceedingly fashionable theaters controlled by Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree and Sir George Alexander, were among the first to recognize that war is a time when formalities are at a discount.

WAR ENDS DRESS SUIT RULE

London Theaters Discover Formalities Are Not Observed in Troublesome Times.

London.—The war has brought about two innovations in the leading London theaters, a reduction of prices and the privilege of sitting in the best seats without wearing evening dress.

The stalls of London houses, which correspond to orchestra seats in America, are ordinarily sold at \$2.50,

BERLIN IN WARTIMES

City Aflame With Enthusiasm When War Is Declared.

Emperor Received Plaudits of People With a Stern and Inscrutable Face—Ordinary Life of Metropolis Not Normal.

By HERBERT TEMPLE.

London.—Dr. H. J. Poutama, secretary of the Railway Men's union of South Africa, has just arrived in London from Berlin and tells an interesting story of conditions there since the war began.

Doctor Poutama is one of the nine labor leaders who were deported from South Africa several months ago in connection with the general strike there. He was in Berlin for six weeks after the outbreak of war and had a rather exciting time making his way slowly to England. He said:

"I left Berlin ten days ago, and have just arrived in England. My stay in the German capital will be unforgettable.

"At the risk of my life I left Berlin with my wife and children on that date with a Dutch passport I had been lucky enough to obtain. With the help of my knowledge of the Dutch language and through the kindness of a foreign ambassador, I managed to slip over the border into Holland.

"When it became known that Germany had declared war, the whole of Berlin was aflame with an enormous enthusiasm. The streets were dense with marching throngs singing the patriotic songs of the Fatherland, and making their way to the Kaiser's palace.

"There was at that time a confident belief that Great Britain would remain neutral. Just after Great Britain had entered the conflict I was told that no British subject would be allowed to leave the country, and I had to report myself every day to the police. I had in my possession an English passport which I had taken out only two hours before England sent her ultimatum to Germany.

"During my enforced stay in the capital I saw the entrance of the Kaiser, the Kaiserin and the crown prince with his wife and the princes from Potsdam. It was a scene of the wildest enthusiasm. The picture of the emperor is a vivid memory. He did not bow once in acknowledgment of the shouts of the crowd. The crown prince and his wife nodded and smiled continually, but the emperor sat with one hand at his golden helmet, stern and inscrutable, a figure of destiny.

"Scenes very different from these occurred on the arrival of the refugees from eastern Prussia in consequence of the Russian advance. They came in thousands, rich and poor alike, packed in freight cars, with all their belongings in small handbags or bundles. The women and children were crying. Their arrival created a very bad impression in Berlin, and gave rise to alarming speculations that the Russians would be in Berlin before they were expected.

"Meanwhile the ordinary life of the city was not quite normal, although the authorities did their best to keep it so. Food prices were regulated by the government as one step to keep off panic. From my house I could see Zeppelins and aeroplanes continually circling overhead. Nearly all the tram conductors had gone to the war and the trams were equipped with women conductors, chiefly wives of the conscript tram-men.

"It must be said that the organization and equipment of the German army is remarkable and the mobilization went like clockwork. There is a feeling of cocksureness about victory in Berlin. The people feel that Belgium was stupid not to allow Germany to march through, and that the severe punishment inflicted is quite just."

FRENCH LOSS MOUNTS HIGH

Three Hundred Thousand Slain and Wounded Up to and Including Battle of Marne.

New York.—A letter received by a New York physician from a reputable source in France contains the startling information that the French losses (killed, wounded and prisoners) for the six weeks' fighting up to and including the battle of the Marne were slightly over 300,000, perhaps 310,000.

These losses are exclusive of the British casualties, which, the writer says, "have been fairly large in comparison to the small number of their engaged army."

If credence may be placed in the French statements that in most cases the German losses were larger than those sustained by the French, it would seem to be a fair estimate of the German losses, in killed, wounded and prisoners, for the same six weeks at close to 500,000 men in the western theater of war alone, not taking into account their losses in the fighting against the Russians.

When people are cutting off their luxuries and many in mourning or oppressed with anxiety for relatives at the front, theatergoing suffers a sharp decline. In the interests of the many people who depend upon them for a living, the managers are doing their best to keep their houses open.

Flattering Him.

Mrs. Green—"Do you ever flatter your husband?" Mrs. Wyse—"Yes, I sometimes ask his advice about things."—Boston Transcript.

Nervous Emotional Dizzy Depressed

DR. PIERCE'S Favorite Prescription

is the soothing, cordial and womanly tonic that brings about an invigorating calm to the nervous system. Overcomes the weakness and the dragging pains which resemble the pains of rheumatism. Thousands of women in the past forty years can bear witness to its benefits.

Your dealer in medicine sells it in fluid or sugar-coated tablet form; or you can send 50-cent stamps for a trial box of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription tablets. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets Regulate and Invigorate Stomach, Liver and Bowels, Sugar-Coated Tiny Granules.

DR. FARRNEY'S TEETHING SYRUP

Expels from the stomach and bowels the things that make baby cry in the night. Lets mother and baby sleep all night and get a good rest. Cures Colic in ten minutes! Is a splendid medicine for Parvosis, Cholera, Stomach, and Sour Stomach. You can't get anything better for peevish, ailing, pale, skinny, under-acted babies. As cents at drug stores. Trial Bottle FREE by mail of Dr. D. Farrney & Son, Hagerstown, Md., if you mention this paper.

LET'S BABY SLEEP ALL NIGHT.

NOVEL IDEA IN WILL MAKING

French Farmer Had Little Money to Leave, but at Least He Could Show His Good Will.

Two New York business men were one day discussing the purchase by one of them of a certain mercantile concern with which, the buyer explained, had come the "good will."

"I hope this 'good will,'" said the friend, "is greater than that of the old French farmer."

"I never heard the story."

"Here it is: The farmer was dying, and he sent for the notary to make out the will. Propped up in bed, he dictated:

"To Jean Marcel, our superb coiffeur, 10,000 francs.

"I bequeath 15,000 francs to the fearless Alphonse Bayard, that he may continue his valuable aeronautical experiments.

"To Pierre Deschamps, chemist, 10,000 francs as a mark of affection.

"To my physician, Monsieur Leclair, 15,000 francs.

"To our eloquent pastor, 25,000 francs, to continue the restoration of—"

"But, my dear sir," interrupted the notary, "I don't believe you have all that money to leave."

"I know very well I haven't," said the farmer, calmly, "but I want to show them my good will."—Youth's Companion.

Buzzard Carries Off Dog.

Eagles are said to be game enough and strong enough to carry off almost anything from a man to a cat, but the first instance known when a buzzard carried off a dog was witnessed on a recent afternoon. The incident happened a few miles from Bessemer.

A very brave little fox terrier was endeavoring to chase off a large buzzard that had alighted on the ground. He only succeeded in making the buzzard fly close to the ground for a short distance. The buzzard stopped on a short stump and waited for the dog, which came barking around the root of the stump.

The buzzard, seeing his chance, jumped from the stump, seized the dog in its mouth and claws, and flew to a thicket near by.—Birmingham (Ala.) Dispatch to the Atlanta Journal.

When a girl looks miserable even a wise man can't tell whether it is because of a broken heart or an aching corn.

They say it's good luck to pick up pins, but you can't make the boy who works in a bowling alley believe it.

FOUND OUT.

A Trained Nurse Discovered Its Effect.

No one is in better position to know the value of food and drink than a trained nurse.

Speaking of coffee, a nurse in Pa. writes: "I used to drink strong coffee myself, and suffered greatly from headaches and indigestion.

"While on a visit to my brothers I had a good chance to try Postum, for they drank it altogether in place of coffee. After using Postum two weeks I found I was much benefited and finally my headaches disappeared and also the indigestion.

"Naturally I have since used Postum among my patients, and have noticed a marked benefit where coffee has been left off and Postum used.

WOMEN who are restless, with constant change of position, nervous, who are abnormally excitable, or the experience fainting or dizzy spells, or nervous headache and wakefulness are usually suffering from the weakness of their sex.

DR. PIERCE'S Favorite Prescription

is the soothing, cordial and womanly tonic that brings about an invigorating calm to the nervous system. Overcomes the weakness and the dragging pains which resemble the pains of rheumatism. Thousands of women in the past forty years can bear witness to its benefits.

Your dealer in medicine sells it in fluid or sugar-coated tablet form; or you can send 50-cent stamps for a trial box of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription tablets. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets Regulate and Invigorate Stomach, Liver and Bowels, Sugar-Coated Tiny Granules.

DR. FARRNEY'S TEETHING SYRUP

Expels from the stomach and bowels the things that make baby cry in the night. Lets mother and baby sleep all night and get a good rest. Cures Colic in ten minutes! Is a splendid medicine for Parvosis, Cholera, Stomach, and Sour Stomach. You can't get anything better for peevish, ailing, pale, skinny, under-acted babies. As cents at drug stores. Trial Bottle FREE by mail of Dr. D. Farrney & Son, Hagerstown, Md., if you mention this paper.

LET'S BABY SLEEP ALL NIGHT.

NOVEL IDEA IN WILL MAKING

French Farmer Had Little Money to Leave, but at Least He Could Show His Good Will.

Two New York business men were one day discussing the purchase by one of them of a certain mercantile concern with which, the buyer explained, had come the "good will."

"I hope this 'good will,'" said the friend, "is greater than that of the old French farmer."

"I never heard the story."

"Here it is: The farmer was dying, and he sent for the notary to make out the will. Propped up in bed, he dictated:

"To Jean Marcel, our superb coiffeur, 10,000 francs.

"I bequeath 15,000 francs to the fearless Alphonse Bayard, that he may continue his valuable aeronautical experiments.

"To Pierre Deschamps, chemist, 10,000 francs as a mark of affection.

"To my physician, Monsieur Leclair, 15,000 francs.

"To our eloquent pastor, 25,000 francs, to continue the restoration of—"

"But, my dear sir," interrupted the notary, "I don't believe you have all that money to leave."

"I know very well I haven't," said the farmer, calmly, "but I want to show them my good will."—Youth's Companion.

Buzzard Carries Off Dog.

Eagles are said to be game enough and strong enough to carry off almost anything from a man to a cat, but the first instance known when a buzzard carried off a dog was witnessed on a recent afternoon. The incident happened a few miles from Bessemer.

A very brave little fox terrier was endeavoring to chase off a large buzzard that had alighted on the ground. He only succeeded in making the buzzard fly close to the ground for a short distance. The buzzard stopped on a short stump and waited for the dog, which came barking around the root of the stump.

The buzzard, seeing his chance, jumped from the stump, seized the dog in its mouth and claws, and flew to a thicket near by.—Birmingham (Ala.) Dispatch to the Atlanta Journal.

When a girl looks miserable even a wise man can't tell whether it is because of a broken heart or an aching corn.

They say it's good luck to pick up pins, but you can't make the boy who works in a bowling alley believe it.

FOUND OUT.

A Trained Nurse Discovered Its Effect.

No one is in better position to know the value of food and drink than a trained nurse.

Speaking of coffee, a nurse in Pa. writes: "I used to drink strong coffee myself, and suffered greatly from headaches and indigestion.

"While on a visit to my brothers I had a good chance to try Postum, for they drank it altogether in place of coffee. After using Postum two weeks I found I was much benefited and finally my headaches disappeared and also the indigestion.

The Cause Laid Bare

Tea and coffee drinkers often notice backache, headache, rheumatic pain, dizziness, drowsy, tired feelings, disturbed urination and other signs of kidney weakness. The constant use of narcotic or alcoholic drinks is very apt to irritate the kidneys, and weak kidneys need prompt help to avert all danger of drowsy, gravel or fatal Bright's disease. Avoid the use of stimulants, drink more water, get more rest, fresh air and exercise. To tone and strengthen the tired kidneys, use Doan's Kidney Pills, the most successful and highly recommended kidney remedy.

A Maryland Case

Mrs. E. Harmon, New York City, writes: "My kidneys were in such bad shape I was ordered to the hospital. There was constant use of narcotics and the passages were distressing. I got so dizzy at times someone had to help me about. My back pained me, and I was unable to eat anything except the white of an egg. Doctors failed, and finally I used Doan's Kidney Pills. They made me well and I have had no trouble since."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box. **DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS** FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Mrs. S. A. Allen's Hair Color Restorer

Never Fails Gives color and beauty to GRAY HAIR. More than half a century of success. If your hair is thinning, it will be sent you by parcel post. **MRS. S. A. ALLEN** 65 Barclay St. New York

Renews Your Youthful Appearance

The Wretchedness of Constipation

Can quickly be overcome by **CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**

Purely vegetable—act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, Indigestion. They do their duty. **SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.** Genuine must bear Signature.

W. N. U., BALTIMORE, MD. 40-104

RAWLEY'S REMEDIES

RAWLEY'S REMEDIES

RAWLEY'S REMEDIES

New OXFORD Item

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY
BY H. J. SMITH

Subscription—\$1.00 per annum, in advance—\$1.00
No subscription discontinued unless at the option of the
subscriber, and all arrears are paid. A full
rate to order a discontinuance at the expiration
of time paid for will be considered a new
engagement.
Advertisements inserted at reasonable rates—
based on the number of insertions and the position
of the advertisement.
For full particulars of every description—from the
smallest to the largest handbill or poster.

THURSDAY, NOV. 5, 1914.

HAGERSTOWN HAS BIG FIRE.

The biggest fire Hagerstown has ever had broke out shortly after one o'clock Wednesday morning and caused a loss estimated at \$400,000. Included in the ruins are: Antietam Garage, \$10,000; Seventy-five automobile, \$125,000; Cumberland Valley Box Company, \$15,000; Building of O. D. Shirley, \$31,500; Antietam Hall, \$30,000; total, \$225,000. Baldwin House, C. W. Boyer, propr., \$15,000; Hamilton Estate, owners, \$100,000; Other losses ranged from \$5,000, to \$8,000. To embattle the conflagration the Chambersburg and Winchester Fire companies were summoned and for more than four hours fought the stubborn blaze valiantly, preventing the destruction of the whole Baldwin Hotel building. The Antietam Garage, the Cumberland Valley Box Company and the O. D. Shirley Skating Rink, located in the Shirley building, and the Antietam Fire Company Hall, with the headquarters of Company B, Maryland National Guard, are ashes and are a total loss, together with about eighty automobiles. There were two separate blazes, the first in the Antietam Fire Company Hall and Antietam Garage, and the second at the Baldwin Hotel. The fireman had no sooner gotten the blaze at the former place under control than an alarm of fire was given from the Baldwin Hotel. It is thought this started in some chicken coops in the rear of the building. A lighted match in the hands of a man who went to the Antietam Garage to get his car caused an explosion that spread the fire throughout the garage, causing the first blaze.

With his face blackened and distorted and his mouth open as he had made his last gasps for breath, Augustus Troutman, 70 years old, for some years an inmate of the Cumberland county jail, Carlisle, was found hanging from a nail in his room in the tramp quarters about 7 o'clock Wednesday evening. Life was extinct when he was found and all facts point to suicide. The cause is one of several of a similar nature in less than a week in and near Carlisle. Solomon Baker, 65 years old, of Lisburn, tried to hang himself last week. Last Saturday James Steele, of Carlisle, took carbolic acid in an effort to end his life. Wednesday Charles Probst was found in an unconscious condition in a room over the Price Barber Shop, Carlisle. Troutman's case followed on the same day and the matter assumes the proportions of a suicide wave in that section. No reason is known why Troutman committed the act. Troutman hanged himself with his own belt. He has been in jail for two years and it is not known that he has any relatives.

Rev. Father Joseph Echterling, pastor of the St. Joseph's Catholic church, of Dallastown, York county died at the York hospital on Sunday night, at 11:30 o'clock from peritonitis, following an operation for appendicitis last Wednesday night. Father Echterling had only been sick since Monday, but his condition grew worse until Wednesday night when it became necessary to hurry him to the hospital in an automobile. His condition was pronounced grave by the surgeons in charge from the start. He was conscious to the end. Rev. Father Echterling has been the pastor at St. Joseph's church the past six months, having succeeded Rev. Father Koch, now rector at Conewago Chapel. Prior to that he served four years as the assistant at St. Joseph's church, Lancaster. Before going to Lancaster he was assistant to Rev. Fr. Breckel, at St. Mary's church in York.

"Give me those legs," said James Bussard, 43 years old, of Chestnut Grove, when he saw a man carrying his two limbs, just cut off by an eastbound freight train in the Brunswick railroad yards. He was being carried to a hospital. He knew that he had lost his legs and began looking for them. Seeing a man walking beside his stretcher with the two legs under his arms, he demanded that they be given back to him, that "the doctors can probably put them back on." Bussard, who was a trackman died a few minutes after, on the operating table in the Brunswick Hospital.

Hurrying to work at the York Manufacturing company's plant, where he was employed as a laborer, Howard Bankard, 15 years old, of York stepped in front of a Western Maryland railway shifting engine just west of the West York avenue crossing at 7 o'clock Friday morning and was killed. The youth tried to cross the track ahead of the locomotive and was caught under the wheels and his body ground to pieces. The youth was a son of Mrs. Ellen Bankard, of Taneytown, Md.

FIGHTING SHY OF

LARGE SALARIES.

Aside from those employed in the various borough high schools there are only eight Adams County teachers who receive more than the minimum salary allowed by law. This fact is disclosed by the current issue of the School Bulletin issued by County Supt. Roth. Of the 220 teachers in the county, 110 receive \$50 a month and 85 are paid \$40 a month. The School Code provides that no less than \$40 may be paid to any regular teacher, while those who have taught two years and have any certificate higher than provisional may demand \$50. This also applies to normal school graduates. Gettysburg pays the highest salaries. W. A. Burgoon, supervising principal, receives \$106 66 a month while other members of the high school faculty receive \$95 \$90, \$75 and less a month. Only one teacher outside of Gettysburg gets \$100 and that is Prof. Roy Knouse, principal of the Littlestown schools. Of the eight teachers in the county who do not teach in high schools and get more than the minimum salary three are in the Gettysburg schools, three in Conewago township, one in Liberty township and one in Biglerville.

TO BE RELEASED

BY CONNIE MACK.

All the baseball world received with great surprise the announcement on Sunday that Eddie Plank, Chas. A. Bender and John W. Coombs, than whom a greater trio of pitchers never performed at one time for the Athletics, had their names erased from the roster of the team they helped win five American League pennants. The famous trio was put on the market Sunday by Manager Connie Mack. Although he has only asked waivers on the three pitchers, this is thought to be a preliminary step to their outright release. In his statement to the public Connie Mack said: "While I had no intention of retaining the three pitchers for the 1915 season, I would not have asked for waivers on the players at this time, but for the fact that one of the three had told me he was talking business with the Federal League. He told me that he had been offered big money and did not suppose that we wanted to meet the offer. I suggested to this player that perhaps some of the other clubs in the league would meet his demand. I want it strictly understood that I am for the American League in victory or defeat." Plank's record for the 14 years he has been with the Athletics follows: Games played, 442; won, 283; lost, 159; percentage, .643.

Fire swept by the high wind totally destroyed the brick house, outbuildings and barn on the farm of Jacob Shelly, about two and a half miles southeast of Mechanicsburg, Wednesday afternoon. The men were working in the fields when fire was discovered about 3 o'clock in the rear part of the house. With the assistance of neighbors a large part of the household furnishings were saved but the wind carried the flames rapidly to the outbuildings and from them to the barn, which was a combined structure of wood and stone. All burned to the ground. With the exception of the stock, nothing in the barn was saved. The loss included fifty tons of hay, all of the season's crops and farming implements. The entire loss is estimated at about \$10,000.

One side of his face, including mouth and chin, torn away and the right eye torn out, Thomas Weir, a Waynesboro man whose wife and child live in Philadelphia, died at the hospital in Chambersburg, on Thursday morning. After a day spent in fishing, Weir, John Parvance and Guy Summers, also Waynesboro men, were returning home from Upton. Weir's companions were on the front seat of the wagon. They paid no attention to him, supposing he was asleep. When near Green Castle they discovered that Weir had fallen against a rear wheel. All of his teeth had been knocked out and his lower jaw fractured and torn from the socket.

Sedan Seachrist, about 40 years old, was rendered unconscious and badly injured in a runaway accident in which he was dragged for a distance of a mile, on the road near Red Lion, York county Friday afternoon, but was enabled to proceed on his way home after having his injuries dressed. His horse getting beyond control he was thrown from the team. In some manner that he was unable to explain, owing to his being rendered unconscious, he was caught and dragged.

Emanuel Brenneiman, 65 years old, of West York borough, dropped dead while at work in the Joseph Black & Sons' hosiery mill on Saturday afternoon. Mr. Brenneiman entered the plant and dropped dead a few minutes after assuming his duties.

Frank Smith, deputy forest warden of Frederick county, was shot from ambush while walking from a store to his home, near Yellow Springs, and is in a serious condition at the Frederick City Hospital. George Bartgis is accused of the shooting and is under arrest.

Daniel H. Detwiler, president of a stove company of Columbia, and also of the First National Bank of that town, has reached 86 years and attends to his usual daily chores and stunts.

Walter Ditz, of Pottsville, paid just \$10 each for three robins, which he shot and then paid \$20 more before Alderman F. S. Freiler because he was not wearing a hunter's license when apprehended.

The Littlestown National Bank has installed a new modern safe. It was made by the York Safe & Lock Co. It is made from Manganese steel, and is absolutely burglar proof, a reward of \$1,000 being offered to anyone who can break into it inside of 36 hours. The safe is equipped with a combination lock and a time lock. The door is 8 inches thick.

After the barn of Zaphaniah Force, of Woodbourne, had been burned at 7 o'clock on Sunday evening, the charred body of Hugh Costello was found in the ruins. Costello had been loading in the barn all day, not feeling well. It is believed that he smoked and went to sleep, thus setting the structure afire.

Andrew Bridge, a young Carlisle barber, was found dead in bed at the home of a friend, Harry M. Martin, in that place on Friday, by Martin, who went to a guest room for covers. Bridge drank a pint of alcohol on Monday evening, and got to his friend's home, where he died.

BEST COUGH MEDICINE FOR CHILDREN.
"Three years ago I was living in Pittsburg where one of my children had a hard cold and coughed dreadfully. Upon the advice of a druggist I purchased a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and it benefited him at once. I find it the best cough medicine for children because it is pleasant to take. They do not object to taking it," writes Mrs. Lafayette Tuck, Honor City, Pa. This remedy contains no opium or other narcotic, and may be given to a child as confidently as to an adult. Sold by all dealers.

When pegs holding a heavy "crab" in place, gave way while workmen were slowly moving a large house on the Toland estate, at Wynnewood, Frank White, of Ardmore, a workman, was flung 20 feet and his head was crushed.

Daniel F. Biehl, 75 years old, a civil war veteran, living as a recluse in a small shanty at Pricetown, Berks county was found dead on the floor of his hut. He lived alone more than twenty years.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County, ss.
I, Frank J. Cheney, make oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, Ohio, and State of Ohio, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.
FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1914.
(Seal) A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Public Sale!

Saturday, November 14th, 1914.

The undersigned will sell at public sale at his residence in Oxford township, Adams county, on road leading from New Oxford to Conewago Chapel, 2 miles from the former place and 1 mile East of Irish-town, the following personal property:—Three Horses, all good workers and drivers, 1 a fine leader, 2 Heat of Cattle, 1 Milch Cow, to be fresh during the winter; 1 Heifer 14 months old. Two horse wagons on 4 in tread, capacity 4000 lbs., good as new; spring wagon, 2 falling top buggies. McCormick mower, good as new; Milwaukee Self binder, in good order; new sulkey cultivator with double row planter attachment; new Ontario grain drill, 2 hay rakes, 1 self dump; H. & D. 15 tooth spring harrow, land roller, 4 long plows, 1 Wierd, 1 Wallace 1 Glen Rock, the other a Mountville; single and double shovel plows, corn forks, cutting box, double and singletrees, jockey sticks, log, cow breast chains, picks, mattocks, digging irons, scoop and ground shovels, 3 sets of frontgears, 2 sets of buggy harness, bridles, collars, halters, lines, and many other articles not mentioned. Sale to commence at 1 o'clock p. m., when terms will be made known by

JACOB MARKLE

Chas. Rinehart, Auct. G. D. Sheely, Clk.

The Item advertisements bring results.

Furniture!

The complete line of goods that fill our large rooms offers you a choice of everything needed to make your home comfortable and attractive. We not only show a big line of Furniture and Home Furnishings, but we are quoting

Special Low Prices.

UNDERTAKING
in all its branches, a Specialty. Both Phone.

W. A. FEISER,
Phila. St., New Oxford, Pa.

Executrix's Notice

ESTATE OF HENRIETTA LING, late of Mechanicsburg, Adams County, Pa. deceased.—Letters Testamentary on said estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted thereto are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the same, will present them without delay for settlement to the undersigned residing at Mechanicsburg.

ELLEN I. SHAEFFELTER, Executrix.

GEO. A. MILLER,

PAPER HANGER
AND DECORATOR

Philadelphia Street, New Oxford, Pa.
All Kinds of Wall Hanging at Moderate Prices. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

JOB PRINTING of every description executed at the Item office. Satisfaction guaranteed.

G. W. WEAVER & SON,

The Leaders.

WOMEN'S AND CHILDREN'S COATS

DISTINCTIVE STYLES
ATTRACTIVE PRICES



The very sudden lowering of the mercury behooves those who have not yet bought the Winter Coat—that it cannot be deferred much longer. Our present stock is now at its best—so why wait? It embraces such wonderful garments as are made by the "Wooltex" organization—and others whose makings compare with the "Wooltex."

Coats for every form and size, from the wee tot to the child of kid age, the Junior Miss and women of any size from the smallest up to 50 inch bust.

Our stock is so comprehensive and our values so good that we not only meet your ideas as to styles and quality—but will probably give you more for the money you desire to spend than you'd expect.

Do not shiver with cold until January with the expectation of lowered prices—then—but buy now before the choice is narrowed—and have the pleasure out of it that comes in its use during the Fall months.

**Do Not Send to a City or Mail Order House Until
You See What We Can Do For You.**

G. W. WEAVER & SON,

The Store That Sells Wooltex
Hats Suits Skirts

GETTYSBURG,

PENN'A.

Public Sale!

Saturday, November 14th, 1914.

The undersigned will sell at public sale at her residence in New Chester, Adams County, the following personal property:

3 HEAD OF CATTLE,
2 milch cows, 1 to be fresh in December, the other was fresh in September; 1 heifer 1 year old.

FARM IMPLEMENTS, ETC.
1 surrey, 1 spring wagon, 1 spring harrow, shovel plow, 14-foot grass seeder, 1 cutting box, bag wagon, 2 cross-cut saws, log chain, sledge, iron wedges, pick, 32-ft ladder, lawn mower, sand screen, 1 grain fan, wire stretcher, farm bell.

DOUBLE HEATER & PIPE,
2 ten-plate stoves, bedsteads and springs, cedar barrel, meat grinder, butter churn. 6-gallon Sanitary creamery, 2 ice cream freezers, one 6-qt. the other 6-gal.; 6 ice cream tubs and 6 cans for ice cream packing, ice cream dippers, ice tongs, 2 five gallon milk cans, and many articles not mentioned. Sale to commence at 1 o'clock p. m., when terms will be made known by MRS. L. T. FURBER, G. F. Trimmer, Auct. R. D. Myers, Clk.

Ministers and Druggists Recommend Lincoln, Catarrh Balm.

For Coughs, Colds, Catarrh, Hawking, Spitting, Asthma, Hay Fever, Bronchitis, Sore Throat & Deafness caused by catarrh O. B. J. Haines, druggist, Allentown, Pa., and Howard K. Moyer, druggist, Quakertown, Pa. The Rev. D. P. Lonsdorf, Kutztown, Pa., Rev. A. H. Soullard, Lykens, Pa., and Rev. W. G. Brubaker, Phoenixville, Pa., write that they have used Lincoln's Catarrh Balm, that it gives quick relief, perfect satisfaction and is recommended. 50 cents per jar at

ED. T. AUKE'S.
924-101.

Read the Item ads. and keep posted.

Throat Sore Feeling Shivery? You're Catching Cold.

Don't wait till the cold gets firmly established. Don't wait two or three days till its beyond your control. Colds which you try to "wear out" often turn into Tonsillitis or Grippe—or become chronic.

They wear you out. Break the cold up.

A. D. S.
Cold and Grippe Tablets

WILL DO THE TRICK.

Take the tablets regularly for a day. Next morning you'll waken with cleared head—feeling fine—cold gone. Should you have sore throat take A. D. S. Syrup White Pine, A. D. S. White Pine with Tar, Syrup of A. D. S. White Pine Mentholated, or Syrup of White Pine Expectorant Mentholated with Tar as you prefer. Each is a sanctioned remedy. Each costs 25 cents. So it costs you only a quarter to break up a cold. It may cost you a lot more to neglect it.

Better still, don't wait to catch cold. Stop in our store today and get the preventive medicine.

ED. T. AUKE

YOUR DRUGGIST. ON THE SQUARE, NEW OXFORD.

Job Printing of every description, executed at lowest prices at Item office. Hand in your orders.

Miss Alda Keller, of Marysville, Pa., who with her sister, Miss Flo, who are visiting at the home of J. W. Luckenbaugh, in Hanover, fell down a flight of stairs on Saturday evening, sustaining a fracture of the wrist and a dislocation of the elbow of her left arm.

The Ziebovitz factory at Myerstown, which has just finished a 20,000 order, started Monday morning filling a 90,000 contract for shirts for the allied armies.

The postoffice at the village of Kirk's Mills, Lancaster county, which was established in 1814, and has had only three postmasters in 100 years—father and two sons—was discontinued October 15th.

O. S. Jacoby, of East Cocalico township, Lancaster county, has been teaching school since 1860; J. B. Douglas, of Washingtonboro, since 1871; B. K. Hisebeck, of Maur, and Theo. Hart, Cocalico, since 1878.

New Oxford Item.

THURSDAY, NOV. 5, 1914.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

There were a number of Halloween parties held in town on Friday and Saturday evenings.

A. G. Lan and wife removed to Hanover from their home on S. Peters Street, on Monday.

John W. Orlet, of Hampton, a sufferer from heart trouble, is reported to be in a critical condition.

President Wilson has issued a proclamation designating Thursday, November 26th as Thanksgiving Day.

A Sunday school convention will be held in the Abbotstown Lutheran church on November 14th and 15th.

Charles L. Kuhn, the 21 year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Pius Kuhn, of near Hanover, is suffering from diphtheria.

Herb. S. Weikert, of near Kohler's school house, Mt. Pleasant township, reports 915 bushels of corn from 6 acres of land.

A festival for the benefit of the Paradise Catholic church, will be held in the town hall in Abbotstown, on Saturday evening, Nov. 7.

Chas. F. Smith, of McSherrystown, while stepping off a street car in that borough, a few days ago, severely sprained one of his ankles.

Two horses belonging to Jas. L. Staubb, of near Seven Hundred school house, were paralyzed last week. One of the animals has since died.

Luther Cleaver, who has been clerking in the March store, at Hampton, for some time, has accepted a similar position in the Wiest store at York.

Rev. Panj Glaufelt announced to his congregation that he decided to remain in York Springs and will not accept the call extended by the Jefferson charge.

Robert Rupp, formerly of Gettysburg, lost his Rambler touring car in the big fire at Hagerstown last week. He carried insurance of \$1000 on the machine.

Harry Bixler, of McSherrystown, had the misfortune of mashing the middle finger of his left hand, while at work in the Levering Bros. foundry, at Hanover.

Cloyd Miller, son of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Miller, of Lincoln Way, East, while out hunting on Monday, shot a red rabbit, of extra large size, near New Chester.

Dr. G. E. Spatz and a Mr. Madison, of York, and Dr. H. D. Leh, of Hampton, were out on a hunting expedition on Monday. No report of the success has been made.

While working on the roads near White Pine Sanatorium one day last week, G. C. Kline saw a herd of deer composed of seventeen—the largest seen in that vicinity this season.

Harry Cleaver, of near East Berlin, while out hunting squirrels, shot a large gray fox, which weighed 12 pounds. Mr. Cleaver is having it mounted by a York taxidermist.

Rev. Calvin S. Slagle, D. D., of Westminster, a native of Hanover, was elected President of Potomac Synod of the Reformed church at the opening session in Altoona, last week.

While descending the steps of the porch at her home in Hanover, on Monday morning, Mrs. M. D. Bishop, tripped and fell to the bottom, breaking the bones of one of her ankles.

It is announced that W. C. Hepperle, of Hagerstown, has been appointed general superintendent of the Hanover Electric Railway and will take charge of his new position on December 1.

Jumping from a fence on Monday afternoon, Murray E. Long, of Gettysburg, landed on a broken bottle and cut a deep gash in his right foot that caused him to seek the attention of a physician.

Wiest Miller, of Hanover, son of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Miller, of this place, and his brother in law, Roscoe Rider, also of Hanover, have purchased the Red Lion Cafe, at Red Lion, York county.

When an erroneous statement gets into a newspaper the Hammer Club gets mighty busy. But if you are always as careful with what you say as the newspapers are you won't get into much trouble.

At the end of the second month of school, Mrs. John Null resigned as teacher of McCurdy's school, in Cumberland township. Miss Catharine Fecser, of Littlestown, was elected to fill the vacancy.

The automobile of Mr. Bauman, proprietor of the Elk Horn Hotel, Bendersville, crashed into an embankment in Biglerville, on Friday afternoon, and the front axle of the machine was badly bent.

The Sunday school convention at Pine Run school-house, Hamilton township, held on Saturday evening and Sunday was largely attended, and a very instructive and interesting program was rendered.

Rev. Charles S. Bream, of Ohio, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Bream, of Gettysburg, was shaken up in an automobile accident last week. He received a broken collar bone and several bruises, but no serious injury.

Gregory Smith, of Hanover, formerly of near Littlestown, while unloading a wagon load of corn on Monday evening, made a misstep and was thrown forcefully against a board, fracturing a rib on his left side.

On Thursday Mrs. Calvin Bauman, who has her home with her son-in-law, Morron McDowell, near Ardenville, tripped while walking in the yard at the McDowell home and broke her right arm near the wrist.

With the relaying of heavy planks on the bridge over Brush Run along State road, between New Oxford and Gettysburg, the finishing touches were put on that highway and the road is now in excellent condition.

Lewis Hafer, Claude Forney and Ira Sprout, of Hanover, returned on Saturday, after a week's hunting trip through the mountains of Sullivan county, bringing with them a large male black bear, weighing 215 pounds.

Alfred Wilt, of near Hampton, is suffering from a slight stroke of paralysis, which has affected his entire left side. Mr. Wilt, who is the father of Mrs. C. S. Spenneller, North Peters street, was stricken on Thursday night.

One of Gettysburg's oldest residents, Miss Annie Runkle, was stricken with paralysis at the home of Mrs. Helena Ertter, on Saturday evening, and is in a serious condition, her illness being complicated with congestion of the lungs.

The excursion to Pittsburgh over the W. M. and New York Central railways on Saturday night gathered over 900 persons from Baltimore to Hagerstown. The excursion was in three divisions. Only five tickets were sold at the local station.

Corporal Jesse Sheaffer, who completed his second enlistment in the United States Marines on October 18th, arrived at his home in York Springs from the Norfolk Navy Yard one day last week. Mr. Sheaffer expects to re-enlist in the near future.

Rev. D. Z. Folk, of Huntingtown township, has presented to the York Springs wigwam of Red Men an Indian pipe of peace which he had secured while living in Nebraska years ago. The pipe is shaped like a tomahawk with the bowl on the blunt end.

Spencer Myers, residing along the Hanover road, near town, is recovering from a badly sprained ankle. The accident was caused by tripping into a hole, covered with leaves, while walking about his home. He was obliged to go about on crutches for a week or ten days.

C. D. Stallsmith, of Gettysburg, fractured his right arm while out hunting on Monday afternoon. Mr. Stallsmith was with several others at the farm of Orville Riley, near Gettysburg, and was running, when he tripped on a wire. He fell heavily on his arm, fracturing it at the elbow.

Orders were received last week from headquarters, ordering the discontinuance of the postoffice at Irishtown, J. M. Martin, postmaster. However, on Friday morning a second order was received annulling the first order, and stating that the office will be continued for 30 days, or until December 1st.

Contractor G. Harry Roth, of North Peters street, has the large five-room, two-story brick High School building at Ardenville under roof and the interior is being lathed preparatory to plastering. When finished this will be one of the most modern and complete school buildings in Adams county.

Rumor has been afloat about town the past week to the effect that Gettysburg parties have purchased the East Berlin railway from W. G. Leas and that the parties who have applied to Governor Tener for a charter for the Oxford Township Light, Heat and Power Company intend operating the road by electricity.

Earl Baumgardner, the 12 year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Baumgardner, of Orrtanna, is suffering from a broken leg, the result of a fall on Tuesday afternoon. The accident happened at school. Earl and a number of boys were playing when he tripped and fell, one of his companions falling on him, fracturing the left leg between the knee and ankle.

About 25 of the boys with two attendants, from the Paradise Protective, near Abbotstown, walked to the Mt. Pleasant Fruit Farm of Mrs. C. M. Knabb, along the State road about two miles above town, on Sunday afternoon, and returned in the evening. The youngsters, on the return trip, seemed to be unusually happy with their blouses, pants legs, hats, caps, etc., bulging out with fruit.

The horse driven by Dairyman C. K. Forry, evidently wanted to play a joke on his master after seeing all the pranks displayed on Park Square, on Sunday morning. Mr. Forry had delivered milk and cream to the J. F. Rickrode restaurant where it is placed on sale. Just as he had gotten into the wagon to proceed on his way, the animal in a playful mood, started to kick and run at full speed, knocking in the glass and part of the panel front of the wagon. Mr. Forry did not take well to his pranks and took him out of town, towards his home, under the whip, at full speed.

During the latter part of last week the work of connecting the engine and pump to the new filtration plant at the pumping station was completed and by Sunday evening the standpipe was filled with pure unadulterated water. It is said everything works satisfactory at the filtration plant, and the consumers of the water are now promised no more of the muddy and filthy article that they have been paying for, for some years. The cost of the filtration plant and the necessary work connected with having the alterations made at the pumping station amounts to about \$15,000.

Halloween Pranks.

Park Square, the pride of New Oxford, and admired by all strangers and visitors to our beautiful little city, certainly presented to us, a sorrowful appearance on Sunday morning, and the hundreds of automobilists who passed around the park during the day could not help but conclude that the town was not protected from the lawless rambles of town and vicinity. The park was jammed full of almost every conceivable sort of farm implement—heavy and light wagons, cultivators, plows, harrows, spring wagons, bugle hay rakes, heavy sleds and sleighs, coal and lumber, butcher wagons, stoves, beer cases and kegs, etc., which were gathered not only from town, but the surrounding country. A number of implements and articles were broken and damaged, and a number of them, we are told, were secured by the marauders breaking open locks. At the new public school building a glass was broken in one of the basement windows, in order to open the lock thereof, and then a lot of corn fodder secured from a neighboring farm was shoved into the basement. A little fun is relished by the best of people, but the pranks of Saturday night were carried to extremes, and some of the perpetrators may have to answer before the courts of justice for their actions. Parties residing near the park claim that most of the work of the marauders was done between 1 and 3 o'clock a. m. on Sunday. Here is another evidence that the town needs police protection, and needs it badly. Will we get it?

New Auto Damaged.

The new Overland touring car owned and driven by Councilman W. A. Diehl, Lincoln Way, West, was somewhat damaged by striking a load of lumber on the State road on Saturday afternoon. Mr. Diehl, accompanied by members of his family was driving on the road towards Gettysburg. At the Brush Run bridge, where the old wooden bridge had been replaced by a concrete structure, two teams were hauling away the old lumber, one team on either side of the bridge. Mr. Diehl passed the first team and had put on the high gear of his machine to climb the hill, near the bridge, which the second team loaded with lumber was ascending. Mr. Diehl sounded alarm horn on his machine, and when the driver of the lumber wagon attempted to turn out to give the auto room to pass the front part of the wagon turning caused the long timbers extending from the rear of the wagon to swing further across the road, and the longest piece thereof smashed the windshield of the car into many pieces, while others tore off one of the lamps, one of the fenders, and otherwise damaged machine. Fortunately none of the occupants were injured.

Wagon Overturned by Auto.

While James Robinson, manager of the H. M. Stokes creamery, in this place, was returning from delivering the cream to Hanover about 3:30 o'clock on Friday afternoon, his covered wagon was struck by an automobile and upset. Mr. Robinson was driving slowly along the road beyond the Red Hill school-house, near the farm of John Kuhl, when an unknown party in an auto approached from the rear and as they attempted to pass the creamery team the auto struck the rear left wheel of the wagon and completely overturned it. Robinson was thrown out but escaped injury, but the kingbolt and other parts of the wagon were broken as were also parts of the harness. Among the contents of the wagon, was several gallons of oysters, which were spilled. The auto was but slightly damaged, and the parties, who were unknown, after paying Robinson the small amount of \$3 went on their way. The wagon was patched up sufficiently to return home.

Thought it was Empty.

While visiting at the home of R. L. Hoffman, in East Berlin, recently, a Mr. Yoder, of York, a stock-food salesman, picked up Mr. Hoffman's shot gun which was standing in the kitchen and pulled the trigger. The contents of a shell went through an inch pine board in a door and struck and broke the pine bottom of a chair, and a number of stray shot also entered the table of a sewing machine. He thought the gun was empty. Messrs. Yoder and Hoffman were the only persons in the room at the time and fortunately no one was injured.

Hit With Club.

Clement, the 14-year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Martin, of Hamilton township, had an ugly gash cut in the back part of his head on Tuesday at noon. The lad is a pupil at the Parochial school on North Peters street, and while playing "shinny" with a number of companions, was accidentally hit on the back of the head with a club in the hands of one of the players, and gash about 1 1/2 inches in length was cut to the bone, requiring a number of stitches. A local physician gave necessary attention.

Heifer Drowned in Spring.

A heifer belonging to James Millhimes, near the Pine church, Straban township, fell into a spring on the farm on Friday and was drowned. The cattle were grazing in the field in which there was a spring of water about 5 feet in depth, which was uncovered and the young animal had evidently attempted to drink therefrom when it slipped and fell into the water and drowned. It was discovered soon afterward but too late to be saved.

Horse Thief Captured After Month's Chase.

After a chase of four weeks in various parts of Pennsylvania, during which time authorities have kept track of him Camp Kester, formerly of York, was arrested in that city on Wednesday by a member of the White Detective Bureau, and immediately the news was communicated to Officer Shearer, of Gettysburg, who directed the search for the man at the instance of Harry Stevens, of Heidelsburg, from whom it is alleged Kester stole a horse several weeks ago. Kester lived during the summer in the vicinity of Heidelsburg and was engaged in trading horses. He was acquainted with Mr. Stevens and was at his home several times. One morning when he went to the stable Stevens found that a horse was missing and immediately had a warrant issued by Justice Hill, of Gettysburg, for the arrest of Kester. The man was traced to several places and since that time Officer Shearer has been informed of the localities in which he was seen. Kester is a man of about 25 or 30 years of age. It is said that the York authorities have arrested him twice before.

Kester is also charged with false pretense, growing out of note for \$75, given in the purchase of a horse from Jacob Mummert, of East Berlin. It is alleged that Kester at the time of giving the note, made the representation that he was entitled to some money from the estate of a relative which he would soon receive. The defendant failed to pay the note when due, it is claimed.

Boy Hurt in Runaway.

Thrown from the back of a mule while returning from an errand to a store on Friday morning 11-year-old Louis Hoff man, son of John Hoffman, a farmer, residing near East Berlin, sustained concussion of the brain and is in a critical condition. There were no witnesses to the accident, the discovery of which was made when Floyd, an 8 year-old brother, on his way to school, found the unconscious boy on the road. Louis had been told to go to the store for kerosene on his way to school and to bring it home with him at noon. Instead, he went to the stable and secured the mule, intending to complete the errand before going to school. He had obtained the kerosene and was on his way home when a dog at the home of George Wise ran out at the mule, which took fright and bolted. The boy was still on the mule when the animal passed out of sight of those at the Wise house but he must have fallen off soon afterward. Finding his brother and unable to rouse him, Floyd did not know what to do, but Mrs. Bert Trimmer, who came by a few minutes later, picked up the injured boy and summoned Dr. Elgin, of East Berlin. The physician had the boy removed to his home.

Store Robbed.

The general store of A. V. Leib, at Baughmansville, about 3 miles from East Berlin, was entered on Wednesday night and articles of clothing amounting to about \$100 in value and about \$15 in cash stolen. The thief has so far eluded capture. Nearly all the clothing was recovered at an early hour on Thursday morning along the road near Red Run, a short distance away, by Constable J. A. Harbold. While going to market about 4 o'clock on Thursday morning, W. O. Walton, of Red Run, met a man plodding along the road. He kept to the fence to avoid the light thrown from Mr. Walton's wagon. After Walton had passed the man, he noticed two packages lying by the roadside and called to him. Becoming suspicious, when the man took no notice, Walton stopped a little further down the road and called Constable Harbold by telephone. The constable secured the package but could find no trace of the thief. When Mr. Leib entered the store to open up, discovered the theft. Among the articles of clothing recovered were 9 pairs of trousers, 7 shirts, some underwear, 12 pairs of shoes, 24 pipes, 25 pocketknives and 5 razors.

Hunter Shot by Companion.

Struck in the eye by a glancing shot, fired by one of two companions, Carl Kuhn, of Cashtown, was the first victim of the rabbit hunting season in Adams county. The mishap occurred early on Monday morning and Kuhn was rushed to the Chambersburg hospital for treatment. The young man has been employed at Connelville for the past two years as a telegrapher for the W. M. Railroad Company. During the morning they chased a rabbit into a thicket and Miles Bicecker and Roy Shultz both fired at about the same time. Young Kuhn was not in range, but one of the shot struck a small limb, glanced off and penetrated the eye. The shot, of the No. 5 size, went through the upper eyelid and lodged in the white part of the eye, above the pupil, where it could be seen partly embedded and partly exposed.

Pension Increases.

A number of Civil War veterans and widows of veterans have been granted original or increased pensions. Among the number are the following: Mrs. Sarah A. Phillips, Hampton, widow of George W. Phillips, widow's original pension from June 27, 1914. Frederick Master, East Berlin, an increase dating from April 18, 1913. Joseph Taylor, Orrtanna, R. R. No. 1, increase and increase dating from May 25, 1912.

Taken by Death.

Thomas McCullough, a veteran of the Civil War and one of Gettysburg's best known colored residents, died shortly before 7 o'clock on Wednesday morning after a year's illness from dropsy. He was 74 years of age.

James E. Weygandt was found dead in bed at his home in Gettysburg, by Mrs. Weygandt, about 6 o'clock on Wednesday morning. He had evidently been dead for several hours. For the past several years, Mr. Weygandt had been in failing health, dropsy with complications being the cause of his death. He was able to be about the house as usual on Tuesday, however, and when he retired for the night, was apparently in his usual condition. No knowledge of any turn for the worse was had until Mrs. Weygandt went to his room, only to find that he had died during the night. Mr. Weygandt was a native of Gettysburg, and was aged 70 years, 11 months and 5 days. He leaves his wife who, before marriage, was Miss Laura Wolf. He also leaves three children, Samuel and Miss Ruth Weygandt and Mrs. Paul Lutz, all living at home. One sister, Mrs. Joshua Bain, of Gettysburg, also survives.

Deceased was a brother in law of Rev. C. W. Baker, of this place.

Mrs. Elizabeth J. McLaughlin, wife of Ezra McLaughlin, died at her home in McKnightstown on Wednesday evening about 7:30 after a short illness, aged 77 years 2 months and 25 days. Among the surviving children are Mrs. Michael Tate and Mrs. Harry Ridinger, of Gettysburg.

As a result of an attack of acute indigestion Annie A. Shambaugh, wife of Wm. C. Shambaugh, of Carlisle, died at her home in that place on Wednesday evening at 10:40 o'clock, a few minutes after she was stricken. She was aged 44 years, Mrs. Shambaugh retired on Wednesday evening seemingly in the best of health. A few moments after she retired her husband heard her gasp, and he called to her, but did not receive any answer. Fearing that she was ill, he shook her, but she had already died. Mrs. Shambaugh was a former resident of York Springs, a daughter of Hiram Albert, who survives. Besides her husband she leaves three children, Ruth, Martha and Jacob, all at home. Two sisters, Mrs. William Ruggles, of Philadelphia, and Mrs. John Smith, also survive.

Mrs. Ellen N. Reinson died at the home of her son-in-law, Charles Noll, in Dillsburg, on Tuesday, aged 62 years. The cause of death was cancer, from which she had been a sufferer for a long time. Mrs. Robert Forry, of Heidelsburg, a daughter, and three other children, survive, together with one sister and two brothers.

Mrs. Annie K. Young, widow of George F. Young, of Gettysburg, died on Thursday evening at the East Side Hospital, Pittsburg, after an illness of many months from cancer of the throat. Mrs. Young was a resident of Gettysburg until a few years ago, when she moved to Pittsburg. She was the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Elphram Minnigh, of Gettysburg. Mr. Young became postmaster of Gettysburg in 1898 and soon afterward she took up the duties of stamp clerk in the office. This position she held for 14 years, resigning in 1912. Not long after severing her connection at the postoffice removed to Pittsburg. Her husband died in October 1907 and she leaves no near relatives.

Miss Harriet A. Herman died in Cumberland township at 6 o'clock on Saturday morning after a lingering illness. She was 48 years old. For a number of years she taught in the public schools of Adams county. Miss Herman was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Levi Herman, of near Guldens Station, both of whom are dead. She leaves two brothers, Oliver and Ellis Herman, of Straban township; and two sisters, Mrs. W. C. Carl, of Mt. Pleasant township, and Mrs. W. L. Rinehart, of York. Funeral on Tuesday morning, from the home of W. C. Carl. Services and interment at Salem United Brethren church.

Charles Wintrobe, a prominent farmer, died at his home in Mt. Joy township on Sunday morning at 8 o'clock as the result of a paralytic stroke, aged 66 years. Mr. Wintrobe had been enjoying his usual good health until Friday noon when he had taken his bed and Dr. Weaver, of Littlestown, was summoned. His illness was not considered serious and no fears were entertained for his early recovery when he was suddenly stricken about 7 o'clock on Sunday morning and died an hour later, retaining consciousness until the time of his death, recognizing those about him but unable to speak. He leaves his wife, who before marriage was Miss Rebecca Snyder, and a son, Mervin Wintrobe, of Germany township; Miss Louise Wintrobe, of Littlestown, a sister, also survives.

Simon P. Weaver, one of the most widely known men in Carroll county, died at his home in Westminster, on Friday morning, after an illness of several weeks. He was a brother in law of J. E. Plank, of Gettysburg.

Following a prolonged illness from a complication of diseases, Mrs. Sallie A. Johns, widow of Louis B. Johns, died at her late home in Midway at 6:10 a. m., on Monday, aged 68 years, 2 months and 12 days. Deceased was a daughter of the late Jacob and Mary (Fleming) Kluhn, of Hanover. In May 1871, she was married to Mr. Johns, who for many years conducted a saddle shop at Midway, where he died April 12, 1902. Mrs. Johns was the last one of her direct family, but leaves a number of nieces and nephews. Funeral this Thursday, Requiem High Mass in St. Vincent church, Midway, at 9 a. m. Interment will be made by the side of her husband in Mt. Olivet cemetery, in Hanover.

Mrs. Mary A. Eyler, widow of Wm. P. Eyler, died in Carlisle on Saturday morning, aged 83 years and 15 days. She is survived by two sons, both residing in Carlisle, and one sister, Mrs. Margaret E. Bercau, of near Gettysburg.

After a lingering illness of about 3 years, Otto J. Zinn, a native of Hanover, died at his home in York, on Sunday, aged 40 years and 6 months.

John F. P. Marshall, a brother in law of Dr. J. L. Sheets, of this place, was found dead in a field on his farm at Womelsdorf Station, Berks county, on Monday. Death was due to apoplexy. The deceased, who was about 60 years of age, was the father of Dr. John Marshall, who is known by many New Oxford people, on account of his frequent visits here.

Mrs. J. J. Groh, youngest daughter of Frank T. Manahan, formerly of this county, died in Springfield, Ohio, on Sunday morning, aged 29 years.

Autos Collide at Night.

A dispatch from Merion, Pa., dated November 1, says:—Two high-powered automobiles were wrecked late at night in a collision on the Lancaster pike near here, between a racing machine belonging to and driven by W. L. Hafer, of Gettysburg, Pa., and a new touring car driven by Alexander L. Crawford, of Ardmore. The crash resulted when the racing car going east on Lancaster pike tried to pass another, and came suddenly head on with the Crawford car. One of the occupants of the Hafer machine was thrown high in the air. When picked up no injury of any kind could be found.

Dr. E. D. Hudson, of Gettysburg, was called to Washington, D. C., on Friday afternoon on account of the illness of his son Edward, who is in attendance at the U. S. College of Veterinary Surgery. The Doctor found his son suffering from an attack of acute indigestion, and reports his condition much improved.

Losing control of his machine on the Carlisle road on Friday afternoon, George Hoffman, of Ardenville, ran his Maxwell touring car into a side gutter and damaged it considerably. Mr. Hoffman was on his way to Gettysburg and in some manner the machine swerved to one side of the highway and he was unable to get it under control. The car crashing into the gutter, broke the right front wheel entirely off, damaged a head lamp and bent the fender. The rear axle was also badly bent.

Admitting the theft of three Ford cars, Raymond Llewellyn, who was captured by Chief of Police Emmons near Gettysburg several weeks ago, was released in Philadelphia Criminal Court on Friday when his father paid the costs and secured the return of all three cars to their owners. Llewellyn, it will be recalled, was the man who was arrested by Officer Emmons only after the official had shot a hole in the rear tire of his machine and held him up at the point of a revolver. The release of the auto thief was secured through his confession to the theft of all three cars and telling the authorities of their whereabouts.

Don't forget the public sale of carload of Virginia colts, fresh cows, steers, heifers and hogs, at Jacob Soll's stable, Hanover, on Saturday, Nov. 7th.

Howard J. Spalding.

FOR SALE—A Falling top Buggy, will be sold at a very low price, for want of use. Apply at once to Edward Storm, at Eagle Hotel Stable.

The Society of the Busy Workers, of New Chester, will hold a Chicken and Oyster Supper in that place, on Saturday evening, Nov. 7. Everybody cordially invited.

FOR SALE—Attractive new home, all modern improvements, lot 60x150 feet, located in New Oxford, will be sold on easy terms. Address: P. O. Box 87, New Oxford, Pa.

Western Maryland one dollar excursion to Baltimore, Saturday, November 7th. Train leaves New Oxford at 7:37; returning leaves Baltimore at 11:30. First class coaches guaranteed.

Dr. Underwood, of York Springs, Pa., has a method of treating the worst forms of Consumption and Asthma, that is entirely successful. He also cures Cancer, and can refer you to a number of cases he has permanently cured. -Advt.

THE MARKETS.

New Oxford—by J. R. Weaver & Bro.
Choice Wheat..... \$1.01
No. 2..... .99
Raked..... .85
Rye..... .55 @ .65
Corn..... .40 @ .43
Oats..... .35 @ .38
Clover seed, per lb..... 12 @ 14
Timothy seed..... 2.00 @ 3.00
Rye Straw..... 8.00 @ 12.00
Timothy Hay..... 10.00 @ 12.00

HUNTING THE SHOE

By H. M. EGBERT.

All the way over Nicholson had tried to make the acquaintance of the girl in brown. But, try as hard as he could, he failed to elicit anything more than a parting greeting from her. She was named Mary Martin, and he overheard her telling the steward that she was a school teacher and spending her vacation on a tour of the British cities.

Nicholson was making a pleasure tour. He was one of those fortunate young men who have sufficient income to make work unnecessary. Not that he was an idler. He meant to take up sociology seriously—was, in fact, on his way to England at the invitation of a friend, to attend some crowded political meetings in the Black Country, the industrial part of the Midlands.

The girl in brown would not say anything more than "good-morning" and "good-evening." She even seemed to resent Nicholson's attempts to force himself upon her, the young man thought. So, by the time the voyage was half ended he had left her severely alone.

It was one of the greatest disappointments that he had ever had. He was not an unduly impressionable young man, but the girl in brown had made a profound impression upon his heart. There is some inner sense that tells us whether these affairs have in them the possibility of permanence. Nicholson felt that he could love the girl in brown—given propinquity for the development of his passion—until he died.

However, love must have responsiveness, and by the time he reached Oxford he had only a pleasant, mellowed memory of her. He put up at the Queen's hotel. His room was on a long corridor. And as he entered it he heard light footsteps coming along



"I'll Tell You in a Minute."

the passage, and looked round to see the girl in brown.

She did not pay the slightest heed to him, but, without any sign of recognition, entered her room adjacent. Nicholson sighed, changed his mind about going to bed, and went out and promenaded the High for nearly an hour.

Boots, dazzled by the bestowal of a truly American tip, informed Nicholson of the British custom of putting one's shoes outside the bedroom door to be polished. "I cleans 'em, sir," he said. "I'll give you an extra shine. Thank you kindly, sir."

Nicholson went to bed and slept like a just man without remorse or care. In fact, he was a little ashamed to discover, when he opened his eyes, that the sun was shining brightly. He opened his door. Outside lay one of his shoes. And, next to it, was a small and very shapely lady's shoe, evidently the property of his next-door neighbor. His missing shoe was nowhere to be seen.

Nicholson had a spare pair of shoes in his bag, and he put them on. Then he stood staring in perplexity at what lay before his eyes. Boots must have made a hideous blunder. Nicholson went down to pick a quarrel with him. But Boots was nowhere to be found. And, as Nicholson munched his breakfast, a telegram was put into his hand. "Meet me at Coventry at four," it ran. It was from the friend who was to guide him through the maze of sociological observations that lay before him.

There was only one train to Coventry that day—Sunday. Forgotten was the episode of the morning, forgotten Miss Martin, save that she lay like a subconscious idea at the base of his memory. He rushed upstairs, to find Boots standing before his door with his suitcase in his hand.

"It's all packed, sir," he said. "There isn't no time to lose, sir. I've called a kee, sir."

What was it he wanted to say to Boots? Boots had already disappeared with the suitcase. He was waiting at the cab door. He thrust the suitcase inside, and, gratified by another tip, departed, while the cab dashed frantically toward the station. Nicholson sank back against the cushions. Well, of course, Boots had rectified the blunder. No doubt he had

located the odd shoe, returned them to their places, and—but had he? Nicholson opened the bag and looked inside. There lay the dreadful evidence of his theft—Miss Martin's high-heeled shoe, beside his own! Nicholson gasped. Well, nothing could be done now. He resolved to send the shoe back that night with a letter of apology. He thrust his suitcase across the baggage counter, received his check, and dashed into the train.

His friend was waiting for him at the other end, but there was no suitcase.

"I checked it," said Nicholson. "I thought it would come on the same train."

"You what?" asked the other. "Checked it," answered Nicholson, displaying a stub.

"I don't know what you mean by 'checking it,'" replied his friend. "If you had a guard put your bag into the baggage-van it must have come. Why—good heavens, man, don't you see that you left it at the parcels room? It's waiting for you there, no doubt, and it will cost you twopence a day until you get it."

Bewildered and disgusted, Nicholson suffered himself to be dragged off to his friend's house. He bought an outfit and determined to return via Oxford when he concluded his round of visits. And in the enthusiasm of the night's meeting he almost forgot his troubles.

The following morning he saw this advertisement in the Coventry papers:

"If the gentleman who took away a lady's shoe from the Queen's hotel, Oxford, will return it to its owner, no questions will be asked. Address M. M., Leicester. Reward if required."

Leicester was Nicholson's last stopping place. He resolved to explain by letter and arrange to meet Miss Martin there. Meanwhile his friend told him that it would be possible to have the bag forwarded to the station there. Accordingly Nicholson wrote an apologetic letter to the poste restante, and then continued his journey.

Four days later he descended at Leicester station. At the post office he found a communication from Miss Martin.

"Miss Martin will be glad to see Mr. Nicholson at the Temperance hotel, provided he brings her shoe with him."

Nicholson found the missing suitcase, slung it into a cab and hurried to the hotel. Miss Martin came into the parlor.

Nicholson was hardly articulate when he saw her. They had never stood face to face before. Now Miss Martin's face was covered with blushes, which followed each other across it with remarkable rapidity.

"I am really very sorry," explained Nicholson. "It was that fool Boots' fault. He thought—"

He cursed himself for a donkey under his breath, for he could see that Miss Martin understood quite well what Boots had thought. But she only said icily:

"Will you kindly give me my shoe?" Nicholson opened the suitcase and took out the shoe, wrapped neatly in paper.

"I am very sorry to have caused you so much trouble," he said. "You understand it was not my fault, don't you?"

"I'll tell you in a minute," Miss Martin answered. "Kindly wait. It is no use attempting to pass me, because you will be stopped by the doorkeeper. He knows."

"What do you mean?" Nicholson demanded.

For answer Miss Martin carefully extracted the shoe from the parcel and, to Nicholson's surprise, began to unscrew the heel. The heel came off, and out of the hollow interior there fell one, two, three, four, five hundred-dollar bills.

"Oh, thank heaven!" she cried. "I was down to my last dollar. Oh-h-h!"

And suddenly Miss Martin went into something that very closely resembled hysterics. And before Nicholson knew what he was doing he found himself bending over her and imploring her to be calm.

"Can you ever forgive me?" she pleaded.

"Why wouldn't you speak to me on the boat?" he asked.

"Because I was so afraid," she answered. "I knew Europe was full of confidence men, and you—you looked at my shoes so hard. I put the shoes outside to bluff you, because I thought—I thought you would never dream that I would put the shoe with the money in it outside the door. And, and—I thought you had followed me."

"I didn't," answered Nicholson boldly, "but, as a fellow-countryman, I'm going to now, to see that you don't get into any more trouble and—for other reasons."

And something in the girl's look encouraged him to believe that she was not wholly unwilling.

(Copyright, 1914, by W. G. Chapman.)

Unless All Signs Fail.

Mrs. Commuter, basely deserted by her maid at the eleventh hour, mobilized a Swedish reserve in desperation for the dinner party. All the English the new domestic understood was the sign manual, but an hour's drill put her in some shape for service. The dinner went well until dessert. The Swede forgot the finger-bowls which should have been upon the plates. Mrs. Commuter employed the sign manual under cover of the table illustrating the washing and drying of hands. The Swede nodded, went out and returned. Mrs. Commuter turned to find the new domestic at her elbow. Sincerely she held a dish-pan of hot water, a cake of yellow washing-soap, and the kitchen roller towel.

WORK OF PATIENCE

Difficult to Produce Films on Natural History Subjects.

Observation Chambers From Which the Pictures Are Taken Must Be Cunningly Constructed to Deceive the Wild "Subjects."

Little is known of the difficulties encountered in producing films on natural history subjects, writes Ernest A. Dench in Popular Electricity. A producer-operator to succeed in this particular line must be endowed with a considerable amount of patience, for before he begins the actual work, he has to spend many tedious hours finding where the animal lives, its habits and the prey it is partial to. All these things he studies from a cunningly-built observation chamber. This accomplished, he has all his material at hand for a film, but his difficulties are by no means at an end.

The animals and birds that inhabit our countryside have a great sense of hearing and any unusual noise greatly disturbs them. The clicking noise of the motion picture camera is what the operator must get the animals or birds accustomed to. Besides, he must conceal both himself and the machine.

Usually an artificial cow or tree trunk is employed for the purposes of concealment. Such a structure is hollow inside and usually made of cardboard and cork, with the painting of the cow or tree trunk outside. The operator enters the structure from the rear. To provide for the long hours of waiting, the concealing structure has a special compartment containing refreshments and a stove. All the time he watches through the peep-holes and as soon as his quarry comes within range, he sets to work taking the motion pictures of the subject.

But for days previous to this, the clock-work mechanism, the noise of which resembles the clicking of a camera, has been constantly working for the purpose of getting nature's creatures accustomed to the sound.

In the case of filming beasts of the forest such as lions and tigers, the work assumes a dangerous aspect. Instead of a "cow" or "tree trunk," a dummy camel or elephant is brought into use. However, these animals possess such a keen sense of smell that they can detect a human being a long distance off. In order to disguise the presence of the operator, this individual covers himself with some vile smelling liquid. It is of utmost importance that the carefully laid plans should not fall during the photographing of the animals, for if they did the operator would have to fight for his life.

BABY WADE



© SILEN POLSCOPE CO.

"Baby" Lillian Wade, the darling of Selig's forces in Los Angeles, has become so attached to the baby elephant, Anna May, that the two infants are enjoying many romps together. And when Anna May romps it is a sight for all beholders. In consequence of this youthful attachment, it is planned to put on a film feature soon, in which "Baby" Lillian and "Baby" Anna will "play opposite each other."

Players Get Automobile Bug.

The automobile bug has invaded the Belair western studio, at Tucson, Ariz. Webster Cullison has abandoned his roadster for a seven passenger touring car, Norbert Myles is burning up the Silver Bell speedway with a new six cylinder bear cat, and dainty little Edna Payne has added a bright red roadster to her wardrobe. Not to be outdone by the adult members of the company, Baby Clara Horton has purchased a burro who answers to the name of Dooley, when he feels like it, and has a record of a mile a week.

Popular Actress Recovering.

The sickness of Bess Meredyth, the bright little actress, has been much more serious than at first imagined. She tended a sick dog whose death disclosed rabies, and has been taking treatments since. She is getting along famously, which is good news to everybody who knows her.

POLICE DOG'S CLEVER WORK

Shows Remarkable Intelligence and Training in the Films of "Our Mutual Girl."

In a recent release of "Our Mutual Girl" series, a police dog was made to enact a rather unusual and clever role.

This dog has been trained for police work and possesses unusual intelligence. According to the film story, Margaret, "Our Mutual Girl," has received a set of rare camoes for a birthday gift. She is so pleased with them that she carries them to bed. She falls asleep clasping them in her hands. Anni, a trained dog belonging to a clever thief, is sent to the house for the purpose of stealing



The Police Dog "Anni."

the camoes. The dog strays into the house and that night, after everyone of the household is asleep, Anni seizes the jewel case containing the camoes and leaps through the window.—Popular Electricity.

PROBLEM PLAYS HIS FORTE

William E. Wing Has Scored Many Triumphs in Writing Scenarios for Moving Pictures.

Exploitation of the possibilities of financial gain in writing scenarios for moving pictures has drawn a multitude into that field, mainly raw material, so that while many have felt the call, few find they have been chosen. William E. Wing is the exceptional newspaper man who has continued to work exclusively for the screen. He had a long and varied training in all branches of the journalistic business before he won his spurs as a short story writer, so that he has exceptional capabilities for scripts that have force, finish and imagination. He is now exclusively writing for the Selig Polyscope company. Among his early successes were: "By Man's Law," "Death's Marathon," "Patio Days," "The Power That Rules," "Una of the Sierras," "Phantoms," "When a Woman's Forty," "Omens of His House," and big serious and romantic stories. He has written for such stars as: Mary Pickford, Mary Charleson, Lillian Gish, Mack Sennett, Blanche Sweet, Tom Santschi, Bessie Eytan, and a host of others. Mr. Wing started out to write comedy and has been prolific in that line; but his greatest and most lasting triumphs have been in the difficult field of "problem plays." Few writers have been so successful in visualizing the psychological as William E. Wing. In the first Progressive presidential campaign in California Wing was the chief newspaper evangel of Gov. Hiram Johnson.

Not to Be Caught Again.

Anita Stewart, one of the stars of the Vitaphone players, took up the study of botany in order to insure herself against infection from the flowers and weeds, and particularly poison ivy. Miss Stewart spends most of her spare time in the fields and woods and considers a knowledge of the uses and properties of the various poison plants as absolutely necessary to her peace of mind. Her determination to acquire botanical knowledge came about through her admiration of a beautiful, vividly green, clinging vine that she caressed with her hands and face. The doctor diagnosed her resultant ailment as "an infection from Rhus Toxicodendron," which she later translated into plain English as ivy poisoning, and during the week Miss Stewart was compelled to remain indoors until the swelling was reduced and the itching conquered she became versed in enough botanical lore to guard against fondling any local plant or vine of the poisonous variety.

Movie Actor's Daring Act.

Riding a wild and nervous horse, a moving-picture actor crossed the Santa Monica canyon in California recently on a wooden bridge which was but 14 inches wide. The chasm is 200 feet wide and 1,250 feet deep. The feat was undertaken to provide the "punch" for a wild west film which the company was producing. When the picture was shown it seemed almost as though the rider was equipped with some magical power of balance, because the bridge seemed to be of rope, or the narrowest of planks, and yet the man rode nonchalantly over.—Technical World Magazine.

Original Actor in Films.

In the feature film "Fantasma," which is now being produced, George Hannon, Jr., who was so successful with "Fantasma" on the legitimate stage, is playing the part of Pico, the clown, and A. B. Carlton of the Carlton opera fame, is appearing as Zamalek, the devil. Many beautiful scenes have been taken for this film, under the direction of Charles M. Bay.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

It is too common in all of us, but is essential in the nature of a mean mind to be overawed by fine clothes and fine furniture.—Dickens.

No delightful is an act of true humanity, and as glad are mankind to remember it.—Dickens.

LEMON AIDS IN COOKERY.

For ices, drinks and uses in the sick room the lemon is invaluable. It is appetizing, refreshing and healthful as well as medicinal.

For a lemon sirup which may be used as a drink, adding cold water, or as a sauce, adding butter, the following is one which should always be ready: Take a cupful of sugar and two cupfuls of water, boil together five minutes or until sirup, add a half cupful of lemon juice and let it simply boil up once, then put into a bottle and set in a cool place. When wanted to use a spoonful of this sirup in a glass of water makes a most delicious drink.

Lemon pie is one which is most popular, and may be made and put into a baked crust, then a frosting or meringue placed on top or the egg may be put into the mixture, and if well beaten will rise to the top when baking, and make its own meringue.

Lemon Bread Pudding.—Soak a cupful of bread crumbs in a quart of milk and beat until foamy. Beat the yolks of three eggs and add. Grate the rind of a lemon. Mix with a quarter of a cupful of sugar and the juice of the lemon. Mix all together and bake in a moderate oven. When baked cover with a meringue made from the three whites and three tablespoonfuls of sugar. Set in the oven to brown.

Lemon Suet Pudding.—Mix together three cupfuls of bread crumbs, a cupful of suet cut very fine, a teaspoonful of baking powder and a half cupful of sugar. Beat four eggs and add to the mixture with a pinch of salt and two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice. Scald three cupfuls of milk and pour over, stirring carefully. Let stand covered for half an hour. Then pour into a buttered baking dish and bake 40 minutes. Any sauce, either custard or a lemon sauce, will be good with this pudding.

Lemon Sauce.—A tablespoonful of butter put into a saucepan, and when hot add a tablespoonful of cornstarch, when smooth the juice of a lemon, a half cupful of sugar, and a well-beaten egg. Stir until smooth.

The expression of a man's face is commonly a help to his thoughts and a glossary on his speech.

It is the duty of man to be just before he is generous.—Dickens.

HELPS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

For those who entertain week end guests often, a guest book is a great convenience for in it may be written the special likes and dislikes of your friends so that the tragedy of serving a meal with the important dishes not liked may be averted.

For the supposedly obstinate peach stain, cream of tartar moistened and well rubbed in and allowed to stand in the sun a while, will make it disappear in the washing.

When entertaining without help, chocolate or cocoa may be made and kept hot for two hours in a fireless cooker.

An old whisk broom is a fine sink brush after it is too worn for a clothes brush.

Leather stain on white stockings will be easily removed by using borax in the water when washing them.

Dust cloths that are both conspicuous and serviceable are those of a common red bandanna handkerchief. They only cost five or eight cents and can always be seen and told from other cloths.

Cook steam puddings by putting the batter in a tube angel food pan, and setting this in a steamer. This allows the center to cook as well as the sides and does away with the sticky center so often found in large solid pudding molds.

Candles to harmonize with any desired color decoration may be made by dipping them in melted paraffin in which oil tube paint has been mixed for the desired color. White candles should be used for light shades and to pour the melted paraffin down over them when standing upright gives a better finish.

A jar of sausage may be partly cooked, hot laid poured over it and it will keep indefinitely. Simply finish cooking it and it will be ready to serve.

Nellie Maxwell.

Fly Higher.

Dust by its own nature can rise only so far above the road, and birds which fly higher never have it upon their wings. So the heart that knows how to fly high enough escapes those little cares and vexations which brood upon the earth, but cannot rise above it into that purer air.—H. W. Beecher.

Value of Porpoise Teeth.

The Bogotu Testament, published for the natives of the Solomon Islands, is sold in exchange for porpoise teeth.

WISE DISPOSITION OF RICHES

Englishman of Wealth Left Fortune to Help Young Business Men Who Needed It.

When the will of a certain Samuel Wilson of London was probated recently in the English courts, it was found that the bulk of his fortune had been strangely disposed of, the Indianapolis News remarks. A fund had been left in trust from which loans of sums ranging from \$500 to \$1,500 are to be made to young men engaged in business. The restrictions surrounding the loans provided that Samuel Wilson was not only a man of generous impulses, but a philanthropist of no mean order. No loan is to be made to any man who has not carried on his business for a year, and none to any applicant who has been in business more than three years.

This may appear whimsical, but a little closer inspection will relieve it of this suspicion. The testator, as a matter of fact, has done something for young business men sadly need. It is an axiom of the business world that the third year of any new venture is the crucial year. This, evidently, was in Mr. Wilson's mind, and, like as not, he knew from personal experience how difficult it is for a young business man, with no more substantial assets than good prospects and abundant optimism, to borrow money when money is most required. To the limit of his resources, he has come to their relief. A year's time, he probably figured, would weed out the incompetent and the faint-hearted, and leave the worthy, while the latter, enduring for three years, could probably show assets thereafter that would make borrowing less difficult.

His fund will help those who are capable of helping themselves. Banks are not given to that sort of thing, and a young man, embarking in business, often finds himself helpless because he lacks capital or collateral. Without the latter he cannot borrow, and, promising as the future may be, he is frequently forced to abandon the enterprise for the want of a few hundred dollars. This, said a banker recently, is one of the tragedies of the business world.

Banking laws are necessarily strict. Security for loans must be tangible, and faith and optimism, however important they may be, have no bankable value. With honesty and integrity they play their part, but the banker, none the less, must have his security. So the Wilson will establishes a practical philanthropy. Some wealthy American who is at a loss—as now and then one of them says he is—to make wise disposition of his riches, might, with good reason, follow the example of Samuel Wilson of London.

German Income Tax High.

The small Prussian city of Gorne has lost the distinction of levying the heaviest tax of any city in the kingdom, which it possessed since 1911 until last year. The citizens there who earned \$100 a month paid \$15.75 monthly as an income tax alone, not including church, real estate and business taxes. The city of Stuhm now has, according to the reports for 1914, the highest taxes of any Prussian city. These amount to only 11.7 per cent of the \$100 a month man's earnings. The rate of taxation increases progressively, so that the man with \$2,000 yearly pays \$275.19, a little more than 13 per cent, and a man who has an income of \$4,000 yearly is taxed \$613.20, nearly 15 per cent.

Twenty West Prussian cities impose a municipal income tax of at least 300 per cent of the state tax. The highest municipal tax of the Greater Berlin municipalities is 110 per cent, and some of them get along with 100 per cent.

Science's New Cure for Rheumatism.

At a recent session of the Academy of Medicine in Paris, M. Barthe de Sanfort describes the happy results obtained in certain cases of rheumatism by the use of waxy envelopes raised to a temperature of not less than fifty degrees Centigrade. The mediums used were the mineral waxes (paraffin, ambrine, etc.) These maintain a temperature above forty degrees Centigrade for 24 hours without being removed.

They give excellent results not only in rheumatism, but in gout, arthritis, lumbago, sciatica, etc.

The author likewise covers wounds, ulcers and burns with a paraffined mixture (ambrine) raised to 80 degrees Centigrade or more, which in passing from the liquid to the solid state instantly forms a protective and sterilizing shell over these losses of substance in whose shelter the tissues rapidly heal.

The Swiss Cowshed.

Muehlhausen was bitterly termed the "Swiss cowshed" by the nobility of Alsace in the fifteenth century. It was their own fault. Their harassing treatment of the town drove it into the arms of the Swiss of Bern and Soleure, who garrisoned it and successfully defied Austria to retake it. For a time in the sixteenth century Muehlhausen was definitely a member of the Swiss confederation. It was expelled by the Catholic states in 1586 on account of its Protestantism, the reason which also prevented the full inclusion of Strasbourg. But some young men of Zurich triumphantly confuted the plea that Strasbourg was too far off to become Swiss, by carrying an enormous kettle of hot lard in a boat down the Rhine, Aar and Rhine and bringing it still warm to Strasbourg.—London Chronicle.

After the efforts of about 50 men who had been fighting it for two days were unsuccessful in stopping the spread, the mountain fire which started on the lands of Benjamin Rice near Barnitz, Cumberland county, was extinguished on Thursday evening by the rain storm which passed over that section. In all, between 500 and 600 acres of land was burned over. The loss amounts to thousands of dollars. The cause of origin is believed to have been hunters.

Dyspepsia Due to Indigestion.—It is not at all surprising that persons who have indigestion become discontented and independent. Here are a few words of hope and cheer for them by Mrs. Blanche Bowers, Indiana, Pa. "For years my digestion was so poor that I could only eat the lightest foods. I tried everything that I heard of to get relief, but not until about a year ago when I saw Chamberlain's Tablets advertised and got a bottle of them, did I find the right treatment. I soon began to improve, and since taking a bottle of them my digestion is fine. For sale by all dealers.

Trying to discover the ingredients of a dynamite cap while in school at Davidsburg, York county, Luther Smith, aged 12 years, son of Harvey Smith of that village, had the three first fingers and thumb of his left hand blown off. The four fingers of the right hand were badly burned and cut, while the fingers of his left hand were so mangled that amputation was necessary.

Discharging both barrels of his shot gun by shoving it stock foremost into a wagon upon which he was about to embark on a hunting trip, William Fank, received the charges in his abdomen and died instantly in front of his home at Nuremberg.

IT REALLY DOES RELIEVE RHEUMATISM—Everybody who is afflicted with rheumatism in any form should by all means keep a bottle of Sloan's Liniment on hand. The minute you feel pain or soreness in a joint or muscle, bathe it with Sloan's Liniment. Do not rub it. Sloan's penetrates almost immediately right to the seat of pain, relieving the hot, tender, swollen feeling and making the part easy and comfortable. Get a bottle of Sloan's Liniment for 25c of any druggist and have it in the house—against colds, sore and swollen joints, rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica and like ailments. Your money back if not satisfied, but it does give almost instant relief.

Forty thousand cords of wood were destroyed by a blaze on the wood tract belonging to H. W. Burg, located between East Prospect and Orkeleyville, in York county, on Wednesday evening. The blaze was caused by burning brush. Two hundred men fought the flames for two hours before they were gotten under control.

TRY THIS FOR YOUR COUGH—Thousands of people keep coughing because unable to get the right remedy. Coughs are caused by inflammation of Throat and Bronchial Tubes. What you need is to soothe this inflammation. Take King's New Discovery, it penetrates the delicate mucous lining, raises phlegm and quickly relieves the congested membranes. Get a 50c bottle from your druggist. Dr. King's New Discovery quickly and completely stopped my cough," writes J. R. Watts, Florida, Texas. Money back if not satisfied, but it nearly always helps.

Report of Clearview school, Oxford township, for second month, ending Oct. 27. Number of pupils enrolled, males 10, females 17, total 27. Per cent. of attendance during the month, males 95, females 98, total 97. Muriel Eckert, Amelia and Helen Sheely, Grace and Mary Geisler, Octavia and Merion Lings, Grace Sadler, Viola Harbold, Kathryn Wehler, Geraldine Cashman, Margaret, John and Roy Mummert, Earl Petry, Curtis and Mark Berkheimer and Roy Kling, each did not miss a day.

NANCY L. SADLER, Teacher.

AN ACTIVE LIVER MEANS HEALTH.—If you want good health, a clear complexion and freedom from dizziness, constipation, biliousness, headaches and indigestion, take Dr. King's New Life Pills. They drive out fermenting and undigested foods, clear the blood and cure constipation. Only 25c at your druggist.

A pearl said to be valued at \$50 was found by Mrs. Nettie Zellers, wife of Wm. Zellers, proprietor of a restaurant at York New Salem, York county, while eating oysters one day recently. Mrs. Zellers bit on a hard object and investigating she found the pearl.

DON'T DELAY TREATING YOUR COUGH.—A slight cough often becomes serious, lungs get congested, bronchitis takes hold with mucous. Your vitality is reduced. You need Dr. Bell's Pine Tar Honey. It soothes your irritated air passages, loosens mucous and makes your system resist colds. Give the baby and children Dr. Bell's Pine Tar Honey. It's guaranteed to help them. Only 25c at your druggist.

York county cigar manufacturers in particular and paper box makers are interested in a plan which is now under way to supplant the wooden cigar boxes with paper boxes and to greatly cheapen the cost to the users.

John Tudor and wife, of Orwigeburg, were bitten by a cat that was afflicted with rabies. They are in care of the Directors of the Poor, who are giving them Pasteur treatment under the provisions of an act of the Legislature.

IMPORTANT.—Bear in mind that Chamberlain's Tablets not only move the bowels but improve the appetite and strengthen the digestion. For sale by all dealers.

Charles R. Krug, of Hanover, got 90 days in jail from Judge Ross for furnishing liquor to Wm. W. W. of Hanover, a person of known intemperate habits.

John McCormick, 5 years old, son of J. H. McCormick, of Harrisburg, was run down by an automobile and died later in the Polytechnic Hospital. The car was driven by Mrs. Alma Keane, a prostitute.

STUDIES SCHOOLS ON TRAMP.

Dr. Finley Sleeps in a Barn on His Itinerary Tour.

Albany, N. Y.—John Huston Finley, LL. D., president of the University of the State of New York and state commissioner of education, started out from Elmira on a tramp through the counties of Chenango, Schuyler, Yates and Ontario. He traveled incognito and visited the rural schools to study the conditions at first hand. Dr. Arthur D. Dean, chief of the division of vocational schools, accompanied him.

"We walked to catch the atmosphere, to feel the pulse, not to spy," said Dr. Dean, "and there certainly were conditions revealed both good and bad. We had merely a sympathetic desire to see things as they are and encourage the good and help improve the bad."

In describing the trip Dr. Dean said: "Among some twenty schools there were only two where the teachers lived in the district the year around. It



Photo by American Press Association.

JOHN HUSTON FINLEY.

looked as though the school came to life at 9 o'clock and died at 4 o'clock each day; as though it breathed once every twenty-four hours for five hours for five days in the week every week in the school year and then remained dead till fall.

"The teachers were mostly young girls from the villages. The pay was small, ranging from \$9 to \$12 a week. Very few teachers remained for more than a year in the same district. There was one case where a teacher changed districts for the same salary. In one section all the schoolhouses seemed to be located at the most barren places."

UNSAFE TO DEPEND ON ONE CROP ALONE

Export Points Out That South Is Paying the Penalty.

Washington.—"The situation in which the cotton planters now find themselves is only an illustration of the danger attendant upon any farm enterprise and business based on raising a single crop," said Professor Spillman, chief of the office of farm management. "It may run along very well for awhile, even for many years, but some disaster will undoubtedly overtake it. Our study and investigation have amply demonstrated that it is never safe to build agriculture on any one thing."

"The wheat growers of the Pacific northwest had no better resource than wheat. In 1903 the crop was ruined by untimely rains. In 1904 they experienced the panic, and the price of wheat fell as low as 18 cents per bushel. The next year it rose to 25 cents a bushel and in 1906 was boosted up to 35 cents. During that period nearly every bank and every commercial house in that region went broke. So many mortgages were called on farms that the price of farm land, which had been \$40 to \$50 per acre, fell as low as \$10 and \$12. The Pacific northwest for years past has not been depending on wheat alone. The farmers learned a costly lesson."

"The same thing is true of the rice producers in regions where no other crops were raised in large quantities. Farmers who grew nothing but rice have met with two or three years of prices away below the cost of production, and financial ruin has followed."

"Every region that has but one great agricultural enterprise has suffered more or less the same way."

"The evident thing that the south must do is to produce enough of all the things her wonderfully rich soil can produce to meet her home requirements. That is what the office of farm management has been urging on the south."

Advise People to Stay in Cellars.—London.—The mayor of Gravesend, the gate of London, has warned the people against trying to gratify their curiosity in the event of a raid by Zeppelins. "When firing is heard," he says, "take to the lower rooms or cellars."

END OF THE WAR CORRESPONDENT

To Prison Is as Far as They Can Go With Armies.

GEN. JOFFRE MOST SEVERE.

French Officers Most Polite When Very Angry—Writer Tells of Being Arrested, His Automobile Requisitioned and Two Nights Spent in a Barn With Prisoners and French Deserters.

Paris.—Burglars in a miser's money box are welcome parties compared to correspondents on the firing line. War correspondents have come to be a prison offense in France. General Joffre simply won't have it. Describing his experiences one of the correspondents in France says:

"I have just passed two days under guard at the front, one day under guard in Paris—part of the time in the famous military prison of the Cherche-Midi—and eight days of parole, all because General Joffre refuses to have correspondents giving his war operations the once over at close range."

"And I was not the only member of this 'seeing the war' party. There were seven of us in all—three of us and a chauffeur in our own party. We had by rare good luck witnessed an action around the French left wing and were bound toward the center, at Rheims, when it happened. It was a merry captain who pinched us."

"Hey," he called out gayly, 'where are you folks going?'"

"To Rheims," we chorused. "How far is it?"

"Let's go ask the general," he said and laughed.

"Slowly we were oozed into what the joke was. It was on us. The general said Rheims was seven miles away and quite too far to walk."

"Oh, we have a car!" we chirped, not comprehending the general's grim humor.

"Oh, I've requisitioned that!" he said. "Captain, will you escort the gentlemen out?"

"The captain would and did escort us out; also in. Imagine a country village where there isn't even a railway depot, where a postoffice, government tabac, three farmhouses and several cow lots are bunched together, and you will have the scene of our arrest. Imagine again a stone farmhouse built in U formation with a stone fence across the top of the U and the ground plan of our prison will be clear. If you add to the center of the cow lot a tableland of hay and other stable racks, the whole thing wet and very smelly under the cold drizzle, the picture will be fairly complete."

"Through a gate in the stone wall we were conducted by our smiling captain. On the right was a door leading into the colonel's quarters—the rooms of the farmhouse. At the back were two more doors through one of which I spied two of the biggest cows I ever saw."

"We were ushered into this. The room was identical with the cows' bed-chamber. German prisoners, French deserters, spies, suspects and pillagers stood or lay about on the hay which covered the floor."

"We were put on parole not to try to get away. They took our word for it that we would not run, but to make sure, they kept a sentry at the gate with instructions to shoot if we showed any inclination to flee. They were very, very nice about it, insisting all the time that we were positively not considered prisoners—as prisoners were entitled to soldiers' rations and we were not."

"A kick about quarters among the prisoners—since we were not prisoners and would be shot only if we ran—got for us an empty hay loft and the proper use of money got us hay to sleep on."

"On the morning of the second day our own car was given to us, and we were taken to Paris—an armed gendarme going with us. Arriving late in the evening, we had dinner in the corridor of the Cherche-Midi military prison. We were shifted between midnight and 1 a. m. to the invalids, where in the shadow of Napoleon's tomb we slept in officers' beds. Then we were released."

"The war correspondent's game is gone—that is, the game as it used to be. No more will the correspondent tell generals how to fight their battles and also, perhaps, no more will the generals have fine battle cries put into their mouths and become famous for having uttered them. The prison doors yawn for war writers and the lid is on."

SEVEN MONTHS IN A CAVE.

Aged Farmer and Three Little Girls Saved From Starving.

Benvenue, Ark. After existing seven months in a cave with almost nothing to eat except what the woods about them provided William Ewing, an aged man, and his three little girls were rescued from starvation.

Two years ago Ewing was a prosperous farmer near here. Misfortunes piled upon him. His wife died and sickness took away his grown son and daughter. Floods destroyed his crops, his cattle died and fire burned his home. For a while he lived with his babies upon the bounty of neighbors, but left abruptly and his whereabouts was a mystery for a long time.

EXPERIENCE has demonstrated that the most effective and economical means of placing your name, your goods and your wants before the people of New Oxford and throughout this section of the county is through an advertisement in **THE ITEM**. The ad. way is the only way.

The New Oxford Item,

is acknowledged to be the Leading Local Newspaper in Adams County, besides containing a larger amount of General News and Select Reading Matter than any other paper in the county. And the price is *Only \$1.00 Per Year, in advance.*

"Waverly" Oils and Gasolines

Cost More—Worth Most

Gasolines—Illuminants—Lubricants—Wax—Specialties
Waverly Oil Works Co. Pittsburgh

RHEUMATIC SUFFERERS GIVEN QUICK RELIEF



Pain leaves almost as if by magic when you begin using "5-Drops," the famous old remedy for Rheumatism, Lumbago, Gout, Sciatica, Neuralgia and kindred troubles. It goes right to the spot, stops the aches and pains and makes life worth living. Get a bottle of "5-Drops" today. A booklet with each bottle gives full directions for use. Don't delay. Demand "5-Drops." Don't accept anything else in place of it. Any druggist can supply you. If you live too far from a drug store send One Dollar to Swanson Rheumatic Cure Co., Newark, Ohio, and a bottle of "5-Drops" will be sent prepaid.

New Meat Market, SWARTZ BUILDING, Philadelphia Street, New Oxford, Pa.



We desire to inform the citizens of New Oxford, as well as the public in general, that we have purchased the butchering business and meat market formerly conducted by C. G. Sheely and will continue the business on the same principle of our predecessor, at the old stand, and will have at all times a complete line of

Fresh & Cured Meats,

and will be thankful for any and all patronage extended us.

Highest Cash Prices Paid for Beef Cattle, Calves and Hogs.

108 ZIEGLER BROTHERS.

OHIO & KENTUCKY HORSES.



Friday, Nov. 6, 1914,

The undersigned will receive one car load of Ohio and Kentucky Horse-workers and drivers—for sale or exchange. Call and see them. Also carload of mules. Will also buy all kinds of Fat Horses and Mules suitable for the Southern market.

H. W. PARK, Hanover, Pa.

The Item advertisements bring results.



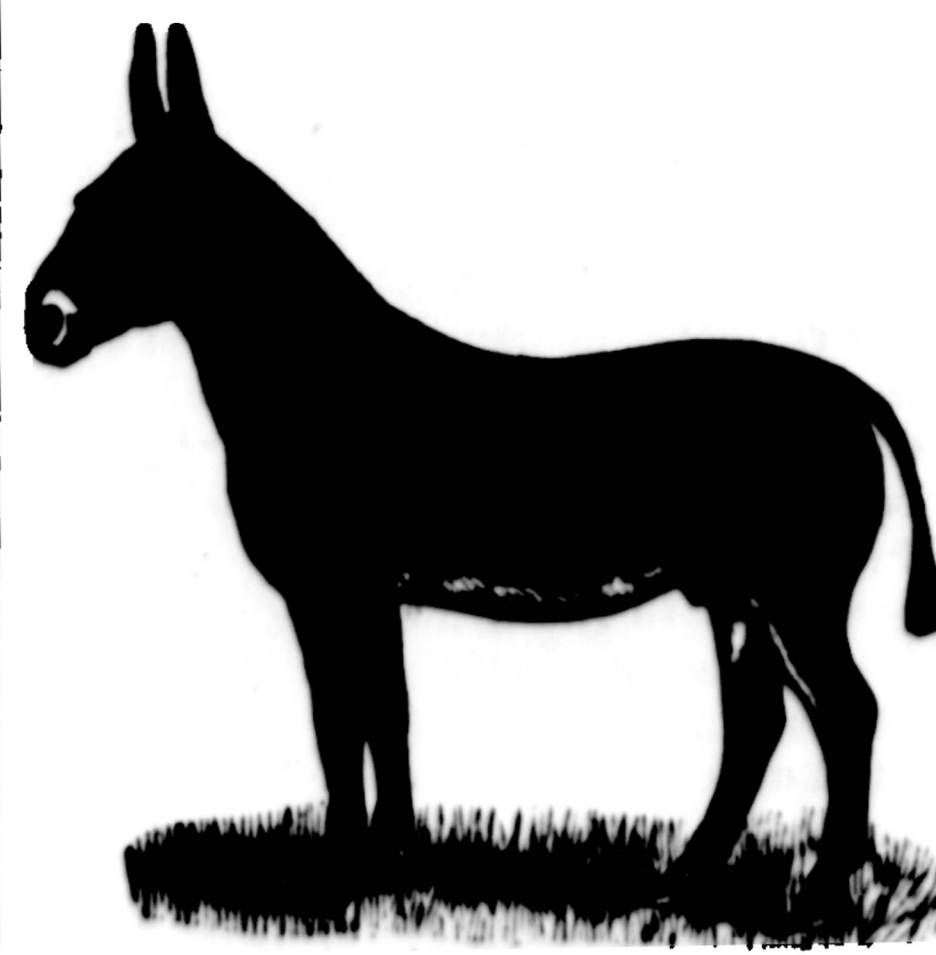
METAL SHINGLES Are Stormproof

They interlock and overlap in such a way that the hardest driving rain or sifting snow cannot possibly get under them. Besides this—they last indefinitely, and never need repairs. Another point—They're very reasonable in first cost. You can learn all about them from

H. B. Fair & Co.

One Car Load Grain & Produce.

—of—
Ohio and Kentucky
MULES!
—at—
NEW OXFORD.



Saturday, October 3, 1914,

I will received at my stable on Berlin Avenue, New Oxford, one car load of Extra Fine Ohio and Kentucky Yearling Mule Colts for sale or exchange. If you are in the market for mule colts don't fail to see this lot.

Have Horses and Mules for sale and exchange at all times.

4-9 R. C. TAUGHINBAUGH.

The undersigned, having taken charge of the warehouse on Pitt Street (formerly conducted by A. Sheely), desires to inform the public that he will pay Highest Cash Prices for all kinds of GRAIN, &c. Will also handle all kinds of MILL FEED, Salt, Potatoes and the Best Brands of Flour. All orders for feed, etc., will be delivered free to any part of borough.

LUMBER AND SOAL.

Will also at all times have a full supply of LUMBER & COAL of all kinds which will be sold at bottom prices.

J. H. Duttera, Jr.,
4-23 New Oxford, Pa.

JOB PRINTING of every description executed at the ITEM office Satisfaction guaranteed.

Cider Making and Butter Boiling.

The Cider Press at the New Oxford Flouring Mill, one mile North West of New Oxford, will be operated on TUESDAY and THURSDAY only of each week throughout the season.

Have also arranged to do BUTTER BOILING at the press for persons desiring the same, at a reasonable price.

W. H. KLING, Proprietor.

C. CLARK BROWN, NOTARY PUBLIC, NEW OXFORD, PA.

All legal business promptly attended to. Office in New Oxford, Shaw Mfg Co. building.

For the Best of Accommodations Stop at

The Hotel Oxford

Pitt St., midway between W. M. Depot and Center Square, New Oxford. G. F. GROVE, Proprietor.

Traveling Men's Headquarters. Charges moderate. Choicest wines, liquors and cigars. House furnished throughout. All modern conveniences—Steam heat, bath rooms, telephone, etc. Tables supplied with the best the market affords. Single dining.

If you want the news while it is news subscribe for the ITEM.

Subscribe for the Item. Only \$1.00.

U. S. WAR LOSS IS \$125,000,000

Decrease in Customs Revenues
For Next Year Is Estimated.

WAR TAX OF \$105,000,000.

This Amount, Together With the Income Tax, Is Expected to Restore Balance to the Government's Finances—Loss of Germany's Trade Is the Biggest Item on Deficiency List.

Washington.—In a statement of the work of the Democratic party in the present congress, prepared for insertion in the Congressional Record, Representative Oscar W. Underwood, the leader of the house, estimates that the revenues of the United States in the next twelve months will decrease more than \$125,000,000 on account of the European war. The estimate was made on the assumption that all imports from the European countries at war would cease in the next year. No estimate of the falling off of revenues from dutiable imports from countries not engaged in hostilities is included. The war revenue bill is intended to raise \$105,000,000.

The following table embraced in Mr. Underwood's statement gives the estimated falling off in revenues on account of the European war:

Country	Dutiable Imports, Value, 1914	Estimated falling off in revenues during next 12 months
Austria-Hungary	\$15,332,645	\$5,307,000
Belgium	21,324,417	5,398,000
France	95,445,062	35,568,000
Germany	119,383,978	38,683,000
Russia in Europe	2,420,602	242,000
Servia and Montenegro	9,627	2,000
United Kingdom	132,173,220	40,658,000
Total	\$385,989,561	\$125,814,000

In his statement Mr. Underwood declares that the war revenue legisla-



1914, by American Press Association.
OSCAR W. UNDERWOOD.

tion was not made necessary because of the failure of the tariff law to provide the necessary income.

"During the fiscal year 1914," says Mr. Underwood, "the customs revenue collected amounted to \$292,000,000. Of this amount \$85,500,000 was collected before the present law went into effect. The customs revenue collected during the first nine months the new law was in effect amounted to \$206,500,000, or \$22,000,000 per month. The customs revenue collected during the fiscal year 1913 (the last year the Payne law was in operation) amounted to \$318,801,395.80, or \$26,000,000 per month. The new tariff law provides an income tax to make up for the reduction in customs revenue because of the lowering of the tariff taxes.

"For the last ten months of the calendar year 1913 there accrued from the income tax on individuals \$31,344,539. The amount of corporation, excise and income tax accruing from the entire calendar year of 1913 was \$45,851,028. The total amount of the excise tax on corporations derived by the treasury for the calendar year 1912 was \$35,000,290. The new income tax law eliminated the corporation exemption of \$5,000, added to the tax list many corporations not subject to the excise tax and also imposed a graduated rate upon corporations holding stock in others.

"Considering the unsettled business conditions during the year 1914, largely on account of disturbed international, commercial and other conditions, the best obtainable figures as to the estimated amount that will accrue from the corporation tax for 1914 are \$42,500,000, while the same estimate from individual income tax is \$12,500,000, making a total of \$55,000,000. Deducting from this amount \$35,000,000 that would otherwise have accrued from corporation excise tax under the act of 1909 leaves \$20,000,000, or \$1,666,666 per month, that would accrue to the treasury from the income tax for the fiscal year 1915. Adding this average monthly yield to the average monthly yield of the present tariff law gives \$27,000,000 as compared with \$26,000,000 under the act of 1909."

Seeking Italy's Trade.
Rome.—Germans are sending large quantities of goods to Italy with letters: "Pay us when the war is over. We don't want your money. We only want your trade."

PENSION TIDE NOW EBBS.

Payments Fall \$2,000,000 From the High Water Mark.

Washington.—The report of Gaylord M. Saltzgeber, commissioner of pensions, for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1914, shows that the high water mark in expenditures for pensions in the United States has been passed. In the year 785,230 pensioners received from the government \$172,417,540.25, at an administrative cost of over \$2,000,000. The total of pensions paid marks a decline of about \$2,000,000 from the preceding year, when the rolls were heavily recruited under the old age pension act of 1912.

"This shows," says Mr. Saltzgeber's report, "that the largest amount ever paid out was expended in 1913. Up to that time there had been a gradual ascent, but the summit has been passed, and a decrease in the amount may be expected to continue."

Since 1860 the government has paid in pensions a grand total of \$4,761,450,390.50. Because of the deaths of veterans and new economies in administration the pension office paid out about \$7,053,000 less than was appropriated last year.

In the year \$1,160,753.35 was paid to pensioners living abroad, or about \$200,000 more than was sent out of the country in the same way in the preceding year. The average age of the 305,750 survivors of the Mexican and civil wars admitted to the rolls under the act of 1912 down to June 30, 1913, was about seventy-one years. Of these pensioners two were ninety-nine years old, one was 102 and one was 103. No survivor of the war of 1812 is now on the rolls, but the government still pays pensions to 170 widows of veterans of that war. There were last year 893 survivors of the Mexican war still drawing pensions, as were 4,690 widows of veterans of that war.

NO AID TO STRAIGHT "POINT."

Why? Because Hunting Dog's Wooden Leg Is Hind One.

Superior, Wis.—William Billstein is the proud possessor of a dog with a wooden leg. Last winter his pointer dog, Max, caught one of his hind legs in a steel trap. Before he was released it was frozen and had to be amputated.

Since then various devices were tried, but none was successful until Mr. Billstein obtained the services of an expert artificial limb manufacturer. He built a miniature limb for Max, who is now "just as good as a new dog." Billstein thinks Max will make just as good a showing in the hunting field as any dog.

3,000,000 REFUGEES FACING HARD WINTER

Fall of Antwerp Adds 500,000 to Homeless List.

London.—Three million refugees without homes or money, in many cases lacking sufficient clothing and even food, make one result of little more than two months of warfare in Europe.

The fall of Antwerp added fully 500,000 men, women and children to the already long list of homeless sufferers who must depend on the bounty of others for their keep. France, England, Germany, Austria, Russia and Belgium have all felt the effect of the sufferings of this great army. England and France especially and the neutral nation of Holland have been the chief sufferers, for to them have come the homeless hordes of Belgians fleeing from their homes or driven out by the fire and sword that has swept through the country.

It is estimated that there are 1,000,000 refugees in France, more than half that number in England, at least 500,000 in Holland. Refugees from the border towns of Germany and the East Prussian territory occupied by Russia have fled to the interior in what numbers cannot be estimated. On the other hand, Russians from Poland and the border towns attacked by the Germans have been forced to flee to the interior.

Thousands of refugees from Galicia and the parts of Hungary occupied by the Russians have fled to the interior, and Vienna and other large Austrian and Hungarian cities are taxed to their utmost to care for them. How many of these refugees there are it is almost impossible to say, and 3,000,000 is probably a conservative estimate of the great numbers who have felt the full force of the warfare.

Besides those that have fled from their homes, there are thousands in different parts of Belgium and parts of France, possibly starving and hopelessly facing the coming winter.

How to care for these great armies of homeless during the winter is the problem that is facing many governments. Those Belgians who fled their country and sought refuge in France are said to be absolutely destitute. In many cases weak from hunger and sufferings. This large influx has brought France face to face with a big problem. England apparently has so far absorbed those refugees who have reached her shores and will probably be able to care for many more.

Clergy at War.
Berlin.—The greater part of the Protestant clergy in Germany is expected soon to be on active military duty, the Evangelical consistories having lifted the ban on ministers joining the colors.

SECRET OF THE LOVE BIRD.

It May Be Discovered in the Milk of Human Kindness.

Everything else dwindles into insignificance when the love bird appears. Affection, devotion, tenderness and love burst gladly forth at her magic touch.

The road to happiness is attained through the generous distribution of the milk of human kindness.

Success, achievement, wealth, prominence, are only worth while when shared by your friends. No matter how large you can spell "success," it gives you little satisfaction if your accomplishment is not sincerely enjoyed by many. When surrounded by friends and loved ones, if you are fortunate in the acquisition of a generous disposition and charming personality, what a joy it is to be able to give them cheer, comfort, pleasure and satisfaction!

Who does not feel better for the "God bless you" from an old lady to whom you have shown some trifling kindly attention? Who is not thrilled by the joyous barking of his dog upon returning home?

Fortunate are those who feel the arms of children around their necks, hear the baby's laugh and see the wonderful antics toddling toward them, happy and unafraid.

All these joys sink into insignificance when the one and only one looks into your eyes, tender, true, steadfast. Words need not be spoken; nothing else matters. Then, and not until then, will you know the excess of happiness, the full realization of love, and then is the time to unite yourself steadfastly to fidelity, magnanimous generosity and open heartedness to all.

Unto us a child is born, . . . and his Name shall be called Wonderful.

—From Richard Clough Anderson's "Animals in Social Captivity."

RACING FOR SLEEP.

Running Around the Bed Is Said to Induce Drowsiness.

There is nothing in the world quite as exasperating as not being able to go to sleep when you want to, and persistent insomnia is one of the greatest curses of mankind. But many people suffer from insomnia from lack of knowing many of the simple devices that have been used in the past to provoke sleep, and Sir James Sawyer in a recent work points out how valuable some of these simple means have been.

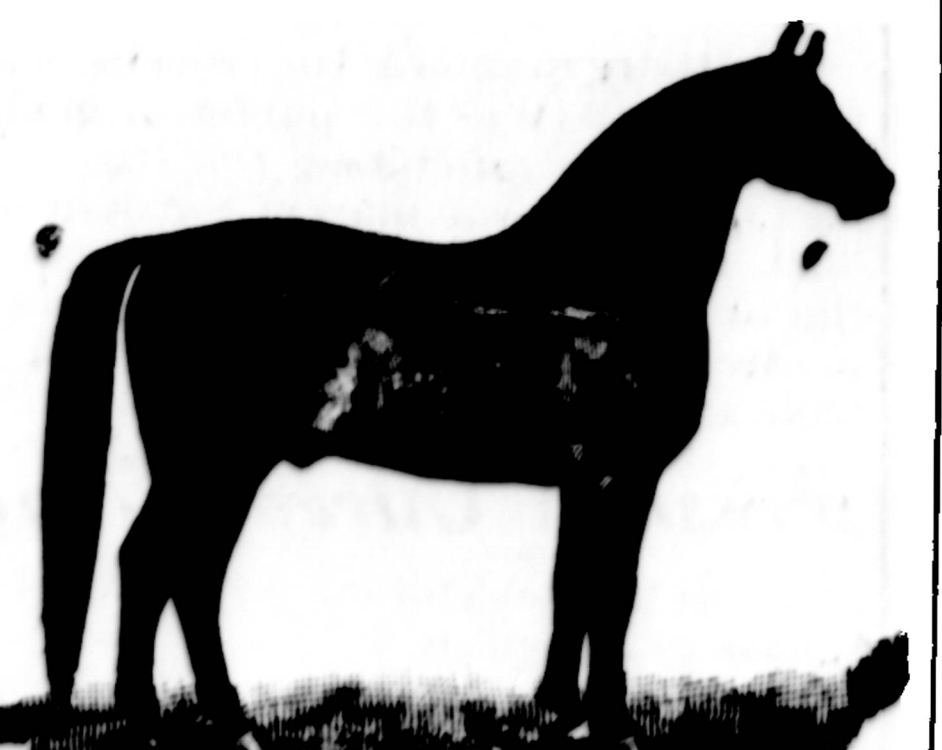
Few plans are more successful, he suggests, than that of running around the bed, particularly if the night is cold. It will be remembered that Charles Dickens, who was greatly afflicted with sleeplessness, declared that if he could lean on the bedpost in thin attire, in which he usually slept, until he got chilled clear through the return to a warm bed would produce a drowsiness that led him along the path of sleep.

William Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, was a believer in the circulation of the bed also. He declared that for sleeplessness nothing was better than to jump out of bed suddenly, as though frightened, race around the bed with very little on until the skin was cold and the body heated and then jump back into bed. Not only was the exercise good, he believed, but also the feeling that one was being withheld from going to bed caused a desire for it, which prepared the mind for sleep when once more lying down.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Regret.
Regret is a dangerous thing. You let a little one no bigger than a mustard seed into your heart, and before you know it you've hatched out a whole brood. Everything is woven into a pattern of the whole, and the Lord knew the figure he had in mind.—Ellen Glasgow.

She Bolted.
"What did your wife say when she saw you dance three times with that pretty young woman?"
"Nothing. She just bolted the party."—Detroit Free Press

Mules! Mules!



On Friday, October 9th, Will receive at my stables on East Chestnut Street, Hanover, Two Carloads of Ohio and Kentucky Suckling Mule Colts, most probably the last of the season.
Broke Mules and Horses on hand at all times.
H. A. SMITH, Hanover, Pa.

Coach Repairing.

I desire to inform the public in general that I am now located in my new building, on Berlin Avenue, where I am better prepared than ever to do all kinds of Wood Repair Work; Wheels a Specialty. Satisfaction Guaranteed.
3-18 ALEX. BYER, New Oxford, Pa.

T. P. FRAZIER,

Merchant Tailor,
Philadelphia St., New Oxford.

All kinds of clothing made to order. Satisfaction guaranteed.

ICE! ICE!

Having disposed of the butchering business, I will now embark in the

ICE

business, and will be please to deliver at your door daily, except Sundays,

ICE

in any quantity desired, at bottom prices.

Ice can also be secured at the meat market of R. S. Baker, Center Square, at any time.

W. J. MILLER

READY-TO-WEAR CLOTHES,

THAT WILL PLEASE.

\$10 AND UP TO \$22.

WE INVITE YOU TO COME IN AND LOOK THEM OVER.

GET TO KNOW

PAUL E. SELL.

"ONE PRICE AND CASH,"

12 Carlisle St., Hanover, Pa.

White Pearl!

King of All Flour.

This Flour is more popular to-day than ever it was. People all over the country are using this flour and SPEAK ITS PRAISES.

Once in the household, there it stays.

Milled of the very best selected wheat, that's the point.

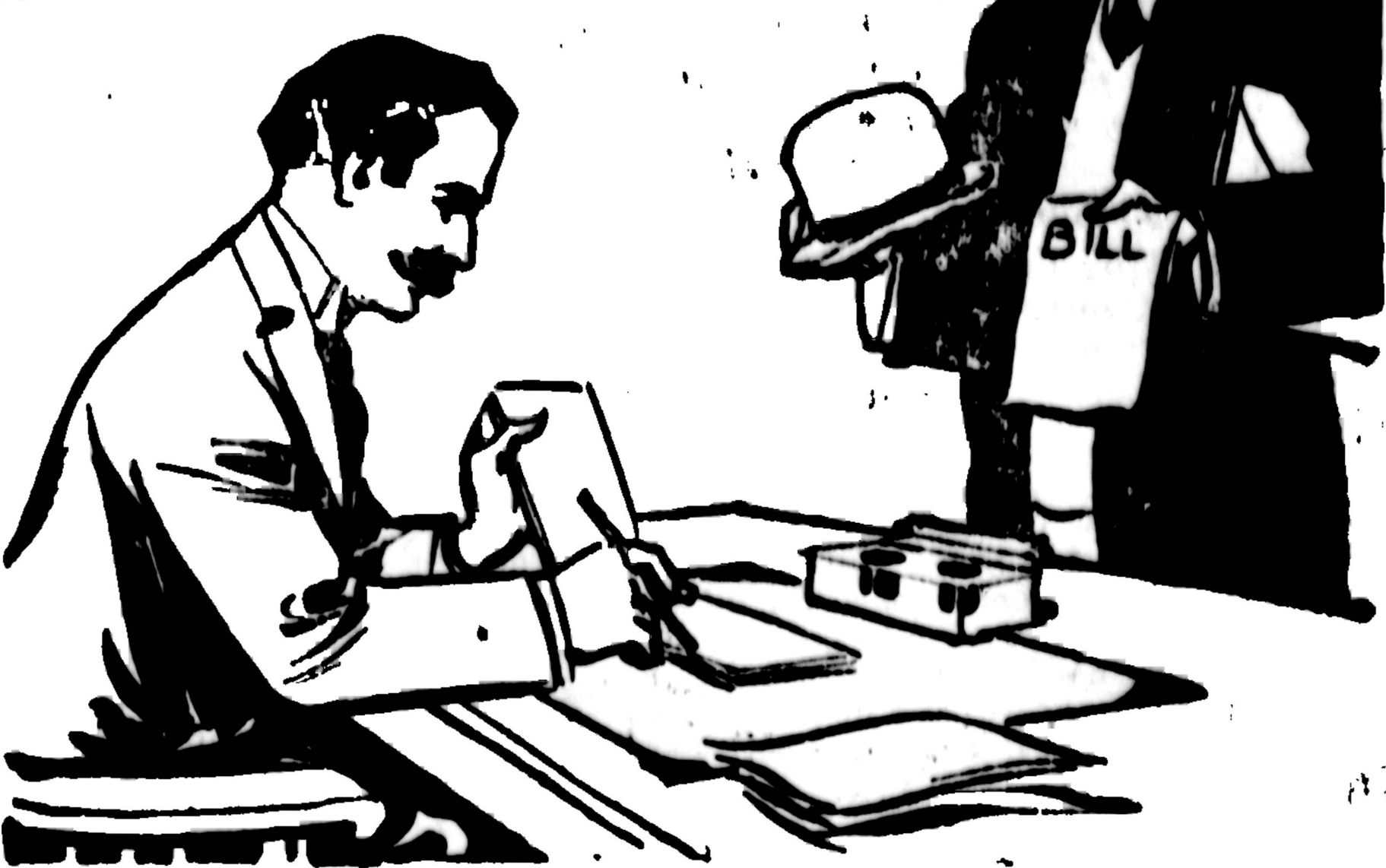
Sold by all dealers.
Manufactured at Hamilton Roller Mill, R. R. No. 2, East Berlin, Pa.

J. R. Hartman

PROPRIETOR.

If you want neat and up to date print work, patronize the Item Office.

You Run Your Business With a Check Book - How About Your Home?



"BILLS, bills, bills—nothing but bills!" frequently is the complaint of the head of the family. No man would think of running his business WITHOUT A CHECK BOOK. How about YOUR home? The running of the home today is a BUSINESS PROPOSITION.

Open a CHECKING ACCOUNT With Us at Once
Farmers & Merchants' Bank

Center Square, New Oxford.

THIS BANK pays interest at the rate of 3% per cent. per annum on time deposits remaining six months or longer. It solicits deposits subject to check and will cheerfully furnish bank and check books, and give careful attention to the interest of its depositors, extending to them such accommodations as are consistent with safety. We have installed for the use of our patrons, a number of Safe Deposit Boxes in our absolute fire proof vault; these boxes are furnished FREE to our customers.

We will be most happy to extend the glad hand to every resident of this county personally if they will call at the Bank.

—OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS:—

S. MILEY MILLER, Pres. Z. H. CASHMAN, V. Pres.
GEO. MECKLEY, Sec'y.
Jno. N. Hersh. J. McC. Gilbert, Wm. F. Sheely.
J. C. Geiselman. E. H. Markley, F. M. Miller.
John S. Weaver. Wm. H. Stock.

WENTZ BROS. & FREY,

HANOVER, PA.,

are now showing the Latest Fall Styles in
**Ladies' and Misses' Suits,
Ladies', Misses' & Children's Coats,
Ladies' Separate Dress Skirts,
and Shirt Waists**

in Silk, Linene and Lawn. Dress Silks in plain colors, plaids and Roman stripes. Woolen Dress Goods, a large variety and at prices lower than some larger stores.

... Furs and Fur Sets. ...

Ladies' House Dresses and children's school dress at very moderate prices.

39-inch unbleached muslin at 6c and 8c. Home spun linen toweling, 3 for 25c. Ladies' fleece down Kimonos. Lancaster apron gingham, slightly seconds, 6 1-4c. Ladies', Men's and Children's Wool Sweaters, all sizes and low prices.

Rag, Ingrain and Brussels Carpets; also small and large Brussels Rugs.

We give Security Coupon Stamps with all cash purchases and redeem them in our own merchandise.

WENTZ BROS. & FREY,

33 Baltimore Street, Hanover, Pa.

REMARKABLE CURE OF COUGH.—"Last winter when my little boy had a cough I got him a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. I honestly believe it saved his life," writes Mrs. J. B. Cook, Indiana. "It cut the phlegm and relieved his coughing spells. I am most grateful for what this remedy has done for him." For sale by all dealers.

DR. J. L. SHEETZ,
Physician and Surgeon,
NEW OXFORD, PA.
Calls answered night or day
Subscribe for the Item. Only \$1.

DR. WM. R. SNYDER,
DENTIST,
Office: Carlisle Street, New Oxford, Pa.
All work neatly done and guaranteed

FINE FEATHERS

Novelized from Eugene Walter's Drama by the same name

by WEBSTER DENISON

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS OF SCENES FROM THE PLAY

Copyright A.C. McClurg & Co. 1914

SYNOPSIS.

Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds move into their new bungalow—Bob down, balance same as rent—on Staten Island. Mrs. Collins, a neighbor, calls before the household gods are set in order. Spring. Dick Meade, newspaper man, cynic, socialist, takes dinner and spends the night. The Reynolds seem comfortable in their home, but with a hint of loneliness. Jane Reynolds goes to a city matinee with Mrs. Collins and by her companion's advice pretends sickness to cover her neglect to provide dinner for Bob. Jane, confessing, is forgiven for shaming. Dick arrives with delicatessen forage. Dick warns Bob against John Brand's old school mate, now a member of "the system," who is expected to call.

CHAPTER V.

The Bird's First Plumage.

"Jane," Reynolds called, "come in and save us from devastation. The red ball is up and Dick is skating to perdition."

"Coming now," she answered, and appeared in a charming house gown. Charming it looked to them, anyway, and her husband embraced her.

"I know you'll excuse me, Dick," she said. "You're such an old friend that I don't feel I have to dress for you."

"Dress? What do you call that delightful delineation of sartorial art?"

"Art at \$1.98 a picture, Dick. But I'm glad you like it. And it won't arouse any of your socialistic tendencies, will it?"

"Now, Jane, that's cruel. There's only one thing I condone in the members of the system and that is that they spend a good portion of their loot on their wives. I could almost forgive Bob for joining hands with the brigands if he did it for your sake."

She patted his arm. "Thank you, my doubly welcome guest," she said. "I always knew there was a grain or two of reason behind those vaporous dreams of yours. And this—she helped herself to some of the tongue—'is another evidence of your practicality. What would we do without this rebel, Bob? I always put a ring around the Wednesdays on my calendar as the one day the sun doesn't set in this place.'"

Dick bowed. "Such eloquence, my dear hostess, or—guest, should I say?" and he indicated the array of pickled delicacies.

"Guest, if you will, Dick. You certainly saved the day. I never have been such an ungrateful wife in my life and I felt just terrible over it. I haven't been sick at all, but was so interested in the matinee and got home so late that I simply forgot all about the dinner."

"Ha," Dick exclaimed. "There you are; the system again; the theater. Another means of the robber class to divert the minds of the people from the real issue."

"I'll take a little cheese with that," Reynolds interpolated, "and give Dick some more beer. Hope is the system's deadliest foe. One stein and it is discovered; two, and it finds a worthy rival; three, and it is thwarted; four, it is vanquished, and five, it is obliterated. Dick, you should get a job in a brewery!"

"Hear! hear!" replied the prophet. "The Messiah of a new creed is quelled by the proletariat. A great chance I have in this household. If I threw a bomb one of you would catch it and think it was candy."

"Jane," said her husband, "getting back to earth, I have a piece of news. The butcher called on me today. He came down to the office to dun me for my bill. Twenty-six fifty-eight, I think it was. You remember, I gave you the money Monday. I'd let it run over the month a bit, but that doesn't give him the right to ask for it twice. I told him to get out and when he got rude I threatened to throw him out. He said you hadn't paid the bill, but, of course, he was mistaken."

Mrs. Reynolds got up. She made no reply to her husband. "I thank you again, Dick, for this most welcome treat," she said. "You have certainly proved yourself a savior of domestic harmony."

She walked over to the window seat and donned her new hat. Then she came forward.

"Why, Jane, that is perfectly stunning," said her husband.

"Some hat, if you ask me," agreed Dick.

"Oh, I'm so glad you like it. Do you really think it is becoming, Bob? You know, it is the first one I have had for a year, I mean, a whole new one."

"I know," responded Bob, "you ought to have more of them. But what can a husband do when the system is against him? Pretty fine looking girl, eh, Dick?"

"Just as fine as they make them. Wouldn't she make a great queen of the Reds?"

"No, thank you," said Jane; "but I appreciate the proffered honor."

She stooped and kissed her husband. He looked up at her. "I tell you there must be something to that old proverb, 'Fine feathers make fine birds,'" he said.

"Something to it," answered Dick. "Nine million dressmakers live on it."

"You know, Bob," continued his wife, "I just had to get that hat. The old one had been twisted, and turned, and worn until it was almost falling to pieces."

"Yes, I know it. What of it? Why shouldn't you get a new one?"

"Well, Bob, there is another confession coming and I just won't fib to you. I saw this in the window, and— I got reckless and lost my head, and— I didn't pay the butcher. But you won't be angry with me, now that you see how pretty the hat is, will you? I wanted it so bad and needed it, too, and I was afraid it would be gone if I waited till I saw you and told you about it."

Reynolds looked distressed. He took two or three steps across the room and turned back toward his wife.

"No, dear, I am not going to be cross; I am just sorry, that's all. If I had the money you could have a million hats. I don't know anything in the world that would give me more pleasure than for you to have pretty things, for I know how dear nice things are to a girl's heart. But I haven't got the money, that's all. You remember when we were married upstate five years ago, we both agreed that what we wanted most was a home and we finally got this place. Now, twice a month they are at the door for the money, and if I should miss one payment we'd lose everything. I've never told you how hard it is for me to meet that obligation. I have met it so far, and if it comes through all right we'll have some part of this old Mother Earth. That's why I can't buy you hats. I'd like to, Jane, but I can't and I am sorry."

Truly repentant now, Jane walked to her husband's side and put an arm about his neck.

"I didn't know it was as bad as that," she answered sadly. "I'm sorry, too."

Dick looked gloomily across the table. "Doesn't it beat all how a little thing can knock the bottom out of the festive board?" he said. "Gee, this has just copped my pun and ruined my socialism."

Reynolds walked to the window and stood looking out. He turned at length and, as if addressing himself, declared: "She looked wonderful in that hat. Why can't I dress her up and give her an even chance with those that are not half as pretty?"

Dick crossed to his friend's side and put his hand on his shoulder. "I have told you why, if you ask me, but you say I'm theorizing. Now, call it theory if you want to, but here you see a practical demonstration of it. The system doesn't allow you to dress your wives up unless you pay for it, and you can't pay for it unless you're in the system. Sometimes it dresses them up for you if they're pretty, but this particular case doesn't belong in that category. Now, you buck up, old fellow; we're better off here dipping into this cold relic of the plunderbund's generosity with nothing but this bungalow to cover us than all those big fellows put together. You've got love here, Bob, real love. When they imagine God does slip love to them it is stamped counterfeit from start to finish. With Jane and you living for each other as you do, you have got 90 per cent of all the happiness right here at home in this question mark of a house."

He stopped. Reynolds was smiling at him.

"All right, Bob; you're hopeless. If you can't stand a little socialism, even when it is mixed with romance, why let's wash the dishes."

The buzz of a halting automobile was heard outside. Reynolds stepped quickly toward the door.

"I guess that's Brand now, Dick," "Then that's my cue to vamoose."

"No, you stay right where you are. There he is at the door."

"Hello, Mr. Brand," greeted Reynolds, as he threw open the door; "I'm glad to see you."

"Mr. Brand? Why not John? How are you, Bob?"

"First rate; let me have your coat and hat."

"Thanks; quite a long way out here, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is, but we find it worth while after we get here. We enjoy the air and view very much. This is my country villa."

Brand laughed. "First one I've seen," he said, "although I own some stock in this company. Wish I had known you were buying this place, I might have saved you some money."

"Then I wish so, too."

Dick returned from the kitchen, where he had gone with some of the relics of the feast. He saluted the new comer and spoke cordially.

"How do you do, Mr. Brand? We meet again. Guess you're a little surprised to see me out here."

"No, not at all. One can expect to find a reporter anywhere, though you are a little way from home."

"It's sort of home right here for me, Mr. Brand. I suppose you came to discuss some business with Reynolds."

"Why, not directly. You know Bob and I went to Cornell together and although it's a little late, I thought we might renew the acquaintance. We always had a pleasant sort of rivalry from geometry to football, eh, Bob?"

"Yes, indeed. You might call it that."

Brand. "You see," he continued, addressing Dick, "he usually got the best of me, especially in athletics."

"I can believe that," Dick responded bluntly. "He is still pretty efficient in that respect. We amuse ourselves with boxing gloves now and then, and I can testify to his prowess. If you gentlemen will excuse me I will stop down to the corner for awhile."

"Why?" inquired his host.

"Well, confidentially, that old Dutchman nearly put me out of business a week ago and I have sworn revenge."

"How's that?" asked Brand.

"Pinocchio. There is something coming over me now that feels like a hundred acres. If you want me, Bob, I'll be in that back room wrestling with a double deck, a fat Dutchman and a stein of Pilsener."

Dick stepped towards the door. "Say, you had better put on your coat," suggested Brand, "it's cold outside."

The reporter turned with a smile and held out his hands. "No, thank you," he said, "I have my gloves. Good night."

"Known him long?" asked Brand as the door closed.

"Ever since Jane and I have lived here. He's the one close friend we have. Almost like one of the family, and whenever anything goes wrong he just sweeps in and clears up the sky."

"Yes, he seems like a jolly fellow, but he does a lot of talking. Where's your wife, Reynolds?"

"Lying down. She went to the theater this afternoon and it was a little too much for her."

"Any children?"

"Not yet."

"I've got three."

"You don't say so. Two boys and a girl."

"A pretty good record," Reynolds commented.

"You're right. I'm rather proud of it."

"And you can afford them."

"Right again."

Bob arose and walked over the sideboard. "Won't you have a cigar?" he

asked as he searched for his surplus stock of mosquito killers in one of the drawers.

"Thanks, I don't mind if I do."

Bob tendered a cheap Havana which Brand lighted with difficulty.

"Say, John," inquired the host, "what ever became of Squinty Dalton? Remember him?"

"That little quarter back?" asked the millionaire casually.

He spoke in a bored sort of voice as if the memory of the little freckled-faced hero of their school days was something to be flicked away, lightly as the ashes of his cigar. There was a time, however, when Brand's chest had swelled with pride because of this mite of grit and muscle had honored him with comradeship. Falling of athletic honors himself, it meant much to Brand—the friendship of these men; Reynolds, the slashing half back, who was a terror to the lines of the strongest teams, and Dalton, the greatest quarter of his day. As he glanced at Reynolds now, Brand saw something that recalled all this. He read in his host's face surprise and perhaps disdain for the veiled slight. So he asked in less scornful tone:

"Why, what made you think of him?"

"Oh, I don't know; he used to be such a pal of yours. Seeing you made me think of him and I wondered if you'd kept up the acquaintance."

"No, I haven't seen him in years. I don't think he amounted to much. It's funny how those athletic stars fall down when there is any real work to be done."

Reynolds laughed. "You don't expect me to stand for that, do you?"

"Why, does it hit home?"

"Maybe and maybe not. That depends on the point of view."

Brand puffed desperately at his cigar. He noticed that Reynolds had

asked as he searched for his surplus stock of mosquito killers in one of the drawers.

"Thanks, I don't mind if I do."

Bob tendered a cheap Havana which Brand lighted with difficulty.

"Say, John," inquired the host, "what ever became of Squinty Dalton? Remember him?"

"That little quarter back?" asked the millionaire casually.

He spoke in a bored sort of voice as if the memory of the little freckled-faced hero of their school days was something to be flicked away, lightly as the ashes of his cigar. There was a time, however, when Brand's chest had swelled with pride because of this mite of grit and muscle had honored him with comradeship. Falling of athletic honors himself, it meant much to Brand—the friendship of these men; Reynolds, the slashing half back, who was a terror to the lines of the strongest teams, and Dalton, the greatest quarter of his day. As he glanced at Reynolds now, Brand saw something that recalled all this. He read in his host's face surprise and perhaps disdain for the veiled slight. So he asked in less scornful tone:

"Why, what made you think of him?"

"Oh, I don't know; he used to be such a pal of yours. Seeing you made me think of him and I wondered if you'd kept up the acquaintance."

"No, I haven't seen him in years. I don't think he amounted to much. It's funny how those athletic stars fall down when there is any real work to be done."

Reynolds laughed. "You don't expect me to stand for that, do you?"

"Why, does it hit home?"

"Maybe and maybe not. That depends on the point of view."

Brand puffed desperately at his cigar. He noticed that Reynolds had

"What's the matter; don't you smoke?" he asked.

"Oh, occasionally."

Brand took out a handsome leather case.

"Try one of mine," he said. "I think you will like that. I have them made for me."

He arose, walked over to the buffet and, leaning an elbow against it, stood looking intently at Reynolds.

CHAPTER VI.

The System at Work.

John Brand was the incarnation of twentieth century prosperity; scrupulously, almost implacably clean; immaculately groomed. Physically he would have passed muster anywhere. He was only thirty-five years old, yet he had the bulk that suggested not alone avoirdupois, but substantiality and maturity of mind. His keen gray eyes, the firm, decisive lines of his face, the poise and calm assuredness of movement, bespoke strength; absolute control of self and mastery of others. Inherent shrewdness was veiled behind a mask of genial good fellowship and frankness of speech. He was the type that any man conducting great enterprises would have welcomed as a colleague and feared as a rival. John Brand spelled success. He had sought it, encompassed it and corralled it. The doctrine of the survival of the fittest, he held sacred. It was his casus belli and his Bible. He apotheosized himself and his kind and actually believed the world was better off for the breed. Modern methods of manipulation and chicanery he looked upon, not as an impediment, but as an accelerating spur to progress. Failure was the only sin he knew.

He looked quizzically now at the cheap cigar his host had given him and then around at the modest furnishings of the room.

"You haven't been very prosperous since you left school?" he asked. "I had the idea that you had money up there."

Bob's cheeks burned. It seemed to him that Brand's address was not only businesslike, but unnecessarily blunt. But he answered coolly enough:

"No, you see, an old aunt of mine took care of my education. About the time I graduated she died. I've been working pretty hard trying to get along the best I could. I've married and bought this little home, but it's hard to keep it up."

The millionaire's answer to this statement was brutally sententious.

"Guess you can't be much of a business man," he said. "At least, buying this kind of a house the way you have isn't good business. I heard a fellow say one time that every installment you pay on your home or furniture is like putting a nail in the coffin of your hope, and I guess he wasn't far wrong. Not bad, eh?"

"No, not for millionaires; not for those who have got the price, but it's flippant foolery for those who haven't it. I know that I am paying more for this place than it's worth and that I'm helping some capitalist to put the screws down tighter. But it's the system that's wrong, Brand, not me. I want a piece of the earth to which I am entitled. I want to feel that there is something under my feet besides the pavement that your stock watered cement company built. Your cement will crumble up and blow away, but this half-acre of ground will be here for me and for my children. Why, any man who is worth anything in our social order of things has this longing for the soil. Everyone knows it; you know it. That's why you bought stock in the Utopian Land company. We're trimmed. Of course we are. We pipe and you sing, but how are we going to help it?"

The millionaire laughed. "I've heard that before," he answered. "Seems to me your friend Meade has made a convert. But wait"—he held up his hand to stop Reynolds' reply. "You asked me how you can help it. I'm going to tell you. You recollect that you were a pretty good friend of mine at school. Worked your heart and soul out trying to get me on the 'varsity eight and the eleven."

"Yes, and you didn't make them."

"There's that wonderful memory again. But, never mind. One good turn deserves another and I'm here for that purpose. I am a business man and I handle things from that standpoint."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Little Neck Asks New Name.

Believing that the name of Little Neck is too suggestive of a well-known clam, citizens of the town of that name in the borough of Queens, New York, have started a movement to have it changed. Herman Venske, a merchant, one of the leaders in the agitation, said: "The principal reason why I am urging the change of name is that when I go to Manhattan or Brooklyn the people ask me the price of clams. Then there is a place called Great Neck, beyond us, and strangers at once conclude that the place is greater than ours. Any other name would be acceptable to us. We don't care what we are rechristened."

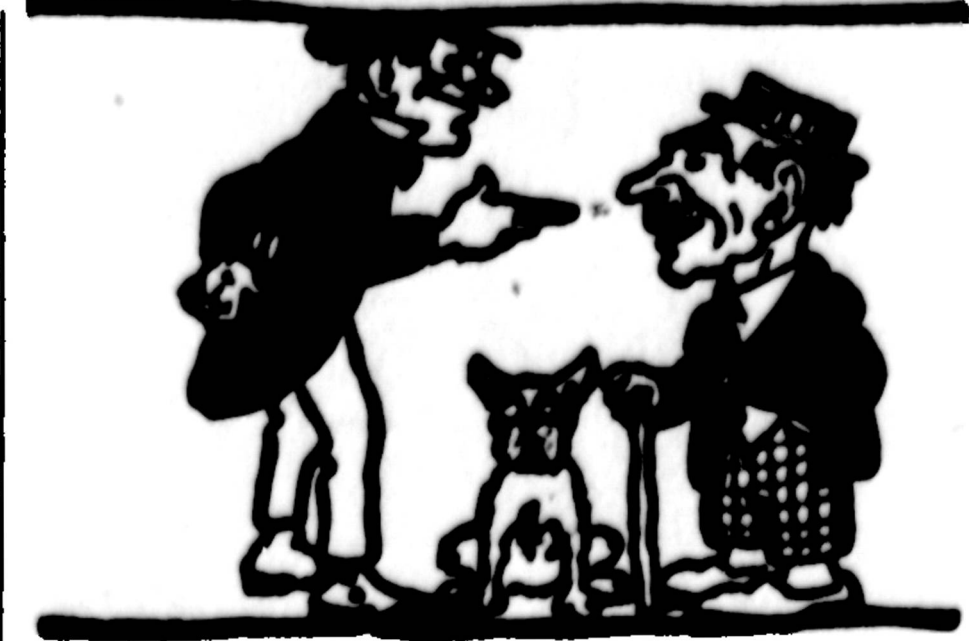
Folding Stove.

A gas stove that folds into a recess in the wall will soon be within the reach of any housewife who likes to have her kitchen always looking spick and span. The new contrivance is the invention of a Los Angeles man. It will be especially useful in city apartment houses where miniature kitchens are the rule.

One Thing After Another.

This year's sweet girl graduate is next year's gay debutante and the tired housekeeper of year after next.

WIT and HUMOR



EXPLANATION BY MR. JONES

Circumstances Alter Cases, Said Indiana Citizen Who Had Been Forced to Pawn Watch.

Speaking of puns at a recent banquet, Congressman William A. Cullip of Indiana told of the crime committed by an esteemed citizen named Jones. Recently Jones collided with a spell of hard luck, and in order to make his pork and beans and his appetite meet he was compelled to pawn his watch. While the watch was yet in hock a friend chanced to ask him the time of day.

"Why, what in the world has become of your watch?" asked the surprised friend, seeing Jones yank out a time-killer of the turnip brand.

"Here it is," smiled Jones, extending the cheap ticker. "Anything the matter with your optical apparatus?"

"Yes, but that's a silver watch," persisted the friend. "The one you used to have had a handsome gold case."

"I know it did," was the grumpy rejoinder of Jones, "but circumstances alter cases."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

A Paradoxical Reform.

"How did you ever get old man Rumsey to vote for prohibition?"

"Well, we thought the end would justify the means. So the night before election we took him over into another county and let him get so intoxicated that he didn't care how he voted."

"Wasn't he angry?"

"Yes. But he says it'll be a warning to him to let liquor alone after this."

Ought to Fight.

"I've been walking by here every day for a week expecting something to happen, but nothing has happened yet."

"What did you expect to happen?"

"Some sort of excitement. That barber shop across the street is run by a man named Gaston Pegoud and the delicatessen store next door to it is owned by a man named Adolph Schultz."

Women.

"Do let me pay for it, dear."

"No. I will pay for it."

"But I insist."

"Not another word. I'll pay for it."

"I can't impose on you so."

"Nonsense! I don't mind paying and you know it."

"Well, for heaven's sake, go ahead and pay for it. I haven't any money."

WANTED PROOF.



The Bald-Headed Barber—This hair restorer, sir, is wonderful. It makes the hair grow in 24 hours.

The Skeptical Customer—Rub some on your head, and I'll stop in tomorrow and if you're telling the truth I'll buy a bottle.

The Things They Say.

The Gushing Young Thing—Oh, professor! you must come to our affair tomorrow. All my friends are coming—though they say they haven't a rag to wear!

He—I shall be delighted!—London Opinion.

Tried Hard.

"Mary, were you entertaining a man in the kitchen last night?"

"That's for him to say, mum. I was doing my best with the materials I could find."—Liverpool Mercury.

Learned by Experience.

"My husband is so pernickety, I don't know what to make of him!"

"I can tell you, dear. Make the best of him."—Judge.

A Mystery.

"Luke McLuke says umbrellas will last longer if you oil the joints."

"How does that keep a person from"

MOSE WAS A GOOD SLEEPER

Aged Dicky on Witness Stand Said He Could Remember Nothing After His Long Sleep.

The lawyer got a tartar when in a recent trial in a southern city he summoned to the stand an aged dicky who had been an eye-witness of a fight that had occurred between a number of persons.

"Tell us what you know about this fight," said the counsel, when old Mose had been placed on the stand.

"Fight?" asked Mose, apparently greatly surprised. "What fight?"

"You know very well what fight I meant," said the counsel. "Tell us about it."

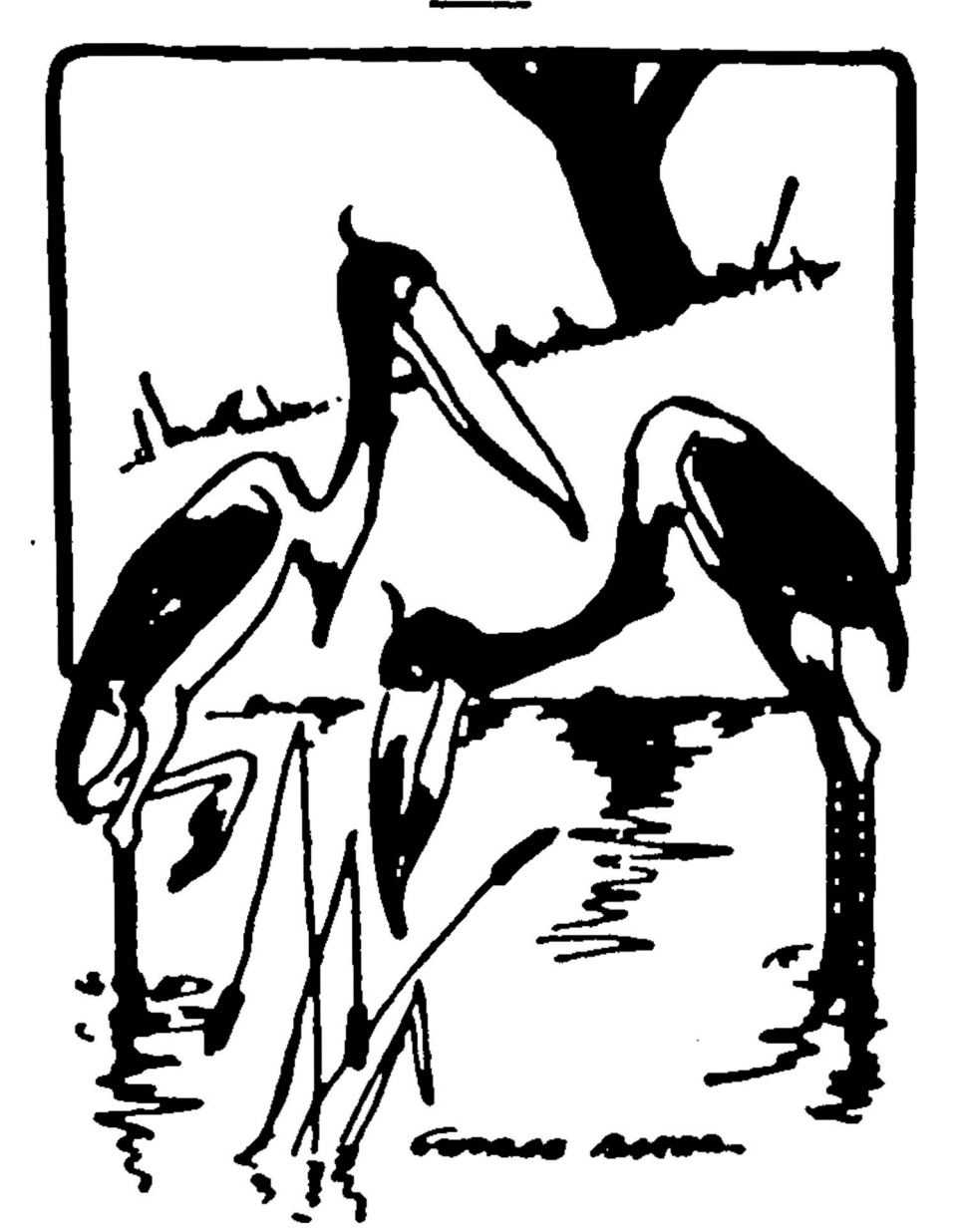
"I don't know nothin' about a fight," insisted the witness. "What was it?"

"See here, Mose!" exclaimed the lawyer; "no trifling. The fight day before yesterday. You know all about it. Tell us—"

"Oh, de fight day befo' yesterday," said Mose. "Well, sub, you see I've slept since de day befo' yesterday and I never kin rickollect anything after I've been asleep."

And that was all they could get from him.—Louisville Herald.

SERIOUS POSSIBILITY.



Sandy Stork—What are you laughing at?

The Time Lock



By Charles Edmonds Walk
Author of "The Silver Blade," "The Paternoster Ruby," Etc.

SYNOPSIS.

Rudolph Van Vechten, a young man of leisure, is astonished to see a man enter No. 1313, a house across the street from the Powhatan club, long unoccupied and spoken of as the House of Mystery.

BOOK I.

CHAPTER II—Continued.

First of all, Van Vechten was struck by this coincidence. Even before inventorying the man's semblance, he asked himself how many had preceded him; how many were yet to come. And how did they time their arrival so nicely?

There had been something furtive about the second fellow's admittance, Van Vechten recalled; not particularly on the man's part, but suggested rather by the narrow crack which the open door at first disclosed, making one think that the chain had not been released until after a parley. And then the aperture had widened only enough for the visitor to squeeze his bulk through, whereupon the door had promptly banged shut. Van Vechten retained merely a sense of absolute darkness beyond the threshold; not the slightest glimpse had he caught of servant or attendant. The door might have been tended by invisible hands.

Again he asked himself: Would the incident be repeated in another hour?

The wait between ten and eleven o'clock dragged with most exasperating slowness; but the self-appointed watcher's interest was at such high pitch that he left his third cocktail untasted.

As the hour approached, he darted quick glances along the street in anticipation of a new arrival. And sure enough, at a minute or two before the hour, here came a third muscular, resolute-looking young man, not over-faustiously attired, who was scanning the house numbers as intently as his two predecessors had done.

And just as the chiming in the hall began tolling eleven, he mounted the steps and rang the bell.

Van Vechten scarcely breathed, so intently was he following the proceedings across the street. As before, the door was opened perhaps an inch, a brief colloquy patently ensued, then the gap widened barely enough for the young man to squeeze through. And also as before, the door was slammed without Van Vechten obtaining the least glimpse of whatever mysteries might lie beyond.

By now he was taking account of time only with reference to Number 1313. He was in such a state of mind that he forgot that he was tired and sleepy, or that he ever had been bored. Other club members—the few unfortunates anchored to the city—were beginning to drop in, but Van Vechten was too intent to give any of them particular notice until Tom Phinney arrived.

It was impossible to ignore Tom Phinney. Not that Van Vechten wanted to, because he didn't—as a rule. Their friendship antedated their college days; which was odd enough if one cared to sum up the differences between the two characters. Tom Phinney, never celebrated for his wit, was once inspired to epigram by an appreciation of those temperamental dissimilarities, and as his utterance is not without pith it is worth quoting. He confided to his right-hand neighbor at a certain formal dinner: "Ruddy not only belongs to a half of the world that's not wise to how the other half lives, but it's the half that doesn't care a rap and would be tired to death if you tried to tell it."

With a lazy lifting of one slender hand, Van Vechten arrested Phinney's noisy progress across the lounging-room. As soon as Tom comprehended who was halting him, his good-humored expression died away with comical rapidity, a look of mingled amazement and alarm taking its place.

"Moses and green spectacles!" he voiced in astonishment. "You! Out of bed this time of day? Sunday, too!" He hurried to his friend's side and examined him critically.

"Seen a doctor yet? You'd better. If you're not able I'll go fetch old Pottle—sleeps here, you know."

Those remarks were ignored. "Draw up a chair," was the response—"no, not that stuffy one; it makes me perspire only to look at it—the willow rocker."

Tom did precisely as he was directed. "Well?" he grunted, eyeing Van Vechten with a concern that was only self-simulated. But in a moment he felt his gaze impelled to follow his friend's.

"What's up?" he demanded, staring hard—evidently—till the silent House of Mystery.

Van Vechten hastily consulted his watch, stifled a yawn, and then said: "Twenty-two minutes to twelve. I'll lay you a hundred that while the clock's striking the hour a chap will

go up that stoop, ring the bell and be admitted."

"What do you mean?"—bluntly. "Been tipped off to anything about our House of Mystery?"—the second question with kindling interest.

The other, however, shook his head. "The bet's a fair one," he said. And he repeated it. "You are always so devilish hard up that I thought you would like to pick up a hundred. You can take it or leave it."

"Oh, I'll take you fast enough," Tom made haste to agree. "Your money's as good as anybody's. But sit here till noon? I don't think! I haven't breakfasted yet."

"You pamper that gross appetite of yours. We'll breakfast together. There will be something to talk about, whatever wine; for, truly, something is happening across the way at last."

Tom was immediately all eager inquiry, but to his importunities Van Vechten opposed the one injunction—"Wait." So Tom grumbled and growled to no purpose, and was in and out of his chair a dozen times during the period of waiting, though he made it a point to settle himself there some minutes before the hour of noon. He sat glowering darkly at his friend and uttering sarcastic remarks which the latter apparently did not hear.

However, the alert watchfulness that lay behind Van Vechten's imperturbability was infectious, and as the pregnant moment drew nearer and nearer Tom himself fell to scanning the street, which was quiet and oppressively respectable, and never crowded with traffic of any sort, even on work-days. On Sundays it was practically deserted all day long—especially mid-summer Sundays.

There was no word from Van Vechten until he quietly announced:

"Here he comes."

Tom Phinney craned forward. He beheld a stalwart, well-set-up young man in a shabby suit, approaching on the opposite walk. He scrutinized him intently.

Excepting that it was so nicely timed, there was nothing dramatic about the man's advent. Tom even indulged in a disdainful "Huh!"—notwithstanding which he was sensible of a distinct thrill when, a few seconds later, the young man mounted the steps of Number 1313, rang the bell, and after the now familiar preliminary measures on the part of the unseen door-tender, was admitted.

And all the while the clock in the club hall was chiming the hour of noon.

CHAPTER III.

An Exit.

"Alexander!" A page hastening cat-footed, after the manner of all well-trained pages, swerved abruptly from his course and bore down upon the window where the two friends were seated.

Van Vechten waved in the direction of Number 1313.

"Alexander," he said, "we are going to breakfast, and we want you to hold those two chairs for us. Keep an eye upon that house across the way—thirteen-thirteen. Observe whether anybody departs, or whether anybody arrives, and make careful note of them. If anything unusual happens, come to me immediately in the grill. Understand?"

Alexander signified that he understood, and that he was willing to wait and watch—for even the club's servants shared the general interest in the House of Mystery—and Alexander was already seated in one of the vacated chairs, his eyes glued to the doorway opposite.

There were only two other diners in the grill. Van Vechten and Tom sought a secluded corner, where the latter listened in blinking bewilderment to an account of the morning's happenings. But, after all, he was no more mystified than the narrator.

He was, however, all at once inspired.

"I have it!" he impetuously announced. "Let's hurry and eat—I'm not hungry now, anyway. What say to me walking up and ringing the bell at one o'clock?"

But Van Vechten's comment was not encouraging.

"Crude," was his word. "I fear you will never learn anything beyond squash, yachts and polo ponies. Those men are not wandering blindly into the house; the indications all point to a prearranged meeting. They may be the tenants themselves; some sort of secret society."

"Anarchists!" Tom yelled. A thought had but to enter his head to emerge at his mouth. The other two diners looked up, startled; but perceiving the source of the outburst, they returned to their meals with expressions of patient endurance.

"Yes, anarchists," Van Vechten agreed; "even so. And you would have a nice, pleasant time getting in—or, once in, getting out again."

"Oh, well, we might try breaking in

after dark—Jimmy, you know, and all that sort of thing," a sarcasm which was frankly ignored.

"It has occurred to me," pursued Van Vechten, picking daintily at his omelette souffle, "that a person who has been at such pains to keep his identity hidden from the rest of the world, is stimulated to do so by some powerful motive. If he is a person of intelligence it will be no light matter penetrating his secret; it might be dangerous for the modder. And it is no business of ours."

"Rats!" Tom Phinney exploded in disgust. "You're losing interest already."

The other elevated his brows and leaned comfortably back in his chair.

"Tommy," he returned wearily. "I am willing to try anything—once. And, as you know, whatever I undertake I see through to the end, whatever that end may be. Just now I am too depressed by this uncertainty about Paige—not to mention its disagreeable consequences—to become interested in anything."

"It is deuced queer you don't hear from her, isn't it?" Tom felt called upon to show a polite concern.

His friend sighed. "Since my cousin is a woman," he said, "queer is not the word. Her disregard for my and Uncle Theodore's plans is just what might have been expected; it is so thoroughly feminine, as you would know well enough if you had a willful, pretty cousin like Paige. But by the same token I am no more resigned to sit twiddling my thumbs in this bake-oven of a town until she chooses to come home—or at least let me know about when to look for her."

"Just the same," insisted Tom, "if she was my cousin I'd be worrying."

"I am, Tommy—for myself, though; not for her. . . . But I was going to say that we would better let this matter drop; the affair is none of ours."

But Tom Phinney, once his head was set, was not easily turned aside. "No telling what devilish conspiracy is afoot, Ruddy," he urged; "it's our duty as good citizens to interfere if we have some reason to think that—"

"Slush!" remarked Mr. Van Vechten without feeling. "I am not a good citizen. According to Paige, I belong to the least desirable class of all—the spenders, the wasters of substance. And I toil not, neither do I spin."

Tom snorted his disgust at such sentiments.

"What bluffers girls are!" declared he from the lofty height of twenty-five years' accumulated wisdom. "I'll bet Miss Carew don't believe any such rot as that. Can't a man do as he pleases with his own money?"

"She says not. A man's money is not his own; he is merely holding it in trust."

Tom, however, had never met Paige Carew, who had lived most of her twenty years abroad, and he had no more tolerance for her opinion than he had for anybody else's that did not agree with his.

"They may be plotting to rob a bank," he abruptly bent the talk back to the paramount topic.

Van Vechten regarded him with a far-away look.

"Or starting a dramatic school," he added, "or condemning vivisection or woman suffrage, or something equally ghastly. Drop it, Tom; that's my advice. Sitting comfortably at a window and waiting for whatever surprises our House of Mystery may have to disclose, is one thing; actively interfering with something that does not in the least concern us, is quite another. If there really is any mystery, and it is to be dealt with at all, it calls for a thin, keen blade, not a bludgeon."

"If that's some of your pink-tea wit," growled Tom, "a bludgeon is a mighty good thing to have when you are dealing with crooks."

"Doubtless—when the crooks do not fight with rapiers. I'll give you a chance to break even; you don't want to owe me a hundred, I suppose?"

The troubled look, result of unwonted mental effort, was instantly erased from the handsome boyish face.

"No, I don't. I'm on, if you're betting nobody will show up at one."

"Either end you like. A hundred says no man will enter thirteen-thirteen at one o'clock."

Which was very decent and accomplished of Van Vechten, considering that he would have been rather surprised if he had had for anybody else's that did not agree with his.

"They may be plotting to rob a bank," he abruptly bent the talk back to the paramount topic.

Van Vechten regarded him with a far-away look.

"Or starting a dramatic school," he added, "or condemning vivisection or woman suffrage, or something equally ghastly. Drop it, Tom; that's my advice. Sitting comfortably at a window and waiting for whatever surprises our House of Mystery may have to disclose, is one thing; actively interfering with something that does not in the least concern us, is quite another. If there really is any mystery, and it is to be dealt with at all, it calls for a thin, keen blade, not a bludgeon."

"If that's some of your pink-tea wit," growled Tom, "a bludgeon is a mighty good thing to have when you are dealing with crooks."

"Doubtless—when the crooks do not fight with rapiers. I'll give you a chance to break even; you don't want to owe me a hundred, I suppose?"

The troubled look, result of unwonted mental effort, was instantly erased from the handsome boyish face.

"No, I don't. I'm on, if you're betting nobody will show up at one."

"Either end you like. A hundred says no man will enter thirteen-thirteen at one o'clock."

Which was very decent and accomplished of Van Vechten, considering that he would have been rather surprised if he had had for anybody else's that did not agree with his.

"They may be plotting to rob a bank," he abruptly bent the talk back to the paramount topic.

Van Vechten regarded him with a far-away look.

"Or starting a dramatic school," he added, "or condemning vivisection or woman suffrage, or something equally ghastly. Drop it, Tom; that's my advice. Sitting comfortably at a window and waiting for whatever surprises our House of Mystery may have to disclose, is one thing; actively interfering with something that does not in the least concern us, is quite another. If there really is any mystery, and it is to be dealt with at all, it calls for a thin, keen blade, not a bludgeon."

"If that's some of your pink-tea wit," growled Tom, "a bludgeon is a mighty good thing to have when you are dealing with crooks."

"Doubtless—when the crooks do not fight with rapiers. I'll give you a chance to break even; you don't want to owe me a hundred, I suppose?"

The troubled look, result of unwonted mental effort, was instantly erased from the handsome boyish face.

"No, I don't. I'm on, if you're betting nobody will show up at one."

"Either end you like. A hundred says no man will enter thirteen-thirteen at one o'clock."

modating of Van Vechten, considering that he would have been rather surprised than otherwise if one o'clock came and went without bringing a fresh arrival. And there was another arrival, and he was surprised—very much surprised. And Tom Phinney lost his second wager, too, which he could ill afford to do.

This was the way of it. It was very close to one when they resumed their seats. Alexander, with patient disappointment, reported that nothing at all had happened. Then the clock struck the hour, and a taxi cab whirled madly up and came to a skidding stop in front of Number 1313.

A lady hastily descended, a fashionably gowned lady, who fairly ran up the steps; and before she had time even to touch the bell the door swung open and she darted through the opening and was swallowed up.

Tom was indignant and disgusted. "Now what do you think of that!"—giving the exclamation the slightest sort of intonation. He was, of course, thinking only of the outcome of the bet.

But Van Vechten had not heard. The instant the woman appeared at the top of the stoop—until then the cab had partially concealed her—he started Tom into forgetfulness of his disappointment, by bounding from his chair. At the same time he smothered an exclamation which, although inarticulate, was a good deal more indicative of agitation and amazement than Tom's had been.

"What the dickens!" Tom cried. Van Vechten slowly sank back into his seat again.

"I—I thought—for a moment," he muttered vaguely. "If I did not positively know to the contrary, I should say—"

He left it unsaid, however. The cab turned and departed, and the young man sat staring in a perplexed way at the closed door. It was as silent and illegible as it had been for months, the windows all as irresponsive, the sooty facade as sphinxlike.

Tom was still contemplating his friend in bewilderment.

"You didn't by any chance think it was Miss Carew, did you?" he asked.

The other bent a startled look upon him.

"Paige? Heavens, no! Don't be a blooming idiot. It was a young girl, though. I couldn't see her face, but for a second I thought she was some one I know—a much older woman—"

The words trailed off.

There followed a moment of silence, then he announced with quiet decision:

"Tom, I believe my interest is reviving. If you don't mind, my dear fellow, we shall see whether this is an occasion calling for an outsider's interference."

Tom chorried. "Enter, a girl, and the bludgeon is to be supplemented by a keen, thin blade."

"Just so, old man," drawled his friend.

But these two puzzled young men were not afforded much time to exchange views upon the newest development. Without the slightest forewarning of the gravity of what was about to happen, Number 1313 gave them the most startling episode so far of the day.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Rand Gold Industry. The economic value of the South African gold industry and the consequences to the world at large, should a strike ever close the mines for any length of time, are difficult to estimate. Last year, according to the London Chronicle, almost 38,000,000 pounds sterling worth of gold was taken out of the mines of the "Witwatersrand." A large part of this vast sum remained in the country to be used to pay the wages of the 23,000 Europeans employed in the mines and of the almost 200,000 natives.

The recent industrial upheaval in the "Rand" has called more attention to the "Reef" that supplied the whole world with the greater part of its gold, because the money centers of Europe openly feared that even a temporary suspension of work in South Africa would paralyze the world's finances. But, fortunately, this has been averted by the speedy termination of the strike.

A Personal Application. "Say, parson," said Elder Berry at the church board meeting, "here are the resignations of all of the quartet choir."

"My, my," said Dr. Fourthly in distress, "what is the trouble?"

"Your announcement Sunday morning," replied Elder Berry sternly; "you know you said: 'Providence having seen fit to afflict all our choir with bad colds, let us join in singing 'Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow.'—Ladies' Home Journal.

Truly Graphic. There was a change of curates in the parish, and shortly after one of the prominent men of the congregation asked his chauffeur:

"How do you like the new curate, Barney?"

"Middlin'," replied Barney, "but he can't come up to the old one. 'I was himself could tell you all about hell. Shure, to hear him describin' it you'd think he was born, bred and reared there.'—Harper's Magazine.

UNKIND. There was a change of curates in the parish, and shortly after one of the prominent men of the congregation asked his chauffeur:

"How do you like the new curate, Barney?"

"Middlin'," replied Barney, "but he can't come up to the old one. 'I was himself could tell you all about hell. Shure, to hear him describin' it you'd think he was born, bred and reared there.'—Harper's Magazine.

UNKIND. There was a change of curates in the parish, and shortly after one of the prominent men of the congregation asked his chauffeur:

"How do you like the new curate, Barney?"

"Middlin'," replied Barney, "but he can't come up to the old one. 'I was himself could tell you all about hell. Shure, to hear him describin' it you'd think he was born, bred and reared there.'—Harper's Magazine.

UNKIND. There was a change of curates in the parish, and shortly after one of the prominent men of the congregation asked his chauffeur:

"How do you like the new curate, Barney?"

"Middlin'," replied Barney, "but he can't come up to the old one. 'I was himself could tell you all about hell. Shure, to hear him describin' it you'd think he was born, bred and reared there.'—Harper's Magazine.

UNKIND. There was a change of curates in the parish, and shortly after one of the prominent men of the congregation asked his chauffeur:

"How do you like the new curate, Barney?"

"Middlin'," replied Barney, "but he can't come up to the old one. 'I was himself could tell you all about hell. Shure, to hear him describin' it you'd think he was born, bred and reared there.'—Harper's Magazine.

UNKIND. There was a change of curates in the parish, and shortly after one of the prominent men of the congregation asked his chauffeur:

"How do you like the new curate, Barney?"

"Middlin'," replied Barney, "but he can't come up to the old one. 'I was himself could tell you all about hell. Shure, to hear him describin' it you'd think he was born, bred and reared there.'—Harper's Magazine.

UNKIND. There was a change of curates in the parish, and shortly after one of the prominent men of the congregation asked his chauffeur:

"How do you like the new curate, Barney?"

"Middlin'," replied Barney, "but he can't come up to the old one. 'I was himself could tell you all about hell. Shure, to hear him describin' it you'd think he was born, bred and reared there.'—Harper's Magazine.

UNKIND. There was a change of curates in the parish, and shortly after one of the prominent men of the congregation asked his chauffeur:

"How do you like the new curate, Barney?"

CAP and BELLS



SOME ANNOYING PASSENGERS

Retired Sea-Faring Captain Relates Tale of Man Who Knew Everything by Map He Carried.

Captain Robert Warr, now retiring from sea life after forty-nine years of it, said on the Campania: "Yes, it is true that sea captains are sometimes annoyed by passengers who think they know more about navigation than the navigator himself. I know a captain to whom a passenger once said: 'What town is this we are approaching, cap?'"

"Derwent, sir."

"No, cap, you are mistaken. Look at this map here. According to this map it's Fordham-on-Tyne."

"The captain said nothing, and a moment later the passenger asked: 'What channel is that, captain?'"

"Egg channel, sir."

"Why, man, you're wrong again! The map gives it as Mellin's Channel."

"Three or four times this sort of thing went on. Then the passenger asked what kind of bird it was that was following the vessel. 'Hahn!' you better refer to your map?" retorted the captain.—London Opinion.

The Minister Scored. The young lawyer didn't like the minister, and so he thought to corner him.

"Now, doctor," he asked, "suppose the parson and the devil should have a lawsuit, which party do you think would win?"

"The devil, unquestionably," replied the minister.

"Ah!" chuckled the young lawyer. "And will you tell us why?"

"Because he would have all the lawyers on his side."—Ladies' Home Journal.

A Personal Application. "Say, parson," said Elder Berry at the church board meeting, "here are the resignations of all of the quartet choir."

"My, my," said Dr. Fourthly in distress, "what is the trouble?"

"Your announcement Sunday morning," replied Elder Berry sternly; "you know you said: 'Providence having seen fit to afflict all our choir with bad colds, let us join in singing 'Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow.'—Ladies' Home Journal.

Truly Graphic. There was a change of curates in the parish, and shortly after one of the prominent men of the congregation asked his chauffeur:

"How do you like the new curate, Barney?"

"Middlin'," replied Barney, "but he can't come up to the old one. 'I was himself could tell you all about hell. Shure, to hear him describin' it you'd think he was born, bred and reared there.'—Harper's Magazine.

UNKIND. There was a change of curates in the parish, and shortly after one of the prominent men of the congregation asked his chauffeur:

"How do you like the new curate, Barney?"

"Middlin'," replied Barney, "but he can't come up to the old one. 'I was himself could tell you all about hell. Shure, to hear him describin' it you'd think he was born, bred and reared there.'—Harper's Magazine.

UNKIND. There was a change of curates in the parish, and shortly after one of the prominent men of the congregation asked his chauffeur:

"How do you like the new curate, Barney?"

"Middlin'," replied Barney, "but he can't come up to the old one. 'I was himself could tell you all about hell. Shure, to hear him describin' it you'd think he was born, bred and reared there.'—Harper's Magazine.

UNKIND. There was a change of curates in the parish, and shortly after one of the prominent men of the congregation asked his chauffeur:

"How do you like the new curate, Barney?"

"Middlin'," replied Barney, "but he can't come up to the old one. 'I was himself could tell you all about hell. Shure, to hear him describin' it you'd think he was born, bred and reared there.'—Harper's Magazine.

UNKIND. There was a change of curates in the parish, and shortly after one of the prominent men of the congregation asked his chauffeur: